

THE SIGN



A · NATIONAL · CATHOLIC · MAGAZINE

PROTESTANTISM

Hilaire Belloc

THE CROSS

Daniel B. Pulsford

DEVIL'S DIVE

Enid Dinnis

DISARMAMENTS

Denis Gwynn

BERNADETTE

Aileen Mary Clegg

INFLATION

Gerhard Hirschfeld

RAVENNA

Gabriel F. Powers

REALTOR

M. E. McLaughlin

LIQUOR

Frank H. Spearman

FRONTS

J. Desmond Gleeson

NAMES

Hugh T. Henry

STATIONS

Hugh F. Blunt

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CATEGORICA

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THE SIGN

A NATIONAL CATHOLIC MAGAZINE

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Across the Editor's Desk

THE illustrations on pages 493 and 503 are prints from originals in the collection of Mr. Albert H. Wiggin, through the courtesy of the Grand Central Art Galleries, New York. Jean-Louis Forain, the artist, was born at Rheims, France, October 23, 1852, the son of a house-painter. His reputation was originally founded on his vivid newspaper cartoons, which caused him to be popularly regarded as a humorist. Between 1910 and 1931, the year of his death, he issued forty etchings and drypoints, and seventeen lithographs. With few exceptions his subjects were taken from the New Testament and the Grotto of Lourdes.

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LAST August we began to carry as a regular feature a monthly article by Mr. Denis Gwynn. These articles treat of European events or personalities which hold a special interest for American Catholics. Read "Catholic Action and Disarmaments" for a clear-cut and authentic description of conflicting Catholic attitudes in France towards the Pope's teaching concerning international peace. We know of no writer who so neatly summarizes a political situation as does Mr. Gwynn. The dissensions he describes in the present article must inevitably weaken, if it does not destroy, the magnificent organization, embracing and directing all forms of Catholic Action in France, which was established in 1924, when the Church was threatened by a revival of anti-religious legislation under the first Herriot premiership.

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IN last month's issue we carried a conversion story, "Broken: The Snare of the Fowler," by Ida Mary Smalley. It aroused such favorable comment that it will be brought out in pamphlet form by the Paulist Press. In this issue appears another conversion story, by Mr. John Moody, prominent financier. It is a brief summary of his forthcoming book. In our April number Mr. Charles Willis Thompson, well-known writer on politics, will tell the odd story of his coming into the Church. It will be entitled, "To the Ghost of Lord Macaulay." These and other conversion stories which we hope to publish later will show the practical workings of apologetics.

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WE are fortunate in having a new series from the pen of Father Hugh F. Blunt, and particularly fortunate in the subject as it fits in so timely with the celebration of the Holy Year. "The Devotion of the Stations" is introductory to "The Road of Pain," fifteen papers on the Stations of the Cross. Another series, begun in the February issue, is on the Life of Blessed Bernadette, by Aileen Mary Clegg. Its publication synchronizes with the Diamond Jubilee of Our Lady's Apparitions at Lourdes. For those who have visited that sacred spot no special inducement will be needed to read this "Life." To others not so fortunate it will be another illustration of God's dealings with our poor humanity. The Holy Father, who had twice been at Lourdes, appointed Cardinal Binet as Papal Legate for the Jubilee exercises on February 11.

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WE don't intend to be alarmists, but we are convinced that Communism is gaining more ground in the United States than is commonly believed. In the

distress caused by the Depression a great many minds, not too well-balanced to begin with, can easily become completely unhinged. That Communism is growing in other countries cannot be denied. For our country to recognize Russia would not only be looked upon as a triumph by the Soviets, but would have, for many, implications which no diplomatic relations or trade agreements could warrant. With so many clamoring for recognition, all convinced Christians and patriotic Americans should exert every ounce of influence against the spread of Communism abroad or the strengthening of it in Russia. The man who is waging the most vigorous war against Sovietism is Mr. Ernest Oldmeadow, Editor of *The Tablet*, London. He will contribute an article on the subject to our April issue. We know that it will be worthy of close perusal by every reader.

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THE SIGN is catholic in its attitude towards every form of Catholic Action. It is a pleasure, therefore, to publish Sister Mary Vincent's communication on the literary contest sponsored by St. Elizabeth's College, Convent, N. J. (Attention: amateur and professional writers.) For the same reason we gladly publish Father Barrett's "Christ and Six Collegians," as also Father Hartigan's "The Republic of Letters." Two topical subjects are, "Inflation: A Warning," by Gerhard Hirschfeld, a distinguished economist and American correspondent for a large number of German publications; and "After Prohibition—What?" by Frank H. Spearman, who needs no introduction. If you are looking for a house, an apartment, a home, or expect to be, don't fail to read "The Celestial Realtor," by Mary E. McLaughlin, a new contributor to our pages. And, of course, in "The Passionists in China," you will find the interest of fiction with all the reality of fact.

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MR. HILAIRE BELLOC continues his studies on the rise and fall of Protestantism. Incidentally, we learn that he has been suffering from a serious attack of the "flu." We ask our readers to pray for his speedy and complete recovery, that he may continue his great apostolate of the pen. There is far more than appears in its title in "Happy Ravenna," the first of three papers on the Third International Congress of Christian Archeologists, by Gabriel Francis Powers. Our readers are fortunate in having regular contributions from this gifted writer, whose lyric English and wide knowledge can make the past a pulsating reality. And, then, of course, Miss Enid Dinnis, whom we are coming to regard as THE SIGN's own, is here as usual with her unusual story. It was our own conviction that the January issue was the best we ever published. We think that this is just as good, and Monsignor Henry, Daniel B. Pulsford, Abbie Hargrave, John Gilland Brunini, Frances Marie Shannon, S. M. Frances, J. Desmond Gleeson, John Desmond Sheridan, Agnes O'Brien, Father Michael Earls, Florence Gilmore and Theodora Bates Cogswell have helped to make it so; not to mention "The Sign-Post" and "Categorica."

Father Harold Purcell, C.P.

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CURRENT FACT *and* COMMENT

THE seals and medals struck for the Holy Year will bear only one ornament—a simple Cross, surrounded with these words: *Adoremus Te, Christe, quia redemisti mundum* (Let us adore

To All Redeemed by the Blood of Christ

Thee, O Christ, because Thou hast redeemed the world). These few words summarize the "message for all our beloved children in Christ, for all humanity, for all those for whom Jesus Christ the Redeemer of the World has shed His Blood, the price of Redemption, the Source of all grace whence all may find life and find it more abundantly. It is to the ineffable work of human Redemption wrought by Jesus Christ that We would call the attention of all. This work is more than a single act; it is a number of Divine acts, which become most wonderful when considered in its central and culminating part. Let us for a moment recall the Last Supper and first Eucharist; the first Communion and sacerdotal initiation of the Apostles; the Passion, Crucifixion, and Death of Jesus; Mary made mother of men at the foot of the Cross; the Resurrection of Christ; the condition and promise of our own; the Primacy conferred on Peter; the Ascension of Jesus into Heaven; the Coming of the Holy Ghost, and the triumphant beginning of apostolic preaching. The true re-birth of the world, this life, this Christian civilization of which we taste the mature fruit, all have their origin in these marvellous facts."

* * * * *

In our February issue we quoted the suggestion of *The Church Times* to the Archbishop of Canterbury "to share the sentiments that have inspired the Pope . . . following as he may, with no loss of dignity, the lead of the first Bishop of Christendom" by issuing an appeal similar to the Papal Encyclical. Apparently the Archbishop rejected or ignored the suggestion, for a later issue of the *Times* says:

"We greatly regret that the question of the Holy Year was not considered by either of the Convocations at their meetings last week. It is of vastly greater importance than the issue of a form of thanksgiving service for a diamond wedding day, or even the opening of cinemas on Sunday. Writing from Perugia, a correspondent points out this week that His Holiness the Pope specifically appealed to the whole Christian world, and not merely to the faithful of the Roman obedience; and it is not without significance that the *Osservatore Romano*, the Vatican organ, should have quoted at length from our article on the Holy Year. We once more appeal to his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury to associate the English Church with the celebration of a great anniversary. It is within his power to show the world that it is possible sometimes for Christendom to be united in spirit."

Would that the last line might reach the mind and heart of every Christian. Surely there could be no more opportune time for a spiritual uniting nor a more fitting occasion than in this nineteenth centenary of the Sacred Passion and Death of Our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ!

FOREMOST, of course, is the nineteen-hundredth anniversary of the Blessed Passion and Death of Our Divine Redeemer. The same year, 33, also marks the beginning of St. Peter's association with the Eternal City of which he became first Bishop.

Some Centenaries Occurring in 1933

In 433, St. Cyril of Alexandria wrote his famous defence of Christianity against Julian the Apostate. In 533, the Numidian Bishop, Fulgentius, who wrote treatises against the Arians, died. That was also the death-year of St. Remy, who baptized King Clovis of the Franks. In the same year was published the famous Digest of Justinian.

In 1033, the great St. Anselm was born in Italy. Becoming Abbot of Bec, in 1078, he succeeded Lanfranc as Archbishop of Canterbury four years later. He was exiled by William Rufus for refusing to make the Church subservient to the King. His memory lives in his sterling character and philosophic writings.

In 1233, Pope Gregory canonized St. Dominic. In the same year the Inquisition was instituted, and the Order of the Knights of the Blessed Virgin Mary was founded. In 1133, St. Stephen Harding ended his twenty-three years as Abbot of Cîteaux. The same year saw the birth of King Henry II, noted for his warring against the Church and subsequent penance.

In 1333, were born: Louis de Beaumont, Bishop of Durham; John Burley, distinguished Carmelite; Stephen de Seagrave, Archbishop of Armagh; William Herbert, famous as a Franciscan preacher and philosopher. It was the birth-year of Thomas Percy, Bishop of Norwich.

In 1533, was born Cornelius O'Devany, a Franciscan, who later became Bishop in Donegal. He was arrested on the charge of treason in 1611, and was executed in Dublin the following year. The same year marks the death of Ariosto, author of *Orlando Furioso*.

It was in the year 1533 that the Anabaptists revolted in Westphalia; and that the first of essayists, Montaigne, was born. In that year St. Teresa the Great entered the Carmelite convent in Avila. The year 1533 is especially noted as the year of the Reformation in England, consequent upon the Pope's refusal to grant a divorce to Henry VIII from his lawful wife, Catherine of Aragon. On March 30, 1533, Cranmer was consecrated Archbishop of Canterbury and took the oath of allegiance to the Pope, but protesting that he did so only for "form's sake." In the same year Calvin went to Paris, the seat of the "New Learning."

In 1633, James II, England's last Catholic King, was born. Other births of that year were: Anthony Lucas, professor of theology at Liège, in 1672, and later Rector of the English College in Rome; and Samuel Pepys of the famous Diary.

In 1733, a new edition of the works of Origen was begun by De la Rue; the Jesuits were expelled from Paraguay; Augustus II, King of Poland and Elector of Saxony, died. Known as "the Strong," he embraced the Catholic Faith, after fighting against the Turks.

In 1833, began the Tractarian (popularly known as the Oxford)

Movement—the start of a great influx of English converts into the Church. Chief among these was John Henry (later Cardinal) Newman. That year witnessed the passing of the Abolition of Slavery Act. It was also the death year of William Wilberforce, the pioneer factor against Slavery, whose son, Henry William, became a Catholic. Augustus Welby Pugin, a leader in the restoration of Gothic architecture, entered the Church in 1833.



“SPAIN has ceased to be Catholic,” were the famous words of the present Spanish Prime Minister. Events are already showing the magnitude of that lie, according to a splendid article by Alexander Parker in the February issue of *Blackfriars*. Whatever happens along political lines matters little in face of the beginnings of a wonderful

A Catholic Revival Begins in Spain

Catholic revival which no Government can kill. Says the writer:

“I am fortunate enough to see every day signs of what I hope and believe will be a glorious awakening of Catholicism in Spain. I write these lines in Madrid, and the air around is full of a new spirit, of a fire and enthusiasm which it is impossible not to feel. The churches are full each day. The subject of religion is on everybody's lips, and Catholicism, as soon as they realized it could be lost, has become a living thing worth fighting and dying for. It has also become something worth studying and preaching. I have attended meetings of *Acción Católica* and have heard numbers of young men, still students or fresh from the universities, discussing with keen intellect and depth of insight all the political and social problems of the day, that their own minds may be made clearer as to the causes of the present disastrous condition in which they see their country, and that they may be intellectually prepared to play their part in the salvation and rejuvenation of the Spain they love so much. Each one then goes out into every quarter of this city and lectures to the workmen, receiving in nearly every case eager attention and an enthusiastic welcome. The workmen themselves are organized into Catholic Trade Unions and are fighting magnificently against overwhelming odds. This is happening in every city and town in Spain, and many a rural district has its study circle of farmers and peasants. *Acción Católica* is meeting everywhere with success, and the important fact must be emphasized that it is entirely a lay movement.

Besides the two great parties known as the *Acción Popular*, led by Don Jose Gil Robles, and the Traditionalists (who do not support King Alfonso but are the legitimate descendants of the Carlists) there are other parties, also Catholics, such as the Monarchists, the Agrarian Party and the Basque Nationalists. As a striking illustration of the spiritual revival now in progress we may turn to the activities of *Juventud Católica* (Catholic Youth). In 1924 this society had 624 centers throughout Spain; in 1928 there were 700; in 1932 they numbered 1,400. They held a Congress in Santander last December. A few descriptive paragraphs from Manual Graña's report in Madrid's Catholic newspaper, *El Debate*, will show the spirit of the Congress.

“The number of those present (in the afternoon of the first day) has increased, and it is said that by Sunday we shall number four thousand. As we enter the session has already reached its height. Fr. Alcocer, a Benedictine from Madrid, is summing up his conclusions on the liturgy. We can scarcely believe our ears. *He is doing nothing else than teaching these young men how to hear Mass.* Good-bye to the twenty-five Our Fathers to St. Rita, good-bye to the litany of devotions that have not the remotest connection with the profound humanity of the traditional rites of the Church! The Father attacks the ridiculous prayers and devotions with a fine irony, and asks the young men to read the missal in Spanish.

“This simple episode (the discussion that followed Fr. Alcocer's address) lends itself to serious meditation. Did not our fathers know how to hear Mass? Did they not teach their children, now young men, how to fulfill the primary obligation

of every Christian? Is it that they had no idea of what the Mass is? The fact is that these young men listen carefully to the address, study it, discuss it and pass the resolution that they have to hear Mass ‘in a different way’. . . . Here is another case. These young Catholics are also going to ‘read the Gospel.’ That is another of the resolutions passed at their Congress. . . . One of them opened the sacred text and pronounced an admirable homily: ‘Who is my neighbor?’ Apparently these youths had never received at school a clear and concrete answer to this simple question. This exposition evoked enthusiastic applause, it was for them something new, being something so old. Is it that our old methods of religious instruction have failed, as the Bishop of Ciudad Rodrigo told them? Why? Because they did not carry to the brains, the hearts and the muscles of other generations the Divine meaning of the Gospels. The young men had only acted as Christians in a vague theoretic way, as their fathers before them; now they are determined to be Christians in fact.”

The President of *Juventud Católica*, a young Catholic gentleman of unusual parts, summed up the situation when, speaking of the persecutors of the Church, he said: “These barbarians have opened our eyes to the true meaning of Catholic Action and its propaganda, and, what seems stranger still, to the true reason for the very failure of religion among the people.”



SOME four hundred Protestant ministers, members of the Fellowship of Reconciliation, have come out as a body in favor of recognition of Soviet Russia by the United States. We can

If in Nineteen-Eleven Why Not in Thirty- Three?

easily understand how eight hundred schoolboys could be lured into petitioning for recognition, but how clergymen, and such a large body of them, could bring themselves to urge recognition is beyond our understanding. Probably they have been deluded into thinking that recognition would open up fresh markets for our export trade. Such an authority as Mr. William Green, President of the American Federation of Labor, refutes that contention:

“It is indeed surprising that many of the advocates of the recognition of Soviet Russia are influenced by a purely commercial spirit, by materialism and by the claim that through the recognition of Soviet Russia trade will be increased and a market for manufactured goods stimulated and enlarged.

“Labor is not influenced by such an argument. The masses of the people realize that trade is based upon a reciprocal relationship. If more manufactured goods are sold to Russia, we must, in turn, buy from them. That would mean that labor in the United States would suffer through the importation of goods produced and manufactured by Russian labor under intolerable conditions of employment and at an indefensibly low rate of wages. This is clearly evident through the shipment of Russian anthracite coal which is being transported and sold in Philadelphia, Boston, and other ports at a price much less than the cost of production of anthracite coal in eastern Pennsylvania.

“In these days of wide-spread unemployment, it might appear that labor would be the greatest beneficiary of an increased and enlarged foreign market for American goods. In some circumstances this would be true, but in the matter of trade with Soviet Russia, American labor would be called upon to surrender vital American principles and American traditions in exchange for an opportunity to market a small percentage of increase in American products.”

On the question of recognition, said Mr. Green, “the issue is clearly drawn between those who seek to cherish and foster American principles and to preserve American institutions, and those who would risk all that our citizenship has gained through almost 200 years in experimentation in the principles of free government for a probable and uncertain increase in the sale of American-produced commodities.”

While it is true that the Constitution of the United States gives the President the authority to negotiate treaties, the Senate and

House might bring pressure to bear with the Chief Executive, either for the making or breaking of treaties. That happened in 1911, when Congress passed resolutions calling for the abrogation of the then existing trade agreements with the Czarist Government of Russia because of the alleged discrimination of that Government against the Jews. The action of Congress practically forced the Administration to abrogate the treaty. Today, convinced Christians in America should exert all their influence against our recognition. If the plea of a comparatively few Jews could be heeded in 1911, there is no reason why millions of Christians both here and in Russia should not be heeded in 1933.



A FEW months ago the public was startled by the results of a survey made by the Federal Children's Bureau of the Department of Labor revealing that there are approximately 200,000

Two Hundred Thousand Boys "On the Road"

boys and young men traveling aimlessly about the country. Wandering from town to town, hitch-hiking, riding on brake beams or in freight-cars, these restless youngsters—hungry, destitute and irresponsible—constitute a grave problem. Their derelict condition must have disastrous effects on their minds; they are in peril from exposure, poor food or total lack of food, and disease. Venereal disease is common among them, and they run the hazard of moral degradation from contact with bad associates.

To this army of transient youths Congress, after months of wasted time without even discussing direct relief for the hungry, turned its attention. To the Army appropriation bill it added \$22,000,000 for citizens' military training camps to take care of 88,000 of the estimated 200,000 lads roaming the country. This may be a clever way of increasing the Army appropriation; but as a means of solving an appalling social condition it is inexcusable. It is a grave mistake to isolate these transient youths in large concentration camps far away from home; and these camps may lure many who would otherwise stay at home. Army camps were never regarded as efficient schools for the mental or moral development of growing boys. To put them in these camps for a year or so is to permanently pauperize them and make professional tramps out of them. The imperative and immediate work for Congress is to take speedy action on the La Follette-Costigan-Wagner bills covering all the relief needs of the people. Meanwhile, every effort must be made to keep boys in their own communities. Local authorities should be forced by the insistent demands of parents to realize their responsibility for providing relief and jobs in this terrible emergency.



LAST month we took from *Central-Blatt and Social Justice* some notes on Catholic Action in foreign parts. Here are some others from the same source.

More Examples of Catholic Action Abroad

THE Chaplain of the Apostleship of the Sea at Antwerp, the Abbé Boogaers, has installed 338 travelling libraries in ships at that port during the past year. Almost 12,000 volumes were thus put into circulation, and the Abbé reports that the books have been handled with such care by the seamen that they have come back in almost perfect condition. The seamen themselves have contributed generously to the cost of this service, the administrative headquarters of which are at 9 Rue du Saint Esprit, Antwerp.

THE Church of the Dominicans at Louvain was "filled with Catholic Flemish radio enthusiasts who had come to implore the blessing of God on the great apostolate of the Congress of Catholic Flemish radio broadcasting," reports *De Christelijke Werkgever*, speaking of the opening service, conducted on October

23. The sermon was delivered by Msgr. Cruysberghs, Vice-Rector of the Catholic University of the same city. All the addresses delivered during the various business sessions had to do, of course, with radio and broadcasting. The General Secretary, Mr. Jan Boon, moreover, reported on the activities of the Catholic Flemish broadcasting service. It publishes *Radiogids*, with a subscription list of 2,000.

THE "Back to the Church" movement, inaugurated in Brazil a little more than ten years ago, is gaining prestige. The "Centro D. Vital do Rio de Janeiro," acting under the leadership of Dr. Alceu Amoroso Lima, has a membership of more than a hundred Catholic lay scholars, residing in various parts of the country. This organization publishes *A Ordem*. The efforts of this group are directed at the restoration of Catholic principles and ideals. Because the social question is a burning one in Brazil today, as in almost every part of the world, Dr. Alceu is endeavoring to develop a specifically Catholic sociology. All the more necessary in Brazil, because widespread social unrest has been the concomitant of severe political and economic crises. There lurks, therefore, the possibility of radicalism, in spite of well directed conservative opposition. The non-Catholic Universities are turning out aggressive Communists.

PPOINTING to the godless "no children" clause in the letting of houses which operates especially against the Catholic poor, a writer in the Southwark (England) *Record*—the official bulletin of the Diocese—suggests that if 200,000 London Catholics banded themselves together they could do much to stem the evil. If this number of Catholics contributed threepence per week for a year to a central fund this would provide a nucleus of £130,000, an amount sufficient to purchase land and build perhaps a block of flats. It is further suggested that possibly there are a number of Catholics who would lend money to the movement, at a fair rate of interest, knowing that they would be helping a good cause, and feeling confident of the security of the scheme.



TO the Rev. Elmer Ritter, S.T.D., on his appointment as Auxiliary Bishop to the Most Rev. Joseph Chartrand, Bishop of Indianapolis. ¶To Wilhelm Marx, former Chancellor of Germany, on his seventieth birthday. ¶To Miss Josephine Brownson on receiving the Papal decoration *Pro Ecclesia et Pontifice* in recognition of her

Toasts Within the Month

twenty-seven years of effort in behalf of Catholic children attending public schools. Granddaughter of Orestes Augustus Brownson, famous convert and publicist, she is the President of the Catholic Instruction League of Detroit. ¶To the American Passionists on their first foundation in Canada, at Toronto. ¶To the Bishop of Orenburg in Russia on being sentenced to five years' expulsion from Russia and six years' imprisonment for his activities against the "godless." ¶To Dr. James M. Kieran, President of Hunter College, on the completion of fifty years of educational service within the boundaries of New York City. ¶To Miss Mary V. Merrick, Foundress and President of the Christ Child Society, on being awarded the Cosmopolitan Club's Distinguished Service Medal for the most outstanding civic service to the City of Washington rendered by a citizen during 1932. Though a hopeless invalid, Miss Merrick has successfully directed the operations of the far-flung Catholic charitable organization in behalf of poor children. She is the first woman to receive the award. ¶To President-elect Franklin D. Roosevelt on his fortunate escape from an assassin's bullet. ¶To Ruth Hale (member of the Lucy Stone League, but this time using her married name, Mrs. Heywood Brown) on her letter of protest to *The Nation* against an atheistic advertisement. ¶To Captain Giles Stedman, the Officers and Crew of the American Merchant on adding a brave chapter to the noble history of rescue at sea.

CATEGORICA

Edited by N. M. LAW

ON THINGS IN GENERAL AND QUITE LARGELY A MATTER OF QUOTATION

A TRUE LENT

THESE verses by Robert Herrick have a singular significance at this Lenten period of the depression:

Is this a fast—to keep
The larder lean,
And clean
From fat of veals and sheep?

Is it to quit the dish
Of flesh, yet still
To fill
The platter high with fish?

Is it to fast an hour,
Or ragged go,
Or show
A downcast look, and sour?

No! 'tis a fast to dole
Thy sheaf of wheat,
And meat,
Unto the hungry soul.

It is to fast from strife
From old debate,
And hate—
To circumcise thy life.

To show a heart grief-rent;
To starve thy sin,
Not bin—
And that's to keep thy Lent.

A LETTER AND AN ANSWER

IN reply to a sharp criticism in "The Tablet" (London), of a novel by Mr. Evelyn Waugh, this letter was addressed to the editor, Mr. Ernest Oldmeadow:

SIR,—In a paragraph in your issue of January 7 you say of Mr. Evelyn Waugh that "his latest novel would be a disgrace to anybody professing the Catholic name." You refer to "outrageous lapses in those who are, or are supposed to be, our co-religionists," with evident reference to Mr. Waugh. We think these sentences exceed the bounds of legitimate criticism, and are in fact an imputation of bad faith. In writing, we wish only to express our great regret at their being published and our regard for Mr. Waugh.

M. C. D'ARCY, S. J.	BEDE JARRETT, O. P.
T. F. BURNS.	D. B. WYNDHAM LEWIS.
CLONMORE.	C. C. MARTINDALE, S. J.
LETITIA FAIRFIELD.	R. H. J. STEUART, S. J.
ERIC GILL.	ALGAR THOROLD.
CHRISTOPHER HOLLIS.	DOUGLAS WOODRUFF.

January 10, 1933.

WRITING in his usual forceful and clear-cut manner, Mr. Oldmeadow makes this spirited and devastating answer:

[Foreseeing that its publication must lower more than one of the signatories in public esteem, we have printed the above letter with sorrow; but we cannot refuse a little space to twelve writers, most of whom have long been respected by Catholics.

Two statements of ours are condemned by the remonstrants. We said—and still say—that Mr. Evelyn Waugh's latest novel "would be a disgrace to anyone professing the Catholic name," and that it is disfigured by "outrageous lapses."

Ours being a paper which is received into thousands of houses, whose heads trust us to print nothing vile, we are debarred from fully proving our case by extended extracts. But, in these special circumstances, we must ask our readers' indulgence for a minimum of quotation.

The novel in question is about an imaginary island in the Indian Ocean, ruled by a black Emperor. Prudence, daughter of the British Minister at the Emperor's court, goes up to the unsavoury room (the soapy water unemptied) of Basil, a man she hardly knows, and, after saying "You might have shaved" and "Please help with my boots," stays till there is "a banging on the door." In the end, Basil, at a cannibal feast, unwittingly helps to eat the body of Prudence "stewed to pulp and peppers and aromatic roots." In working out this foul invention, Mr. Waugh gives us disgusting passages. We are introduced to a young couple dining in bed, with "a bull terrier and a chow flirting on their feet." The young wife suddenly calls out "Oh God, he's made a mess again"; and Basil exclaims "How dirty the bed is." These nasty details are not necessary to the story. A dozen silly pages are devoted to a Birth Control Pageant, announced by posters which flaunt all over the island "a detailed drawing of some up-to-date contraceptive apparatus." The Emperor "re-names the site of the Anglican Cathedral 'Place Marie Stopes.'" Two humane ladies are ridiculed; in one place so indecately that the passage cannot be described by us. There is a comic description of a Nestorian monastery with a venerated cross "which had fallen from heaven quite unexpectedly during Good Friday luncheon, some years back." If the twelve signatories of the above protest find nothing wrong with "during Good Friday luncheon" we cannot help them.

"On learning that Mr. Waugh's novel was being widely circulated as the Book Society's "Book of the Month," *The Tablet's* Catholic duty became clear. Having again and again denounced immodesty and irreverence in non-Catholic novelists, who have no fixed Christian principles to guide them, we should have been hypocrites if we had not applied to Mr. Waugh's book the words which we reapply to it now. It is a disgrace to a professing Catholic and its lapses are outrageous. As for the remonstrants' *ad hoc* status, not one of them has ever sent us a helpful word to fortify us in our defence of clean literature and our campaigns against immodesty. "Regard for Mr. Waugh" has roused them at last; but their protest is unaccompanied by even the faintest expression of "regard" for the Catholic standards of decency which have indisputably been outraged.

Lest the letters "S. J." in the remonstrance should hurt the English prestige of the great Ignatian family, we beg readers of this note to read also the beautiful Call to Prayer on behalf of Catholic authors which is transcribed on our "Et Cetera" page. The writer (a Jesuit, whose name we do not know), hits the nail roundly on the head when he speaks of authors "whose writings make their fellow-Catholics wish either that they did not write, or were not known as Catholics." Finding Mr. Evelyn Waugh in that category, *The Tablet* has put confiding readers on their guard against him. At the same time we respectfully and sincerely obey our Cardinal Archbishop's wish that, during this month of January, Catholics shall pray that authors be clearly on the side of the angels.

One point more. We did not go out and buy this novel. It was sent to *The Tablet*, a known Catholic paper, for our opinion; and our opinion has been delivered. *The Tablet* has said its say

about the book; the remonstrants have said their say about *The Tablet*; and we must now leave others to decide whether disgrace rests upon ourselves or upon our censors.—EDITOR.]

CATHOLIC WRITERS VS. CATHOLICS WHO WRITE

THE quotation referred to by Mr. Oldmeadow is found in the English "Messenger of the Sacred Heart":

Our Catholic authors and journalists divide into three (or four) classes. There are those, their names so well known to us, who use their pens primarily to uphold the Faith; whatever they write about the Catholic spirit is felt in their writings, even if these be detective stories or comic paragraphs! And with them, as a subclass, we may count those of whom it can be said that this is true of some of their work but not of all or most of it. Then there are those writers who are Catholics and who are writers, but whose person only, and not their pens, is the link between these two facts. Finally, there is a class, a small one happily, whose writings, on more or less frequent occasions, make their fellow Catholics wish either that they did not write, or were not known as Catholics. Our prayers should be offered in a spirit of profound gratitude to the first class of Catholic writers, and to the end that all Catholics who write may be found within it, and within its first sub-section!

THE WAYS

TO every man there openeth
A Way, and Ways, and a Way
And the High Soul climbs the High Way
And the Low Soul gropes the Low
And in between, on the misty flats,
The rest drift to and fro.
But to every man there openeth
A High Way and a Low.
And every man decideth
The Way his soul shall go.

—John Oxenham

A LEXICON OF TABLOIDIA

TABLOID: "A small newspaper, profusely illustrated, intended for persons who can't read." Some of its terms are defined by H. I. Phillips in his syndicated column:

Society Girl—Any girl not known to be factory hand, gypsy or laundress.

Estate—Any bungalow, shack or one-family house situated in the suburbs and pretty well run down at the heels.

Millionaire—Any victim of scandal or crime whose average for clean collars is fair, who doesn't peddle shoelaces and who eats regularly.

Costly Private Yacht—Usually anything from a twenty-six-foot lobster dory to a thirty-five-foot catboat rebuilt for power.

Fashionable Shore Colony—Any shore settlement not exactly bordering on the clam flats.

Beautiful Débutante—Invariably an ugly-looking girl about thirty-six years old who keeps books at the glue works.

Child Bride—Any middle-aged woman who discovers she has made a mistake and brings suit against a millionaire pretzel king for intolerable cruelty.

Clubman—Any male involved in a scandal of the better sort.

Broadway Butterfly—Some ungainly girl from Cohoes who came to New York and never attracted any attention until hit by a bottle thrown by an intoxicated stove manufacturer in a night club.

Bluebeard—Any man who was sap enough to marry a second time, and who can't state off hand what ever became of the first bride.

Prominent Banker—Any man who has ever had any connection with any institution, however inconspicuous, in which money has been handled. In seven cases out of ten a cashier.

Noted Horsewoman—Any society woman whose ancestral home had a barn in the back yard.

Heir—Any playboy involved in any scandal, any time, anywhere.

Night Club Czar—Usually some palooka who has a one-fifth interest in a club that is dying on its feet.

Siren—Just a good name for any woman in whose life more than one man has figured.

Wall Street Broker—Any crime or scandal victim who is obviously not a street-car conductor, oyster opener, cop, barge captain or bologna importer.

Country Show Place—The home that, before he became involved in a scandal, was just a seven-room house with a one-car garage.

Orgy—Any party where somebody opened three bottles of beer, played the phonograph, ate ham on rye sandwiches, and giggled near an open window.

Millionaire Importer—As a general rule the man who runs the banana stand down by the depot.

Heart Balm—Any soft money sought by any woman from any man after she decides it was all an awful mistake.

Probe—A term used to describe three or four detectives asleep.

Whoopee—The radio playing after midnight while everybody is out in the kitchen trying to revive the girl who slipped on a rug and hit her head against the umbrella stand.

Picture Queen—Generally a reference to some crime suspect who had a small part in one of Griffith's first movies.

PARABLE

Gilbert Maxwell in "The New York Times"

"EXCEPT ye have the wisdom of a child,"
He said, "ye cannot hope to enter there."
The smallest one looked up at Him and smiled;
He laid His hand upon the tangled hair.

What bond of sympathy allied the two
No Pharisee nor Scribe could understand;
Only the infant looked at Him and knew,
Under the benediction of His hand.

Small one, so blessed of all the multitude:
It is a bitter thing to be too wise;
Only your urchin innocence construed
The miracle of mercy in His eyes!

CHARLES LAMB AND ST. THOMAS AQUINAS

A STRANGE juxtaposition! Yet a perfectly warranted one. In "Blackfriars," of Oxford, Dudley Wright sets it forth:

On 25th March, 1829, Charles Lamb wrote to his friend, Bernard Barton, the Quaker poet, telling him of some books he had purchased and then he went on to say:

"And also one of whom I have oft heard and had dreams, but never saw in the flesh—that is, in sheepskin—the whole Theologic Works of Thomas Aquinas! My arms ache with lugging it a mile to the stage; but the burden was a pleasure. . . . O, the glorious old Schoolman! There must be something in him. Such great names imply greatness. . . . How I will revel in his cobwebs and subtleties, till my brain spins."

Several months afterwards—on the 26th of October—he hears of the illness of Coleridge and he seems to have thought that the reading of St. Thomas would do him good, for he wrote to Mr. Gilman on that day:

"How grieved I was to hear in what indifferent health Coleridge has been and I not to know of it! A little School Divinity

well applied may be healing. I sent him Honest Tom of Aquin, that was always an obscure great idea to me. I never thought or dreamt to see him in the flesh, but t'other day I rescued him from a stall in Barbican and brought him off in triumph. He comes to greet Coleridge's acceptance, for his shoe-latches I am unworthy to unloose."

The volumes, however, were not a gift. Lamb could not spare them and during the following month we find him writing again to Gilman:

"Pray trust me with the Church *History*, as well as the *Worthies*. A man shall restore both. Also give me back Him of Aquinum. In return you shall have the light of my countenance."

THE COLORED WILL PAY THE PIPER

THE Rev. John T. Gillard, S.S.J., Editor of "The Colored Harvest," contends that the Negro cannot solve his problem by mixing red with black:

In the Christmas issue of "The Colored Harvest" we denounced recourse to Communism by the colored man as a fatal faux pas, not a step toward progress. We conceded the Communistic hook was attractively baited and we lamented that the solicitude of organizations whose vital interest is the custody and direction of the Negro was in no wise commensurate with their pretensions and ambitions. We pointed out that in racial situations the presence of the Communist party spells and has thus far spelled antagonism and defeat, not sympathy and success for the Negro. We advised against strong arm methods for obtaining social equality.

An incident in Baltimore furnishes another graphic illustration. The Workers International Relief, a Communist organization, entertained about three hundred white and colored guests at a mixed dance. However, a mob of indignant citizens met the departing dancers with a hail of fury, fists, knives and clubs. Brass and bottles were also featured. In the ensuing fracas reserve police arrested five of the colored men. Not satisfied, the prisoners were assailed while still in the officers' charge.

Next day the bravery of the Communist organizers asserted itself. They rebaited the Communist hook and boasted there would be more dances and soon. Why not? Their heads were safe and so long as there are colored heads to absorb the blows, so long as the organizers escape scot free—on with the dance. The Communist leader of the dance indulged in a classical bit of humor when he pointed out that the white dancers had grouped about the colored members to protect them from the angry assailants. This is only one of many laughs nestling up the Communistic sleeve.

The Negro may well solve his problem without mixing red with black.

THE LAY CARDINALS

IN his "Religious Bulletin," Father O'Hara, C.S.C., Prefect of Religion in Notre Dame University, always has something to say and knows how to say it. Instance:

You will find them in every parish. They correspond to what Rockne used to call in football his "Board of Strategy."

Like the Roman Cardinals, they are not of Divine origin. Unlike the Cardinals, they are self-appointed.

The Cardinals meet the Holy Father face to face and give him advice when they are asked for it. The lay cardinals give their advice to the parish priests on their own initiative, and usually behind his back.

The lay cardinals attend the Children's Mass (which is quite fitting, in a way) and when the parish priest orders them out they say that his spirit is not Christ-like.

They object to the way the pastor spends the money they don't contribute; they call him mercenary when he lays before them the parish needs that would not exist if they did their share.

They eat meat at a Friday banquet so as not to embarrass the Masons to the right and left of them, but when the Pope dispenses the whole Church on a holyday of obligation they say that religion is going to the dogs.

They speak a good word for their pastor only when he has ceased to be their pastor and his name and fame are brought into the conversation to the disparagement of their present shepherd.

Out of the wealth of their ignorance and inexperience they broadcast their views on Gregorian chant, homiletics, hermeneutics, the Pauline privilege, and ecclesiastical art.

When they receive Holy Communion it is with the Young Ladies' Sodality instead of the Holy Name Society, when they come for confession it is five minutes after closing time, when they take a notion for the Last Sacraments it is at two o'clock in the morning.

But they are a godsend at a wake: they keep your mind off the corpse.

PERSONALITY DEFINED IN ANECDOTE

THE saying "Speak only good of the dead" was illustrated on one occasion when a man Voltaire detested died, and the French philosopher was urged to pay his personal tribute. Said Voltaire: "Mr. Blank was a great patriot, a gifted writer, a loyal friend, a good husband and father—provided he is dead."—*Boston Transcript*.

LATE at night in his father's farmhouse in Vermont, Mr. Coolidge had been notified of the death of President Harding. "Guess we'd better have a drink," quacked Calvin Coolidge with a tranquillity rarely seen in a man three and a half hours after his usual bedtime.

Quiet pervaded Plymouth Notch. Only Congressman Porter Dale, his henchman L. L. Lane, and Editor Joseph H. Fountain of the *Springfield Reporter* were still on the scene with Mr. Coolidge in the general store. A call had been put in for Secretary "Ted" Clark in Washington to determine whether Mr. Coolidge could legally be sworn in by his father, a Justice of the Peace.

"Moxie, sasparella, cream, cherry and raspberry soda," reeled off the girl behind the counter.

"Moxie," selected Mr. Coolidge.

Four glasses of Moxie were set up on the counter.

Sudden glory has been known to affect the soundest heads. It will move one man to weep on his wife's bosom and another to treat everybody in sight. In Calvin Coolidge it wrought no metamorphosis. Haloed by his country's highest honor, he remained natural. His Moxie down, he pulled an outmoded change purse from his pocket, fumbled around in it and plunked a coin on the counter. The coin was a nickel. Congressman Dale blinked, then quietly footed the rest of the bill.—Duff Giffond, *The Rise of Saint Calvin*.

AT the height of his prominence as art critic, Ruskin took savage delight in attacking the work of persons he knew. He wrote to a friend saying that he hoped his unsparing criticism of his friend's painting would make no difference in their relationship. His friend replied:

"Dear Ruskin: Next time I meet you I shall knock you down, but I hope it will make no difference in our friendship."—Morris L. Ernst and Alexander Lindey, *Hold Your Tongue*.

ONCE hearing a man speak abusively of another, Lincoln advised him to put all his invective into a letter addressed to the man in question. The letter was written, and read to Lincoln, who commended it for its severity. The writer was pleased, and asked him. "How would you send it?"

"Send it?" said Lincoln. "Oh, I wouldn't send it. I sometimes write a letter like that, and it does me good, but I never send it."—*American Magazine*.

JUSTICE OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES once told William D. Mitchell:

"I have always appreciated your fairness to your opponents."

Then as Mitchell's chest swelled, he added:

"Candor, I have always thought, was the best form of deception."—*More Merry-Go-Round*.

HAPPY RAVENNA!

The First of Three Papers on the Third International Congress of Christian Archaeology

By Gabriel Francis Powers

HAPPY Ravenna, or good fortune to Ravenna! It is the motto on her ancient coins and inscriptions, a congratulation or a wish, and it was engraved on the memorial medals distributed to the favored mortals who were able to attend the Congress. Few cities in Italy are so appropriate as this one for the study of primitive Christian art; few so rich in the superb monuments of the fifth and sixth centuries which it has preserved; few so adapted by its quiet and seclusion in the midst of rich historic associations and picturesqueness to receive studious visitors; and, last but not least, Ravenna holds an appeal to the cultured of the whole world—the tomb of Dante.

In his inaugural speech the Mayor alluded to the magic power of his city: "Seeing you here so numerous, from all parts of the world, so many of you famous in your own field of study, and all of you so full of enthusiasm, I cannot help feeling, and I venture to say it with pride, that the name of Ravenna has not been the least among the factors of your coming."

In fact, from Augustus who placed his Adriatic fleet in the port nearby, to Honorius who, in A. D. 402, elected the strong city as his residence, to Theodoric the Goth who took it in 493 and made it a seat of kings, to Justinian and Theodora, Byzantine sovereigns who covered the walls of its churches with gold in the sixth century, Ravenna has ever shone with a

luster of imperial glory; and, to quote a word of Corrado Ricci—her illustrator—history and art have woven about her, and she still wears, "her mantle of spun gold."

BUT to speak of the Congress itself. It was prepared and organized by the Pontifical Institute of Christian Archaeology in Rome, seconded by a local Committee in Ravenna, and at the head of it was Monsignor J. P. Kirsch, chosen by Pope Pius XI in person, as President of the Pontifical Institute.

It was thought about two hundred archaeologists and students would attend the Congress, although the most distinguished men in the field from every part of Europe and also from America, had sent their adhesion. But almost immediately the names ran up to four hundred. The order came to accept no more registrations as it was feared there would not be room to accommodate so many, but the names were of bearers it was impossible to refuse and the registration continued.

It rose to five hundred, then to six hundred, and when we left Rome for the fatidic city near the Adriatic sea, perspiring officials who were not sure whether to laugh or to weep, were registering Card Number 639. In extenuation one might say that there has not been a Congress of Christian Archaeology for a long time.

When forty years ago Monsignor Francis Bulic launched the idea of such a Congress for the first time, and held it in person at Spalato, his own city so rich in monuments of early Christian art, the attendance though satisfactory was limited.

The Second Congress, assembled during the Jubilee Year 1900 in Rome, naturally drew a considerable number of foreign and local authorities. But this Third Congress, after an interval of thirty-two years, gathered together all the leading archaeologists of the world, as well as numerous classic students and others interested chiefly in history and art.

It is too well recognized nowadays that the interrelation of studies enriches each one of them and widens the field for all. And, besides, there has been a vast increase in the number of students of Christian Archaeology since excavations and discoveries have given back so much that is of paramount interest. And the wealth of material is growing every day. The limit set for each *Relator*, or speaker, was that he should confine himself to what has been discovered or unearthed within the last thirty years, in the single domain of Christian archaeology.

THE results are astounding, the harvest is of incomparable richness. And those alone who had the privilege of listening hour after hour, to these which seemed almost like fairy-tales, the exposition made



GREEK PATRIARCH, ABBOT AND MONKS OF THE BASILIAN MONASTERY OF GROTTAFERRATA, WHO OFFICIATED FOR THE GREEK PART OF THE PONTIFICALE, AND THEIR CHOIR, GROTTAFERRATA, WHICH SANG IN GREEK



MAUSOLEUM OF GALLIA PLACIDIA AND HER SARCOPHAGUS, A.D. 450. THE DECORATIONS OF THIS SMALL AND PERFECT BUILDING ARE AMONG THE MOST BEAUTIFUL IN RAVENNA

by learned men of the treasures, magnificent monuments and works of art, living, pulsating pages of history exhumed by them and wrenched from the ashes of a dead and buried past, those alone who listened, and saw upon the screen with their own eyes the marvels found, can realize the thrill of hearing the discoverers themselves relate in the first person, or in the courteous plural intended to honor fellow-workers, just when and in what manner they had brought the precious material to light.

Again, it is rare to meet gathered together in such great numbers, the chief masters, the highest authorities of all countries in their special branch. Prominent of course among them were the Roman group of the Pontifical Institute of Christian Archaeology, and the admirable workers of the Catacombs of Rome. Monsignor Kirsch, Monsignor Respighi, Monsignor Belvederi; the most brilliant of the younger men, Enrico Iosi, who discovered the Catacomb of Pamphilus; Cecchelli of the University of Rome; and one woman with them, Marchesa Ferrajoli, daughter of the great Gian Battista De Rossi, who, as the President declared from the platform, "has been the master of us all."

FROM the British School of Archaeology in Rome, Eugenia Strong, another discoverer, and recently a convert to the Catholic Church. Germany sends Dr. Joseph Sauer of Freiburg in Breisgau; Vienna, Dr. Egger of the University; Holland, Prof. De Waele of Nymegen. France, a whole group of well-known scholars: Dom Cabrol, who needs no comment, André Peraté of the Museum of

Versailles, Gabriel Millet, chief writer on Byzantine art, Lantier, Inspecteur Général des Antiquités, and so forth. From Yale University, or rather from Syria where he is working, a splendid young American excavator, Professor Clark Hopkins, of whom more anon. One gets the impression of clusterings of stars, as from some sky of a summer's night.

AND the place in which this marvelous assembly holds its gatherings is worthy of the illustrious company assembled. It is now the city Library, *Biblioteca Classensis*, but it used to be a convent of the Camaldolese monks, and it is a gem of beautiful architecture and of the allied arts. Two lovely courts surrounded by cloisters offer the solace of green and of silent peace for meditation. In the larger one, under the trees, is an antique carved well, and the seated statue of a Pontiff extending his arm in benediction.

The main hall, used for lectures, is called, from a vast mural painting dedicated to him, the Hall of Dante. The ceiling, woodwork, and fine sculptured stalls are of the time when the spacious site was in use as the monks' refectory. Upstairs the long wide corridor or central hall upon which the doors of the cells opened is adorned with a large picture of the Camaldolese Saints in the flowing white habit of the Order.

From a recess, a staircase that sweeps upward in two symmetric curves leads to the Library, a succession of panelled and painted halls, where seventy-two thousand volumes are treasured, and seven hundred *incunabula*. During these days of special activity, the choicest "pieces" are exhibited in the glass-cases to delight the

visitors: an Aristophanes of the tenth century, an admirable manuscript Dante dated 1369, the Book of Hours of Queen Mary Stuart, and various illuminated Missals and Chorals of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries.

IF any inspiration had been wanting in the members of the Congress, though it certainly was not, the *Biblioteca Classensis* would have supplied it. Yet the Congress itself was not a sinecure. Three or four lectures succeeding one another during the morning hours, sometimes without even the merciful college ten minutes breathing intermission, and four or five more lectures in the afternoon, with only occasional quarter hour respites, taxed the attention of even the most enthusiastic. But one felt that every second of it was worthwhile, and one hated to miss even the introductory word.

Fortunately, it had been arranged that visits to the principal monuments of Ravenna, and explanations illustrating them made by competent authorities, should sometimes vary the program, and these excursions proved to be most interesting and delightful. On one memorable evening the city offered its guests the pleasure of a concert of ancient classic religious music, admirably rendered, intermingled with folk-songs of the district, sung by groups of men and women in the native costumes of the countryside. On another evening there was a gala reception held at the City Hall.

But perhaps the most memorable night was that of the commemoration of the great Poet of Italy. Six hundred years ago, exiled from his beloved Florence, in unspeakable woe and tribulation, he had taken refuge at Ravenna where the Lords of Polenta gave him refuge and hospitality. He is said to have haunted the desolate pinewoods where his memory is alive still. And here he died. Florence has tried in vain to obtain his ashes; Ravenna will not yield them.

On one unforgettable night we were bidden to go in a body from the Library to the Tomb, and as the vast column moved in silence through the small streets the entire population turned out and joined us. The crowd was so great it was almost impossible to advance and there was a deep silence of reverence and emotion over us all. The small building which contains the grave was brilliantly illuminated with green lights, and this fantastic illumination extended also to the neighboring monuments and the wide-spreading trees, all bathed in emerald splendor. There was something unreal yet profoundly impressive in this flood of vivid, verdant light.

Standing just at the edge of it, somewhat behind the monument, rose the square tower of San Francesco, the church in which Dante used to attend Mass. Solemn and slow, with strokes that rent the air like dolorous swordcuts, the mourning bell

tolled. And that was the only sound, falling directly on the listening heart, save for the subdued shuffling of all those feet, passing in homage before the man who had seen Heaven and Hell.

Medievalism is only a word and a Poet lives forever. This one especially who saw with such clear eyes that all movement of life flows from one Center, and that the innermost core of it is Light, and warmth of fire in which God dwells. A wreath of laurel is a poor offering to lay upon such a tomb as this; but the bell atoned for us, and the humble passing of all those feet in the dust, many of them come from so far.

In the joy of bright mornings there was the visit to famous monuments, under the guide of devoted men who have spent their lives studying, restoring, making them known. The first and perhaps the most interesting was to San Vitale. Corrado Ricci, who made the first researches there and gave it back its primitive beauty in 1898, was with us; and Renato Bartocchini, who has just lowered the pavement to its original level where much of the early mosaic floor was found still in place, gave us *in situ* the account of his labors.

The church was erected in the early sixth century by Archbishop Ecclesius, probably replacing a more ancient oratory, for it is a memorial to the holy martyr Sanctus Vitalis who for his constancy in the Faith, after enduring various torments, was buried alive at this spot "in a deep pit and covered over with earth and stones; and by this martyrdom he went forth to Christ." (*Rom. Martyrology*, April 28.) The place of his martyrdom and his grave were thus one. The wife of Vitalis, Valeria, and his two sons, Gervasius and Protasius, are famous martyrs of the city of Milan.

THE church begun by Ecclesius was consecrated in A. D. 547 by one of the most famous Archbishops of Ravenna, S. Maximianus, while Justinian and Theodora reigned, and it was evidently intended to be the imperial church for beauty and wealth were lavished upon it. It is unique, one might say, in its form and construction, and what we are agreed to call Byzantine in style; for if there are other churches of the same period equally octagonal in plan, S. Vitale has a richness of detail and a picturesqueness that seem to place it almost at the apex of similar buildings.

The only walls are the extern walls, the interior offering a central portion, surrounded by eight massive piers which sustain the dome, a secondary portion also circular, and a whole system of minor semi-circular arches set upon columns over which the upper gallery or *matroneum* runs. The four-face capitals are of deep basket shape and admirably carved. The presbytery, raised above three steps, contains the Bishop's Chair and benches for the clergy, all built-in and of marble.

The altar is a single magnificent slab of Oriental alabaster so transparent that, if a

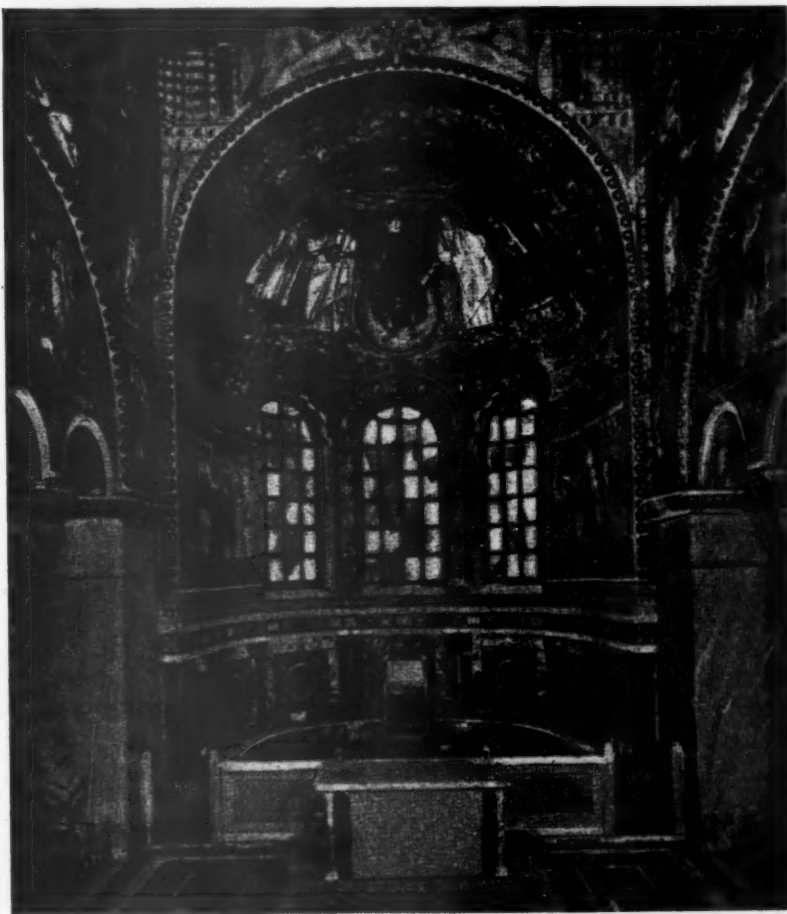
taper is placed beneath it, the flame shows clearly as a focus of light. The entire apse is covered with superb mosaic pictures on gold ground, upon which the light plays, illuminating them now here now there with living gleams that flash and seem to send vibrations of sunshine and color through all the space.

IN the large composition of the concave a youthful, beardless Christ, clothed in imperial purple, is seated upon the symbolic globe, surrounded by angels, and extending with gracious mien the crown of glory to the holy martyr Vitalis. To the left of Our Savior the Archbishop Ecclesius bearing upon a fold of his cloak—the antique ceremonial of reverence—a model of the actual church. Upon the side-walls of the apse, groups of figures in regal garments, also upon gold ground, represent in scenes opposite to one another, the Emperor Justinian, with the officers of his suite and the Archbishop Maximianus and the Empress Theodora with her ladies and gentlemen-in-waiting.

All these personages are said to be done from life, or at least to be true portraits, and are particularly noted for this reason.

Nearer the altar two subjects taken from the Old Testament, the Sacrifice of Isaac and the Sacrifice of Melchisedech the Priest, consisting of bread and wine; and the illustrator calls our attention to the aptness of these representations at the spot where the Holy Sacrifice is offered, and their closeness to the prayer of the Liturgy: "... Upon which deign to look with a serene and propitious countenance: and to receive them acceptably even as Thou didst deign to receive the gifts of Thy just servant Abel, and the sacrifice of our Patriarch Abraham: and that which Thy high priest Melchisedech offered to Thee, a holy sacrifice, an immaculate host." (Abel is in the act of lifting the lamb without blemish toward God.)

IT would be difficult to explain to anybody who has not seen it, the peculiar scenic richness of S. Vitale. To whatever point of the building you go there are marvelous architectural vistas in sight: columns that form groups, stone capitals pierced with lace-like sculpture; systems of arches over arches, supporting galleries, balustrades, tribunes; mosaics everywhere, blue-green or blazing with gold. We were



THE GLORIOUS APSE OF SAN VITALE CHURCH. LARGE MOSAIC OF OUR SAVIOR AND SAINTS. LOWER DOWN ARE THE COURT MOSAICS OF JUSTINIAN AND THEODORA. THE WINDOWS ARE OF TRANSPARENT ALABASTER



INNER FACADE OF THE LIBRARY LOOKING UPON THE QUADRANGLE — EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY ARCHITECTURE

to return to the church another day, to the culminating glory of a Pontifical Mass, the most solemn function of the Congress, and we saw then what this S. Vitale, which is not officiated in at present—more is the sorrow—must have been in the days when Justinian made of Ravenna the capital of his empire of the East (527-565).

Needless to say, much about it strikes one as Oriental, but it has traces of Rome too. Witness the mosaic of the apse, so close to those of the Roman basilicas, and so reminiscent of the frescoes of the Catacombs; and the names all given in Latin. But those who organized the impressive service, which Catholics and non-Catholics alike described as "unforgettable," while they invited Cardinal Lega, assisted by his brother the Archbishop of Ravenna, to officiate, at the same time invited the Greek Basilian monks of Grottaferrata to take part in the celebration.

IT was indeed unforgettable. The glorious church, all a sheen of marbles, and rutilant in its splendor of colored mosaics and of gold, when the sun came into it, seemed a vision of Heaven: for the very air became golden and clouded only with the incense that wafted slowly, pregnant with its fragrance of prayer, toward high God. The singing, rendered without accompaniment, by the admirable boy-choir of Ravenna, alternating with the Schola Cantorum of the Basilians who sang in Greek, showed the extraordinary acoustic properties of a domed central structure. At times there were prolonged chord effects that suggested organ notes, and at times clear treble echoes that

passed from the merely human to the eerily angelic.

The Epistle and Gospel were read from temporary amboes first in Latin and then in Greek, with a solemnity that drove the scriptural word into one's very soul. When the crowd poured out of the church, after the procession of the clergy, the bright, smiling faces and enthusiastic words showed the general appreciation, but at the same time one had a strange, blank feeling of having been for an hour at the open gates of paradise, and then of having been sent back for another spell of trial, into a world where difficulties abound.

FOR solace we crossed the grassy plot to the Mausoleum of Galla Placidia. This is granted to be one of the most completely perfect monuments of Ravenna. A small cross-shaped edifice, wholly of brick on the outside and weather-beaten; but one halts at the threshold, in speechless admiration, for the interior seems to come forward to greet the visitor. First a gloom that strikes one as blue, dark blue, trembling to peacock green; then stars, of which one is not quite sure whether they are gold or silver, only that they shine.

Then again white-robed figures of Saints, little by little, emerge from their background of midnight or sea-blue.

And all around you a glimmering and mirroring of priceless marbles glides subdued notes of other colors into the composition which the indescribable blue of ceiling and arch, deep as the heavens and the sea, still dominates and holds low.

Then, suddenly, the little window opposite to you becomes a flame of leaping fire. There was never such a color. It is flame, and it is fire. No name of color will render this blaze of splendor and of warmth. The combined vividness and softness of effect is due to the fact that the windows are not filled with glass but with a translucent semi-precious stone, onyx apparently.

The mosaics here have not departed from the Roman tradition and are among the oldest in Ravenna. In the ceiling a Latin cross surrounded by the emblems of the four Evangelists; in the apse St. Lawrence, the gridiron with fire under it, and an open book-case containing the Four Gospels with the names of their authors written upon them. Over the entrance is a charming mosaic picture of the Good Shepherd as a youth, with long fair hair reaching His shoulders, and His sheep browsing around Him in a quiet pastoral scene.

The three sarcophagi set in the three arms of the mausoleum are carved with subjects similarly taken from early Christian art—lambs, palm-trees, doves. Galla Placidia, who erected the tomb in A. D. 440, was placed in the principal sarcophagus ten years later. It is believed that the secondary ones were used for her husband Constance and for her son Valentinian III who, by her efforts and under her patronage, reigned as Emperor of the West.

This great princess, whose life had been so tragic, died in Rome, but her body was brought back to Ravenna, which she had loved and beautified so much. There is a solemnity and religious atmosphere about the small mausoleum that is most impressive, and a curious power of suggestion in its gloom, lighted by gleams of splendor from works of superb art which remain almost unseen. The silent state is imperial and haunted by majestic shades.

THE Cathedral, dedicated perhaps originally to the local martyr Ursicinus, commemorated in the Roman Martyrology on June 19, was dedicated by the Bishop S. Ursus in the fourth century and was generally called after his name, Basilica Ursiana. It was entirely rebuilt in the eighteenth century and has only preserved a few sculptures and reliefs of the sixth century that might interest the antiquarian.

Not so, however, the octagonal Baptistery upon the cathedral grounds. It has survived almost intact, having always been in use, and witnessed the Baptism of at least two saints, the great Romuald of Camaldoli and St. Peter Damian. Corrado Ricci suggests that the font may have been established in a hall of pre-existing Roman Baths, transformed by Archbishop Neon (440-452) for the purpose. It seems equally likely that the structure of Neon was original, for it is completely harmonious from base to dome.

The mosaics have been restored, but they are among the finest in Ravenna.



THE TOMB OF DANTE. HE WAS BURIED IN SAN FRANCESCO AND LATER REMOVED TO THIS SPOT. IN THE BACK CAN BE SEEN THE SQUARE TOWER OF THE CHURCH OF SAN FRANCESCO IN WHICH HANGS THE FAMOUS VOTIVE BELL

Centre of the cupola, the Baptism of Christ, on gold ground, and all around it the Apostles in white robes upon a ground of dark blue. Lower down, arabesques of gold upon a ground of green and blue. Every part of the edifice is covered with decorations of beautiful design, figures and ornamental reliefs in stucco varying with mosaic and panellings of rare marbles, porphyry and serpentine relieved by mother-of-pearl, in geometric symmetry.

The richness of detail would require long study. At the centre of the octagon, in

white marble, is the font which was anciently used for immersion.

There is so much to say about Ravenna and her monuments that we should become wearisome if we tried to tell it all, so we pass over in silence the votive church of Galla Placidia, dedicated to St. John the Evangelist, who saved her from shipwreck at sea; the ruins of the palace of Theodoric, whom some of our congressmen call, and rightly of course, "Dietrich of Bern"; the fort-like tomb of this king and conqueror who would have been so great had he not

turned persecutor; the antique frescoed church of S. Maria in Porto Fuori, where Dante prayed to the "Virgin Mother, daughter of her Son," and which he immortalized in one line (unless, indeed, he alluded to Loreto): "The house of Our Lady on the Adrian shore," and to which angels, flying across the sea, are said to have brought the precious carved image of the "Madonna Greca."—"Do not despise legends," says Marangoni, "they possess a fragrance and charm that nothing else can replace."

The Republic of Letters

By

John J. Hartigan

THE news that the publishing firm of Sheed & Ward has established an American branch at 63 Fifth Avenue, New York City, arouses a host of memories in one, who like the present writer, has watched the firm's progress from the beginning. On a winter day six years ago they opened their doors in Paternoster Row, London; and there, in the midst of carpenters, painters and electricians, they launched their first book upon the world. It was Hilaire Belloc's murderous attack on H. G. Wells; and it is characteristic of the firm that they actually had the book printed and bound before they had chosen their premises. I am told that there is a similar element of suddenness about their American opening—that two months ago they were thinking of an American house as a thing of the far future and now they are here.

THE firm unites in itself three totally different currents of Catholic life, currents that have not always tended to flow harmoniously in one channel. It is no secret that Sheed and Ward are husband and wife. Ward is—or was—Maisie Ward. On her father's side she is a descendant, so to speak, of the Oxford Movement; for her father was Wilfrid Ward and his father was William George Ward, one of the earliest of the Oxford Movement converts, famous among other things for his statement that he would like to have a Papal Bull along with his copy of *The Times* at breakfast every morning. He was a close friend of Newman's to begin with, later a vigorous opponent on many points of policy. Wilfrid Ward held the balance even by writing the biography of each of them. On the side of her mother (the author of *Tudor Sunset*, recently published) she belongs to the old Catholic families of England; being indeed a direct descendant of Blessed Philip Howard, one of Queen Elizabeth's many victims. Thus there is no more authentic representative of the two great strands of English Catholicism—the Catholics who never lost the Faith and the converts who, in the nineteenth century, so sensationally found it.

Her husband, F. J. Sheed, represents a totally different tradition of Catholic life. By birth he is an Australian. By blood he is Irish, of Limerick. What caused him to be born in Australia was the famine, that great disperser of the Irish. How deeply he has meditated on his racial heritage is shown in the study of the saintly Matt Talbot which he wrote for *The Irish Way*, the book he compiled for the Eucharistic Congress. By no one has the Catholicism of the Irish been analyzed with more intimate understanding.

The firm, then, is saved from insularity by thus summing up in itself some of the strongest and most diverse elements of the English-speaking Catholic tradition. But there is a further element making for breadth of view in the road by which the two people concerned arrived at publishing.

Mr. Sheed was by training a philologist and a lawyer: Maisie Ward was secretary to her very literary father. Both then were steeped in books. But for both of them something else intervened between the literary training and the activity of publishing. That was the street-corner work of the Catholic Evidence Guild: and, to one who has eyes to see, the publishing firm is as much a product of the outdoor platform as of the study.

TO take one thing only—the Evidence Guild is a piece of sheer common-sense which was yet so novel as to seem revolutionary: and part of the success of the firm is traceable to a similar willingness to follow the dictates of common-sense even where it meant doing what no publisher had ever tried to do before. (It is worth noting that one of the most interesting of all the new authors publishing with the firm—Alice Curtayne, the Kerry girl, who wrote the life of St. Catherine of Siena—was a fellow-speaker with them in the Evidence Guild.)

This freedom from insularity appears in strong relief in the books the firm has produced. I have never actually counted them, but I have an impression that translations are as numerous in their list as works originally written in English: and if by chance this is not true of the list as a whole, it is certainly true of the score or more of what may be called key-books. It is obvious that the firm envisages the Catholic world as one thing—with thought flowing freely from end to end of it. Jacques Maritain and Karl Adam, Henri Ghéon and Romano Guardini, Giovanni Papini, Léonce de Grandmaison and Peter Wüst: these have become part of the furniture of every educated mind; so much so that one no longer adverts to their "foreign-ness." In this connection I heard one of the partners say that this twentieth century is a kind of Golden Age for Catholic publishing—the one age since the invention of printing when a Catholic publisher, any Catholic publisher, can take the whole world as his field.

IT will be interesting to see how the firm settles down on American soil. From the many lecturing trips each member of the firm has made here they know something of the country. There are only two Americans in their present list, but the names tell their own story—Harvey Wickham, that astonishing, almost Catholic philosopher, with *The Unrealists*, and William Thomas Walsh with *Isabella of Spain*, which may yet come to be considered the outstanding historical portrait of this part of the century.

Certain it is that so far between Europe and America the flow of Catholic books has been almost entirely one way: it may prove that the establishment here of a firm so strongly grounded in Europe and with a searching eye for every horizon, may mean that the balance will be redressed; England may become as normal a part of the audience for leading American Catholics as America now is for the best writers of the other side. May the American house be another source of Catholic Action.

From "Nothing at All"

By John Moody

"I GIVE it up. We have talked to a standstill, and now all I can say is this: 'If your conscience tells you that you belong in the Church of Rome, then by all means go there without delay. And God bless you!'"

So said an Episcopal clergyman to me a few weeks before I was received into the Catholic Church. It was the culmination of many discussions between us. He was a good friend of thirty years standing; an "evangelical" or Low Church Protestant. He had been trying to stem the tide which, he said, was "dragging me down" to Rome. I had given him every chance to save me, and he had done his best. But his great weakness was that he knew nothing at all about the Catholic Church!

Another good friend—also an Episcopal clergyman, but of the Broad Church or "Modernist" type—hearing that my eyes were turning towards Rome, also undertook to save my soul. He was a scholar, an eloquent preacher, and tolerant as they make them. He really loved the Catholics, he said. His line of attack was wholly different from that of my other clerical friend. But he failed more miserably than did the other. His final words to me were: "You get right out of here, and skeedaddle over to St. Peter as fast as you can go; and, *pax vobiscum!*" His main trouble also was that he didn't know anything about the Catholic Church!

Still another clergyman friend—this time of the High Church or "Anglo-Catholic" type—made a venture for my salvation. He really did know something about the Catholic Church; but his trouble was that he knew too much that was not true. He wore himself to a frazzle during hours of hair-splitting argument; and then, mopping his brow, he finally said: "Well, you may be right, after all is said and done. Go to it—and with my blessing! Frankly, I envy you!"

NOW one might assume, from reading the foregoing, that I was a convert from Protestantism to Catholicism. But not so. I was converted from *agnosticism* to Catholicism. The mere fact that I was a member of the Protestant Episcopal Church does not imply that I believed anything. I had no real beliefs. If anyone ever asked me what orthodox dogmas still survived in the Episcopal Church, I invariably would reply: "I really don't know; but whatever they are, I'm sure I don't believe them."

I had started life as a High Churchman, or "Anglo-Catholic." But when growing into manhood I discovered that the High

MR. JOHN MOODY, President of Moody's Investors' Service, New York, was nominally a Protestant, but practically an agnostic nearly all his life. He read himself into the Faith, and became a Catholic in 1931. He has just completed his autobiography which, under the title, *The Long Road Home*, will shortly be published by the Macmillan Company of New York. It will tell the full story of the long and arduous journey which finally brought him into the Church. The accompanying outline of this convert's story was written for THE SIGN and will prove to be of real interest to our readers.—EDITOR.

Churchman was teaching without authority, unity, or uniformity; he picked and chose his beliefs like any other Protestant. Therefore, why should not I pick and choose? And I did.

Now the most alluring section of the Episcopal Church to pick and choose from seemed to me to be the Broad Church or "Modernist" section. Here I was free to interpret the Creed as I pleased, or reject it entirely if I pleased. I could treat the Scriptures as fable and fiction; I could strip Christ of His Divinity; I could create my own God or dethrone Him; I could revamp the moral law to suit myself. And all the while I would be a Churchman "in good standing." Practically all I needed to be sure of, was to keep out of jail!

Such is the sort of Episcopalian I had evolved into in early manhood; and such I remained for more than thirty years thereafter. It was, of course, a broad highway to nothing at all.

The chief "nothing at all" to which I was led, was modern philosophy. The first Broad Church clergyman I ever knew well strongly endorsed the teachings of Herbert Spencer. Spencer's writings became my Bible. And after that I became a devotee of William James and George Santayana, whose dogmas I tempered in later years with a dash of Henri Bergson. Later, I suffered from the irruptions of John Dewey, Bertrand Russell—and the

whole flock of geese who call themselves modern philosophers. And so it was that for thirty-odd years I stood at the signpost of "Nothing At All."

Yes, nothing at all. Religion was fable and fancy; philosophy was fiction and foolishness; life was an unsolved riddle, and would ever be. Such was my exact mental and spiritual state when I began to discover the Catholic Church.

I HAD always assumed that the Catholic Church had died in the sixteenth century, and that its corpse was merely lingering on for belated burial. Hundreds of writers had told me that. But browsing in a bookstore one day, half a dozen years ago, I picked up a volume entitled *God and Intelligence*, written by Dr. Fulton J. Sheen, of whom I had never heard. But it looked interesting, and I bought it. It was pleasing to me to find that in two or three compact chapters the author pulled the pins from under all our great modern thinkers, and confirmed that "nothing at all" of which I was already becoming painfully aware.

Then, to my surprise, the writer assumed a constructive vein, and began to explain and support the philosophy of an archaic old medieval thinker named St. Thomas Aquinas. Now, like most non-Catholics, I had always supposed that the ideas of this thirteenth-century writer were as dead as a doornail; I had never seen him mentioned, except in derision, by any writer that I had ever read, religious or secular.

It would not be possible, in a brief sketch like this, to even attempt to outline the path by which, from this time onward, I was led into the Catholic Church. Suffice it to say that I read Dr. Sheen's exposition of the philosophy of St. Thomas again and again; I followed this up with more exhaustive interpretations of this great thinker; I plunged into collateral reading in Christian philosophy and theology; I discovered the early Christian Fathers and the whole galaxy of brilliant thinkers and Saints who dot the Christian centuries. And, as a result, I found myself—intellectually—at the door of the Catholic Church before I had known the Angelic Doctor for a year.

This is not to say that I was ready to become a Catholic then. My skeptical mind long held me in leash, and I had to go through several years of conflict and struggle in resolving my difficulties before I was ready to embrace the Faith. But at last, by the grace of God, it all became understandable; and then it was that the

"theological virtues"—Faith, Hope and Charity—took on their Divine significance for me.

IT will thus be seen that my conversion was not a sudden one; my prosaic, mathematical mind required a lot of study and research. But it was the best process for me; for all Catholic doctrine finally became logical and essential as, brick by brick, I followed the structure up; and the various phases of the Faith fell perfectly into place.

In this long journey from agnosticism

to Catholicism, I never discussed my case with Catholics, either priests or laymen. I read Catholic books, but talked only with Protestants or non-Christians. I was meticulous in trying to weigh all the anti-Catholic arguments. Many of my laymen friends were scholarly men, and I urged them to refute the Catholic claims; to read what I was reading. But this was largely wasted effort; they preferred to remain as ignorant of the Catholic Church as did my Protestant clerical friends.

Two years in the Catholic Church is but a short period; and I have still much to

learn of the beauty and perfection of Catholic Truth. But one grows daily in understanding, for, as time goes on, the Faith seems to open and develop like a flower. To me it has meant a release from lifelong uncertainty, aimlessness, and despair. It has replaced chaos with order; doubt with certainty; shadow with substance; and has given me the inestimable blessing of perfect peace—that peace of God which we can only know when we have learned the futility of pride and presumption, and with deep humility have sought the way of grace.

After Prohibition—What?

By Frank H. Spearman

ABOUT the time the shadow of Prohibition fell across our land I lived in a Chicago suburb. A neighbor commuter was the father of three active boys; they were traders and merchants in everything that lived in the temperate zone—birds, beasts and fish. In their animal collection they had for a long time a neighborhood terror in a billy-goat. So many complaints gradually reached the front of the house from the washerwoman, the gardener, the cook, and the neighbors concerning Billy's depredations that the father of the family finally told the boys they must get rid of that goat.

At first he spoke kindly. But as the days wore on and the complaints grew, he spoke more sternly. Finding at last that words did no good the father, before leaving one morning for town, told his hopefuls that either they would get rid of that billy-goat that day or he would shoot it when he got home that night.

THIS ultimatum called for measures. Father was a hunter with a goodly collection of guns and rifles. Moreover, he was known and respected in the juvenile circle of the family as a man of his word. That night he came home tired from the day's grind; but fully determined to make good his threat.

The moment dinner was dispatched he asked the question uppermost in his mind.

"Boys," he began sternly, "you know what I said this morning. Did you get rid of that goat?"

"Father," was the answer in joyful chorus, "we did!"

Father, relaxing in some relief, said frankly: "I'm glad to hear that." . . . "Well," he asked, since the boys volunteered no further information. "What did you do with him?"

"Father," came the cheerful response, "we traded him off for two nanny-goats!"

I thought of the story at the time merely as a good story.

BUT after a few years of Prohibition, that goat story haunted me. And I was forced to ask myself whether it had not a sinister application to our Eighteenth Amendment situation. In matter of fact, I said to myself, we have merely "traded off" our billy-goat saloon for two-nanny-goat Prohibition. The one seems to have proved as complete a nuisance as the other. Now we are trying to rid ourselves of the nanny-goats.

We are facing, in fact, the end of a serious experiment, one that has been characterized by all the praise and all the blame in the English tongue, perhaps with some emphasis added in French, Italian and German by disgusted victims.

I think the consensus of opinion among observing and reflecting men and women today must be that the experiment has been a disastrous one. At all events we are now attempting to find some better way than Prohibition of regulating a very difficult and almost always unwholesome traffic—the liquor traffic. Our immediate problem is to control successfully this very slippery and troublesome business.

Prohibition must inevitably leave after it a train of crimes unheard of until the "noble" experiment fastened them on us. The illicit traffic of the bootlegger; his parasite, the hi-jacker; added sources of corruption among law officers, extending from the lowest to the highest; and a widespread disrespect engendered by Prohibition for law, not alone now for liquor law but for all law, has developed a wholly new school of criminals. It has taught reckless men how easy it is to defy our laws and, in the language of its scholars, "get away with it."

Prohibition, it is true, found our system

of law administration and enforcement already enmeshed in as many threads of technicalities as bound Gulliver among the Lilliputians. It was all, and is all, disgraceful. No legal spectacle more exasperating than that of our State systems of feeble criminal laws, with their "indeterminate" sentences and their reckless probation provisions, exists in the world. They have been enacted and foisted upon us by the sloppiest of sentimentalists, both men and women, and are administered by State courts frequently as sloppy in their social and legal views.

Casting to the winds every wholesome legal tradition handed down to us by countless generations of mankind, half-baked legislators have substituted for them a mass of puerile efforts that coddle the law-breaker, pat him on the back and, in their theory, make a model citizen of him. They have done this with a vengeance. They proclaim that their pious aim is to restore the criminal to society: what they have eminently succeeded in doing is to restore society to the criminal.

IT matters not to them that all the experience of mankind is against their coddling theories; that our penal institutions are crowded to overflowing; that we are continually building new jails, while in Ireland, for example, where punishment is *swift, certain and severe*, they are turning their empty jails into libraries. But what addle-pated American legislator would dream of looking abroad for legislative example?

It may be unjust to saddle the entire responsibility for all of our legal tomfoolery on the Prohibition element among our political and legislative leaders. But I call your attention to the fact that this pseudo-humanitarian Prohibition element among us has controlled our legislative bodies for at least thirty years—to a growing

degree their influence has been felt for at least twice that.

Today, a practically defenceless body of citizenry feed the parasites that multiply in such mediums as those which our laws encourage—crooked criminal lawyers, who should be scourged out of society and who have been breeding in ever-increasing numbers since the days of Rufus Choate. Wendell Phillips used to say in his day that the first thing criminals did before undertaking any major operation was to inquire whether their legal adviser, Rufus Choate, was in health. Today we have, too, approachable law officers, judges and magistrates, who, lacking all idea of the dignity of the bench, keep one ear constantly to the political ground to estimate their chances for reelection.

WITH these elements of corruption already grafted on our State legal systems, enter Prohibition itself—the triumph of those who atone for sins they are inclined to by damning those they have no mind to.

It was undoubtedly unfortunate in its backing. Sponsored chiefly by the most blatant of our politico-pseudo-religious sects, it created little enthusiasm among the sober-minded. They merely consented to see it tried. It may be said that no generally esteemed group of citizens could have been found to back Prohibition. If so, the seeds of its weakness were sown at its birth. The politicians took hold of the novelty more readily. But the Prohibitionist of today has learned to his sorrow that the politician is fickle. The utmost that can be said of him is that he is at least as trustworthy as that frail bit of femininity in the plaintive ballad of other days:

"Chloe was false and Chloe was common, but constant while possessed."

The unfortunate Prohibitionist finds that his Chloe, lured by the siren Wets, has now proved basely false and common.

Undeniably, corruption among law forces has grown by leaps and bounds with Prohibition. Its boundaries have been enlarged until they embrace our police forces from the highest official to the humblest patrolman. It has reached out for the warehouse watchman, the burly truck driver, the slick cabbie, the wise bell-boy and the whispering barber—the names of the new votaries is legion.

This minor graft has been complemented by the astounding graft of the bootleg gangster centering in our large cities. These take their laws from no established court. They institute their own codes and administer their own punishments for violation—punishments as swift, severe and certain as our own punishments ought to be—and are not. They can well afford to sneer at our organized society and its feeble attempts to enforce its laws; and they do sneer and have piled up millions upon millions of dollars in a traffic that we have unwisely made illegal, and have extended their racket depredations in our large

CASTING to the winds every wholesome legal tradition handed down to us by countless generations of mankind, half-baked legislators have substituted for them a mass of puerile efforts that coddle the law-breaker, pat him on the back and, in their theory, make a model citizen of him. They have done this with a vengeance. They proclaim that their pious aim is to restore the criminal to society: what they have eminently succeeded in doing is to restore society to the criminal.

cities to almost every manner of business.

When we say to Prohibitionists that their law can't be enforced, they may well retort: Which of your laws can be, or is, enforced? They are doubtless right in contending that no honest effort has ever been made to enforce Prohibition. We can retort: Whose fault is it? You had, we can say, Congress; you had the State legislatures; you had the governors and the presidents—whose fault is it?

To admit that their law was wrong in principle is beyond the mental capacity of most Prohibitionists. But a Sampson of common-sense, typified by the common people, though long blinded by Prohibition sophistries, has at last pulled their political house down about their heads, and from its ruins, society must try to build something that will better protect it.

The house is, indeed, well pulled down; but this will not destroy the living army of gangsters and underlings who have graduated from its school of crime. Society has still these to reckon with and the prospect is a formidable one; the evil that an unwise law can do lives long after its repeal.

To insure any successful control of liquor traffic, we must drastically revise our criminal laws—laws which, together with their administration, make us today an object of world-wide contempt. In matter of fact, we are victims in many States of the most ridiculous criminal codes ever laid on people outside insane asylums. The "indeterminate sentence" law is a classical example of legal folly.

Our paroles are past all consideration of decency, justice and reason. They have become a tragic joke. What should be done is to send the greater part of these parole boards and legislative groups to the penitentiaries, even if the incarcerated felons have to be turned loose to make room for them. Since most of the felons, after a brief rest at society's expense, are turned loose anyway, society would not be greatly injured.

IN truth, our body of criminal laws and their administration accurately reflect the general looseness of the thinking and the doing that inflicted Prohibition on a great nation. You will probably not bother to

follow the thought that far, but at bottom it is all due to the governing absence of a common-sense social philosophy. In all Europe, save where Bolshevism reigns, you can not find a nation presenting such a spectacle of legal monstrosities in criminal law and its administration as the United States presents. Many of our courts act as if their function is to furnish first aid to the criminal and let society look out for itself. Little wonder that the most offensive parasite of all—the criminal lawyer—has fastened himself securely on us.

IT is with this pitiful legal equipment we are about to undertake control of the liquor traffic. We are to undertake it with fool laws, fool legal procedure, and almost no effort at all at swift, certain and severe punishment for offenders.

It is also certain that, as another fundamental condition of successful control of liquor traffic, profit must be wholly taken out of the distribution of liquor. The moment liquor distribution is taken out of the hands of State dispensaries and is committed to licensed dealers, that moment our new troubles begin. Can this dispensary control possibly be effected without strong Federal cooperation? I gravely doubt it. Undoubtedly, the sound view, politically, is to return liquor traffic control to the several States. But how it will fare at the hands of some of our weak and ineffectual State governments is a question to give pause. I would not, myself, trust the administration of ipsecac to a catfish to the average of State administration.

Calvin Coolidge told us that he would not like to see the Government go into the whiskey business. You will observe he uses the word, "whiskey," to load the thought down with opprobrium. But whiskey is not the only element in the liquor traffic any more than Mr. Coolidge was our only economic pope. He seems to have given cordial approval to the very worst effort to control the traffic that we have ever attempted, and to which we are now saying good-bye.

The danger today is in cherishing the hope that with Prohibition out of the way our liquor troubles will be over. It might almost be said they will be just beginning, were it not for the fact that we must shoulder the detestable load of troubles which Prohibition has laid on our shoulders. Sensible thought and sound reasoning have more than once acted as a balance-wheel in serious social and economic world difficulties; it might help us again.

But the work of sane men is cut out for them today as it never has so clearly been before. With the collapse of our false prosperity and the offers of a thousand economic nostrums for our social relief, followed now by the collapse of the "noble experiment," the sane man has every reason to gird himself for hard thinking, and, when the time comes, for intelligent and decisive action in helping to solve our problem of liquor traffic control.

"THE LOWEST POINT"

By Hilaire Belloc

The Fifth in a Series of Twelve Articles on the Break-up of Protestantism as the Last Organized Opponent of the Catholic Church

WHEN you are trying to get at the real cause of some great social and historical development, it is of high importance to discover the moment of its greatest development, and of the corresponding lowest point reached by that which it was combating and attempting to destroy.

The moment of the lowest point in the fortunes of Catholic thought and Catholic effect upon our general society in European culture is also the moment of the highest point in the opposing Protestant domination; and it behooves us before we go further to decide at about what date that point is to be found.

The Time Element

THE reason it is important to discover such a date in any great social development or change, is that until you are approximately right upon it you do not really understand the movement. Mathematicians would express this by saying that you have not got the true formula of a function until it has enabled you to establish maxima and minima.

Military historians talking of a campaign would put the same thing in other words by saying that you do not understand a campaign until you have discovered approximately the moment when the party ultimately beaten had in reality lost his chance, although he might go on winning battles long after that moment. If you have discovered the moment after which he was bound to be beaten, although to the outward eye he still seemed to be successful, you have understood the campaign. If you are not aware of that point, you have not understood the campaign.

For instance, you understand the campaign of Waterloo if you know that it was lost when Erlon blundered on the Friday, June 16, 1815, two days before the main battle; if you write about the campaign under the impression that it all depended upon the last phase of Waterloo itself, on Sunday, June 18, you have failed to understand your subject.

So it is with this great business of the Protestant hegemony or domination over the civilization of Europe, and over the new States of European blood, founded beyond the seas.

There is another important reason for

establishing the real date after which the decline of power began; which is that when you know that date you understand why the opposing forces succeeded. Very often the final effect is a sort of crash, and if you do not know what went before it you are astonished to see the external effect of the change coming so suddenly and so overwhelmingly.

The fact that you are astonished means that you have not really understood the process. But when you have discovered the real date and find how much earlier it is than appeared upon the surface, then you see how time enters in as a factor, and what a margin there is for the rising forces to do their work.

Now the discovery of these critical dates of "flexion" is not easy. If it were easy these great movements would be better understood than they are. There are two difficulties. First, the difficulty of being clear upon one's terms; and secondly, the difficulty created by the illusion of external power, which continues long after the internal driving force has begun to decline.

As to the difficulty of definition, we must be clear upon what we mean. The lowest point in the decline of some social influence, the highest point in the power of its opponent, might be measured in terms of material wealth and power, or of fashion in thought, or even in the mere numbers of those attached at one moment to the apparently successful system compared with the numbers attached to that which it was apparently conquering.

The Essential Thing

BUT the essential thing to look for is the spiritual force at work. The turning point in the history of light and darkness upon earth is not the first glimmer of dawn, but midnight. The turning point in the history of some great commercial venture is not the moment when it begins to lose, but the moment when its hitherto continued acceleration in profits begins to slow down.

So it is with the fortunes of a spiritual movement. You must look, not for the point when the majority of adherents changed, nor to the point where the greatest political effect was exercised by that

which had been so consistently increasing in power throughout the past, but rather to the point after which confidence began to be shaken among those who thought most deeply.

Bearing these principles in mind, I think we may fairly put the critical moment in the history of the Protestant domination, the moment when one could predict that its final victory could no longer be assured but rather its final defeat predicted, at about the middle of the nineteenth century.

Three Undermining Factors

THERE had been signs of coming change before then, but up to then the confidence of Protestantism in its domination as a whole culture and system of life remained unshaken. About that date, the midnineteenth century, three things had become sufficiently apparent to undermine the structure.

In the first place the Protestant principle of authority, which was a certain attitude towards the Scriptures, and particularly towards the Old Testament, began to fail.

Secondly, that individualism which was an essential of Protestant thought, the idea that the State is composed of multitudes of isolated people rather than of families, that there can be no corporate authority save as proceeding from some mechanical combination of those isolated individuals, was in politics being discovered false.

In the third place a very clear development, really associated with this second point though the association is not always grasped—I mean the insufficiency of industrial capitalism—began to be noted.

As to the first point, the break-down of the Protestant doctrinal basis, that doctrinal basis was, as we all know, the acceptance of the Bible as the one transcendental authority, the one oracle which could teach men truths not appreciable to the senses or to experience, and that oracle interpreted by the judgment of every reader.

Now that such an attitude towards the Bible has gone forever—save for some small isolated communities which no longer count—it is difficult for us to re-

call of what moral strength it was in the past. On this account you often hear men saying that the break-down of confidence in the trust which the plain uneducated man had placed in the mere letter of Holy Writ, and especially the Old Testament writings previous to the Incarnation of Our Lord, cannot account for the very great change which followed.

Certainly it does not account for it wholly. It is only one of many factors, though perhaps the greatest. But to appreciate what a mental revolution it was one must, by an effort of imagination, put oneself back into the skins of men who had held so firmly to their Biblical attitude, and who had carried it from generation to generation for three hundred years. When it broke down the most solid thing they had under their feet disappeared.

It is true, of course, that Protestantism, like all heresies, lived by the truths which it retained. The Protestant culture had retained the great bulk of Catholic truth; it had retained the Incarnation, the immortality of the soul with eternal rewards and punishments, the Omnipotence of an almighty creative personal God, the dignity of man—being made in the image of God—and even in a doubtful sort of way (but in practice, and for the most of Protestants) the freedom of the will.

It had upon the whole forsaken the essential sacramental doctrines and put aside the whole sacramental feeling; but though Protestantism had not the full doctrine of Christianity, still it was Christian—not in the sense that it maintained fragments of Christian morals, but that it maintained large fragments of Christian doctrine, and morals flow from doctrine.

Biology and Geology

THIS Biblical attitude was broken down by two novel forces; the first that of science—in the modern signification of the word, that is, physical science, the study of the external universe; the second, by the fuller comprehension of history, and in particular of the nature of ancient documents.

The first of these forces worked through biology and geology. They had long been at work, but the real battering of the defence did not begin till the middle of the nineteenth century. Geology and biology shook the simple physical conception which had arisen in the plain man's mind from the reading of his English Bible which the historical method attacked him in four points.

1. It showed that the development of the Christian Church had been quite different from what he had imagined, and that he was not (as he had thought himself to be) someone who had recaptured the spirit of early Christianity.

2. It showed that what he had thought to be unique religious phenomena had their parallels in many a profane religion.

IN his next article—"The Seeds of Change"—Mr. Belloc will write of the gradual revival of Catholic influence. Among the causes of this revival were:

(1) **The French Revolution.** The French priests driven into exile had refused the Civil Constitution of the clergy. A considerable number of them took refuge in England where they helped to produce *within the Anglican church* a section who hankered to introduce Catholic practices and ideas into the Protestant establishment.

(2) **The next cause, a piece of irony, was the consequences of the Act of Union with Ireland.** King George III would not sign any measure for Catholic Emancipation; but the idea had started and could not now be buried again. After the King's death, and through the efforts of Irish members of the English Parliament, and in particular of Daniel O'Connell, Catholic Emancipation was passed in 1829.

(3) **The third cause was the Irish Famine** which not only increased the Catholic population of England and affected the Protestant culture, but also poured a stream of Catholic emigration into the United States and into the English colonies. As a consequence the English-speaking world at the beginning of the twentieth century was everywhere possessed of a considerable Catholic minority, which made it impossible for the rest of the white world to regard the English-speaking portion as a purely Protestant thing such as it had been a hundred years before.

3. It showed him that the dates which he took to be as sacred as anything else (for it was always the literal interpretation upon which he based himself) could be doubted, and were at the best partial, referring only to local things.

4. Lastly, it showed him that the documents themselves were not always what they had been supposed to be during all those generations of his fathers since the Reformation.

Here I hope I shall not be misunderstood: I do not mean that the things which shocked, disturbed and upset the faith of the average Protestant were all true, nor even for the most part true; I do not mean that the origins of man on this earth have been as yet discovered by science.

They have not. Perhaps they never will be. Still less do I mean that the parallels in religious observances prove the Jewish tradition to be but a man-made affair, and, even less still, do I mean that what

is called the "Higher Criticism" of the Biblical texts is sound—most of it is balderdash, as people are beginning to see.

No, my point is that such of the new knowledge as was true and valuable was death to the Protestant temper—while on the Catholic temper it could of its nature have no effect.

Let me take two little examples, which must suffice where many thousands might be quoted; one from the development of the human body, the other from the Trinitarian texts. I hope I may be excused for my repetition of these—familiar as they are—because they are good test points.

The geologists have brought forth masses of new evidence making it possible or probable according to one mood (though not certain) that the being we call man, the intellectual physical and spiritual conformation we call man, had, as to his material frame-work, a long ancestry ultimately animal in origin. They could not, of course, in the nature of things bring forward any evidence upon the moment or the mode by which the complete human nature appeared—a thing utterly different in quality, not in degree, from the animal world of which man's body is a part.

The Catholic Attitude

TO the Catholic, such discoveries of fossil man were matters of interest, but of their nature incapable of affecting his faith. The Catholic does not accept the true doctrine on the nature of man, his immortal destinies, his original Fall and the Original Sin which is its consequence, because he has read it in a book, or because contemporary evidence has been put before him which convinces him: he accepts it on the authority of the Church, because he has known or discovered that the Church speaks with the voice of Divine authority, and he is confirmed in his faith by seeing how the Catholic interpretation of his nature fits in more and more with all his experience, as it increases with his years.

The very first person to come upon prehistoric man, and to affirm that the remains pointed to a far greater antiquity of the human race than had been hitherto believed, was a Catholic priest in Devonshire in England—a man of Irish extraction; he was not listened to at the time but he was the pioneer. It never crossed his mind and never could cross his mind that his discoveries of undoubted facts could be inimical to his faith.

He has been succeeded by a long line of Catholic priests distinguished for their discoveries in this branch of archeology. I think it is true to say that of all the professions at work in this field the Catholic priesthood has furnished the largest proportion of men who have noted curiously and brought to light relics of early man. I do not mean that they preponderate in the whole mass of investigators—of course they do not—but that you often come

across the names of them among those who start a new chapter, for instance, the discoveries at Saint Acheul, France.

There may be a good common-sense reason for this—to wit that the parish priests in France (where most of the work was done) are just the kind of men who are likely to come across such things because they are often the best instructed men in their remote parishes, and sometimes the men with the most leisure. The relics of prehistoric man may be found anywhere, and therefore ninety-nine times out of a hundred they will be found in some remote agricultural parish where the priest is most likely to be the man best fitted for interests of this kind.

But the point is not the numbers of Catholic priests who have engaged in this interesting branch of science, but the fact that their priesthood could not for a moment be thought incompatible with such work: and there is the further obvious point that as the mass of evidence accumulated it was not foolishly combated in nations of Catholic culture, whereas it was most foolishly and crudely combated in nations of Protestant culture.

One typical form of this irrational resistance to plain scientific inquiry was the distinguished Protestant Englishman Gosse who maintained that fossils were a sort of trick practised by the Almighty to test the faith of those who might have the misfortune to come across them! Another was the Protestant Bishop of Winchester, foolishly declaring that his obscurantism was "on the side of the angels."

Two Biblical Texts

AND now for the Trinitarian point. There are two main texts. The baptismal text at the end of the Gospel of St. Matthew, where Our Lord tells the early Church to baptize in the Name of the Father, of the Son and of the Holy Ghost; and what is called the "Johannine Comma"—that is the passage in St. John's Epistle on the three witnesses, the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost. Criticism pointed out that the first appeared to be unknown to Eusebius—or at any rate his silence might be construed that way—and that the second was not found in the earliest manuscripts we possess.

Now how did the Catholic Church treat that criticism? Did it shake any Catholic's belief in the Blessed Trinity? If it did, it must have been in a man very ill-instructed in his religion and quite out of touch with its spirit! We do not believe in the Holy Trinity because a particular text can be quoted in its favor but because it is Catholic doctrine. The authorities of the Catholic Church said with regard to both these criticisms:

"They must be given due weight; but we beg to point out that there is no evidence of any breach of continuity in the matter of baptism, negative evidence is never conclusive, and a single piece of negative evidence is worth very little.

Further, the whole mass of tradition, apart from the baptismal formula, is quite clear; the Arians, who would at once have fastened upon the point, never used it: and there is good documentary evidence upon the other side, for not only the doctrine, but apparently the very text, was clearly known to men who wrote long before the earliest of our manuscripts was penned."

So the highest authority of the Catholic Church has definitely said, with regard to the second criticism—that on the Johannine Comma—that the text must be maintained until better evidence is brought forward against it. A sound definition, thoroughly conformable to human reason.

But in the Protestant world the thing came like an earthquake. So it is with a whole multitude of critical points, both true and false. They have destroyed the positive definable faith of the Protestant—they have had no effect whatsoever upon the faith of the Catholic.

Politics and Economics

I HAVE said that at the same time, about the middle of the nineteenth century, individualism began to be shaken. Its political theory was breaking down: it did not work. The individual voter under a system of general suffrage was supposed by this theory to get what he wanted by the addition of a number of individual brief judgments (if the putting of a mark upon a piece of paper can be called a judgment).

It was found in practice that the general will of society was not reflected in this fashion, but rather warped; and from about the middle of the nineteenth century men began to move towards what is undoubtedly the modern conclusion—that the general opinion of an organic human society is not to be arrived at in this fashion. The breakdown of Parliaments in our day is but one aspect of this great movement and it affects not only politics but the whole of social philosophy.

Lastly, in the concrete example of

economic relations, individualism began to fail, until it has reached in our day a complete breakdown. Its fruit was industrial capitalism, and industrial capitalism was first doubted and then found in practice to be not only insufficient but actually opposed to its own ends. It wounded or destroyed the freedom and the dignity of man, it failed to distribute properly the goods which it could produce in abundant quantity, and the attempted escape from the consequences of it on the same lines by Communism was a remedy worse than the disease—a remedy still further degrading the dignity and freedom of man.

After Eighty Years

NOW, all this change was very slow in working. The institutions founded on Protestant theory continued to flourish even as they became more and more discredited. The Protestant powers won victories in the field and extended the area of their governmental influence: Catholic communities were subject to Protestant or anti-Catholic masters—notably in Poland and Ireland—and the very generation which saw the beginning of the breakdown saw also the rise of Prussia and the height of the expansion of the Protestant powers everywhere.

On this account a man watching externals only would put the lowest point as late as the last twenty years of the nineteenth century, when the Irish resistance became formidable, and when the general political and economic structure founded on Protestant domination was manifestly shaken, so that the simplest man could see that it was doomed.

But the true "lowest point" must be sought for, as I have said, at an earlier date; it corresponded to the middle of the nineteenth century, not to the end of the great change which is manifest to all today and which has been maturing through something like eighty years. That is what explains its present vigor and success and the corresponding decline of its opponent, which I have called "The Turn of The Tide."

DEATH

By Abbie Hargrave

DO you fear death—you who are young and strong—wait for the dragging days, nights pitifully long? See how at ebbing tide, with their last breath, those who have suffered much embrace kind death.

DEATH has a gift for all who hold life dear. New life—how rare a gift! Why need we fear?

The Celestial Realtor

By Mary E. McLaughlin

EVERY branch of the family being in the throes of seeking home—apartment or hotel—it occurred to me, while seeking the solution of our problems, that there was no designated patron of real estate in whom to confide, no sort of Heavenly Realtor, as it were. Now ordinarily I pray very rarely to the Saints, except occasionally to the Good Thief—one of the First Families—as by the time I finish with the Blessed Sacrament, the Sacred Heart, Our Blessed Lady, with a hasty remembrance for the Souls in Purgatory there never seems time for the others. The Saints are, however, my very intimate companions, but more as historical or literary characters than as beings for intercession or emulation. My friendship for them dates from early childhood when, as an imaginative child of eleven or twelve, I spent hours sprawled on the floor devouring a fascinating "Lives" which a wise mother always left casually lying about. Each Saint had one page and one illustration and I always lingered longest over the youthful knights, and kings and princesses, Aloysius, Stanislaus, Pancratius, Sebastian, George, or the fairy-tale, Elizabeth of Hungary. For the elderly Hermits and Doctors I had scant regard.

IN trying to decide on a patron for house-seekers and home-makers I concluded that the Lord Himself, except as Supreme Owner of the fee, would never do. Christ never had a home once He got on His Own; and God the Father, according to the artists, seemed to need nothing more substantial for a habitation than a cloud. Nor is the Holy Spirit concerned, apparently, with temples of brick and mortar. As to my darling St. Peter—well he did have a mother-in-law and so, perhaps, home was something of a secondary consideration after his boat. St. Paul was too fond of traveling about, and he just couldn't tend the home fires. After years of admiring, at a respectful distance, the terrible and radiant Michael of the Flaming Sword hurtling the erstwhile glorious Lucifer into Hell, one could not bother his archangelic highness with the cares of a common latchkey or ask him to bawl out the janitor. No, there are limits to an archangel's condescension.

I am afraid that the great St. Francis Xavier and his superior, St. Ignatius, are total losses. Going to war, living in universities, taking round-the-world cruises, coolie companions—all these are no preparation whatsoever for good housekeeping. As to St. Francis of Assisi—well birds and animals are all right in their place, but they

do not belong in a well-run city house and he'd probably want an aquarium of tropical fish or an aviary in the living-room. The great Founders and the Rev. Mother Superiors should know much about sites, building management, etc., but they are hopeless material. They are the only people who have ever made community life a go—which the Soviets may choose to forget—but the individual home is clearly not their sphere. And away with the two Theresas! The great scholars and philosophers lived so in their minds that

ment such as I once visited, where, tucked away in the corner of a noble 75 ft. living-room, overlooking Central Park, is a copy of the beautiful staircase of Burgos Cathedral. But a requisition for a two-room apartment or a six-room house they would probably assign to some inexperienced *angelito* as being within his baby powers.

There remains now Joseph. The first one trained on pastures, in prisons, in granaries and courts. He seemed needed to put the Potiphar house in order, its mistresses' homemaking being, perhaps, as slovenly as her morals. But our own St. Joseph is the beau ideal of home seekers and home makers, thoroughly experienced in all departments and in sympathy with all comers. We first love him while he is seeking a furnished apartment or room. When the wonder and joy of that first Christmas night had somewhat subsided and the Magi had departed he is pre-emptorily ordered by an angel to end his squatter's tenure and to go into another country. The ubiquitous real estate broker may not have been operating along the Nile, but there Joseph had to seek a house or a tent, a place where a Child would be tolerated. Again pulling up stakes we find him back at Nazareth. Here he must locate a home for three. He must have an eye to business locations for his shop; he must consider nearness to the temple, convenience to the market-place and the village well, nearness to the road leading to Cousin Elizabeth's and the young John and, of course, it must be handy for an outing on the lake and for fishing or for a hike up the mountain—and all these requirements within his most slender means. Was ever a problem more up-to-the minute than this? And that home when finally found! Leave it to Our Blessed Lady to be a beautiful housekeeper; but I'll bet she had gadgets never before seen in Nazareth, with closet space enough to delight any female heart, with not a window rattling, a floor squeaking or a drawer sticking.

YES, I am going to Joseph, to him who was a field worker among the inns of Bethlehem and the suburbs of Egypt, for to him who often moved swiftly and expeditiously the most precious Cargo, what are years of chaotic moving days or thousands of storage vans! And to him who was enabled to defy Herod's kingly commands and outwit his royal decrees what, except a challenge, are burdensome ordinances, labor union complications or the red tape of Edison Electric or Telephone Company! Yes, I am going to Joseph.

Impregnable

By Frances Marie Shannon

CARPENTER JOSEPH
Of Nazareth town,
My castle of dreams
Has tumbled down.
No roof is there left
For over my head;
No larder of love
Where my heart may be fed.
My coffers are bared
To the ruin of the rust;
My raiment exposed
To the moth and the dust.

Build me a new house
(Not on earth-sod)
Close to your shop
In the Country of God.
Make it to hold
Room for us three,
Jesus,—His Mother,
And mendicant Me.

an earthly residence was probably something of an annoyance to them. The gypsy John the Baptist probably hated houses, though St. Vincent de Paul seems something of a possibility. Seeking at night abandoned children among the garbage pails of Paris faintly suggests the nocturnal ice-box raider, a lovable, thoroughly domesticated person. The sainted Popes, princes or peasants, with their last memories being of spacious palaces or basilicas, might graciously lend their intercession to architects planning a Versailles or a Washington or a New York coöperative apart-

Inflation: A Warning

By Gerhard Hirschfeld

WHAT is inflation? The papers are full of it; many people are for it, some people are against it. None of us would buy a suit or a dress without looking at it. Nor should we discuss inflation without an attempt to define it.

So, what is inflation?

It is just what the word implies: to inflate, to puff up, to cause to expand—what? Naturally, we can inflate anything at all, whether that be the money we earn, or a little shop on the street corner, or a big factory out in the Middle West. If a man, or perhaps more likely a woman, spends beyond his or her income with the handy help of the instalment plan—that is inflation. If a factory turns out more shoes or radios or refrigerators than it may reasonably expect to sell on the market—that is inflation. If we use our total savings of \$1,000 for the purchase of \$5,000 stocks in Wall Street, in the best fashion of the get-rich-quick scheme—that is inflation.

Briefly, everything is inflation that exceeds the limits of time or reason; everything that is excessive; everything that is based upon hope rather than on fact. Turning it around, we get deflation; if a man makes \$5,000 a year but lives on a \$2,000 standard—that is deflation. If a factory could sell many more things than it actually produces—that is deflation. If we stuff our money behind the cuckoo clock instead of putting it into the savings bank—that is deflation.

We may well remember what happened back in 1925 and subsequent years. Factories were making so many things at that time that only part of them could be sold. People gambled in the stock market to the tune of billions of dollars without having (or bothering much about) the funds to cover their obligations. Everybody was buying, buying, buying. Open accounts in the department stores, the instalment plan, the buy-today-pay-next-year scheme were all flourishing beyond description. This was wholesale inflation.

FIVE years later the situation had reversed itself. Thousands of factories had closed down. Today, there are millions of people who hardly can afford one square meal a day, let alone crowd the stores and shops. The large stores are careful with their accounts, and the butcher and the iceman are glad if they can collect their bills three or even four months late. The powerful industry of the United States is tuning down its production so much that there are not sufficient goods for the people to buy. Because the people have little or

no money. This, then, is wholesale deflation.

This deflation goes on and on. Look at the terrible drop in prices. What a dollar could buy in 1929, costs now less than 70 cents. Everything—from locomotives to lollypops, and from scarfs to skyscrapers—is so cheap that the men who make these and other things can hardly take a profit. The drop in prices is good for the buyer, but bad for the manufacturer who is inclined to ask: "If there is no profit in business, what's the use of being in business at all?" The business world holds, therefore, that prices must be restored as quickly as possible.

AND that is not all the damage done. Think of all those who have contracted debts at some time or other. There are few among us who have not. If we bought a Baby Grand three years ago on the instalment plan and if we pay at the rate of, say, \$7.50 a month for, God knows how many months, this \$7.50 has really become \$10 in the meantime. Because what was \$7.50 back in 1929, is \$10 these days. In other words, we have to pay \$2.50 more every month, simply because prices have dropped so much.

Prices *must* be raised, profits restored, debts decreased—or else half of all business in America may go bankrupt. To avoid this, is the true reason why so many people favor currency inflation. It would do all this (on paper) and make people happy again (for a time). It sounds so convincing: if we cannot get back to prosperity without the consumer, by all means, let us fill his pocketbook to overflowing. If all he wants is money, why not print it? What do we have all the gold for, if we can not issue paper notes on the strength of the gold reserves? What is the authority of the United States Government good for if it can not back up an issue of a few billion paper dollars, for the farmers, or the veterans, or the unemployed?

It sounds so convincing; and it is so wrong.

It looks so simple; but involves a tremendously difficult problem.

They argued the same way in foreign countries, some ten years ago. What is worse, they realized their inflationary ambitions. But the disaster that followed, made them regret their folly. Take, as an instance, Germany after the War. In 1918, she had a national debt of about seventy billion gold marks, and there was actually more gold in the treasury than before the War. But the German business world wanted to free itself from the tremendous

debt burden which the Treaty of Versailles had laid upon its shoulders. It wanted better prices and bigger profits. It was anxious to overcome the defeat in the trenches through a marvelous and sudden production of "wealth." Then the printing presses started turning out money. The prices rose and the profits rapidly climbed upward.

A fantastic period began in the life of Germany. The Reichsbank kept 133 printing offices busy to make all the money. And fast-rising prices swallowed the money as fast as it was printed. So, more money was needed. The more money was printed, the faster would prices rise. It was a vicious cycle. In 1918 the German mark was worth about 17 cents; the following year it dropped to 7 cents; in 1920 to less than 2 cents; in 1922 to less than one-fourth of a cent; till it was worth nothing at all.

The consequences are well-nigh indescribable. Prices rose so fast that a trip from Berlin to Hamburg would cost one day one million papermark, and when you returned the next day, you would find that the fare was now two million. Employees would get their salaries in the morning and would carefully figure out what they could buy for it; when they did their shopping after 5 p.m., they would find that prices had changed so much that they could buy only half of the things they expected to buy. Foreigners would light their cigarettes with 10,000 mark bills, and during the later stages of the inflation even with 10,000,000,000 mark bills.

IT was a great day for those who owed money. Mortgages were paid off at a tiny fraction of their real value. Foreigners with their dollars and francs and lira and sterling pounds could bag the most ridiculous bargains. They could (and did) buy large apartment houses for \$40 or \$50. Factories were obtainable for a like amount. In fact, the most lucrative proposition at that time was to borrow money from some banker who was willing to lend it—and pay it back a few days later. In the meantime, the mark would have dropped so much that the borrower could make a handsome profit.

The people of Germany must have felt like the man who wanted to buy a big waterfall. But the man who owned it, wanted too much for it; so he had a cheap artist paint one on a large canvas. The man has his waterfall. But he had no power. So the German people had all the money in the world; in December, 1923, there were about 500,000 trillion marks in

circulation. But the money didn't buy anything.

And when it was all over, and the mark was stabilized again, the country was free of debts, and so were its citizens. But the savings were gone, the investments had disappeared under the avalanche of the inflation, the large middle-class was impoverished—and Germany had to start all over again.

The spectacle of currency inflation was repeated time and again, in Austria and the Balkans, in France and Italy and Spain and some of the Latin-American countries, and always with disastrous results. Great Britain also had some experience with inflation when she went off the gold standard. And time and again, inflation followed the same course: it was very beneficial for those who owed money; it was a calamity for the creditors; and it proved a great blessing for those who made their goods with inflated currency, and sold them for stable money, for instance, the export interests.

IT is these very same interests which today are clamoring for inflation in the United States. There are very few people who are creditors. But there are millions and millions who owe money, on mortgages, on the instalment plan, on insurance and on many other things. And there are hundreds of thousands of manufacturers who must have higher prices if they are to make a profit.

So it is suggested to go ahead with inflation of the currency, and to print the money. Then we shall all have money. The man who makes today a weekly wage of \$40, would then get perhaps \$80 or \$150, or perhaps even \$500 a week, depending upon how far the inflation would be allowed to go, how much money would be printed. A manufacturer who sells silk dresses today for as little as \$3, will then obtain \$30, or possibly as much as \$300 for the same dress. Think of the tremendous profit, this manufacturer can cash in. Or think of the woman who has a debt of \$5,000. With inflation of the currency, her debt would dwindle as the paper money would increase in volume. It might shrink to \$500, and perhaps to the ridiculous amount of 5 cents.

This truly is a miraculous scheme. How does it work? To know how inflation of the currency works, one must know what this currency stands for. Because currency has no value of its own; and if we print more money, that does not mean that we get richer thereby. The bills which we handle day in and day out, are worth something because behind them there stands the authority and the integrity of the Government.

But how can the Government back up these notes (and today there are about five billion dollars of these bills in circulation) if this same Government has no income of its own? For the Government is predominantly an administrative body;

it is the trustee of the nation; it is handed money by the people, and it spends this money for the people. Whatever the Government is, whatever it does, whatever it pays, the Government depends on the nation. What backs these dollar bills in the end, is not the Government, then, but the nation. And the currency stands for the nation's wealth.

I DO not think depreciation of the dollar would permanently raise commodity prices. On the contrary, it would so deprave our currency that it would bring ruin, particularly to the wage earners of the country and those on fixed salaries. . . .

Arbitrarily reduce the content of the gold dollar? Very well. What is the moral difference between a 30 per cent and a 50 per cent of an obligation? . . . Why not go the whole length and authorize complete repudiation by the debtor class? Why not follow the example of Germany and start the printing presses without cease, and then repudiate our own currency and use it for wallpaper?"—CARTER GLASS before the U. S. Senate.

We should, therefore, increase the volume of the currency only if we can, at the same time, increase the wealth of the nation. It is well known, of course, that since 1929 the wealth of the nation—its mines, its factories, the income of its people, the profits of its corporations—has been reduced enormously. The total wealth of the United States today is less than half of what it was in 1929. If in spite of this reduced wealth we issue more currency, what would we be really doing? We would be doing the equivalent of pouring a gallon of water into a gallon of milk. Then we have two gallons of "milk." But is it the same milk?

Let us print billions and billions of paper money. What is bound to happen? We'll have more "money" and less values. Printing paper money without regard to the wealth of the country, is the same as saying: from now on this yardstick will be the equivalent of five yards. Then, naturally, everything we would measure with this "corrected" yardstick, would be five times longer, or wider, as the case may be. But actually we would not have gained a single inch.

And so we may smoke our five-cent cigar in the easy chair with the satisfaction that all the assets of this big country are nicely summed up in a definitely regulated circulation of paper money. This circulation stands presently at 5 billion dollars. If inflation starts, and adds another 5 billion to the circulation, then, theoretically, all the things are worth only half

of their former value. And our five-cent cigar would have to sell for ten cents to bring the maker and the dealer their former price. That's why prices go up with the inflation of the currency. The same is true of shoes and dresses, of books and toys, of real estate and ships and rugs and furniture. Prices go up, but real, intrinsic values go down.

Is it not possible—it may readily be argued—to inflate the currency just a little bit, so that prices may be somewhat higher, profits more satisfactory, and debts be reduced to a decent level? No! This can not be done. In order to inflate prices and profits, in order to reduce debts, it is not enough to print one billion paper dollars, or perhaps two. In order to affect the valuation which underlies our entire economic scheme with its prices and quotations, with its profits and credits, its debts and mortgages and obligations, we need huge amounts of "inflated currency"—perhaps ten or twenty, or even fifty billion dollars.

WITHOUT question, there is not the remotest chance of the Government printing fifty billion dollars. But then, inflated currency would not start that way. It would, very innocently, begin with one or two billion dollars, perhaps for the veterans, perhaps for unemployment relief, perhaps for an emergency program, or for a variety of other urgently needed measures. Inflation would start in a small way. But in a short time it would assume gigantic proportions.

To have inflated prices, we must have a sizeable amount of inflated currency. But once we have enough of such currency to affect prices and profits and debts, how are we going to stop printing more and more of it? Once we have changed our valuation standards, we can not so easily stop printing more paper money. As prices go up, more and more currency will be required to handle the exchange of goods. And the more is printed, the higher prices will soar. It is a vicious cycle.

Many countries have experienced inflation. But they have yet to show that inflation has been beneficial. Every one of these countries has had abundant reason to regret the dreadful experiment. In the end, inflation is a sugar-coated pill of deflation. Invariably, inflation ends up with a loud bang and a hard crash.

It is an illusion that we get richer by printing money. It is a fallacy that we make big profits merely by selling at enormous prices. Money and prices are no real values. They merely indicate values.

The world has yet to learn that there is no difference between a one-dollar bill and a thousand-dollar bill as long as we get, in deflation, one necktie for a dollar while, during a period of inflation, we have to pay for the same necktie one-thousand dollars. It is the same money as long, and only as long, as it buys the same goods.

THE SIGN-POST is our Readers' very own. In it we shall answer all questions concerning Catholic belief and practice and publish communications of general interest. Communications should be as brief as possible. Please give your full name and correct address as evidence of your good faith.

THE SIGN-POST

Questions ♦ Answers ♦ Communications

Anonymous communications will not be considered. Writers' names will not be published except with their consent. Send us questions and letters. What interests you will very likely interest others, and make this department more interesting and instructive. Address: THE SIGN, UNION CITY, N. J.

PRIVATE REPLIES

A. D'A.—We have never heard of the story you mention. Have nothing to do with apocryphal books claiming to be Holy Scripture. Read the true Scriptures in an authorized Catholic version.

D. McD.—Consult *The Catholic Encyclopedia* for information relative to various Religious Orders. So far as we know, there is no book now in print which gives the histories of all Religious Orders. Single volumes on the Jesuits, Benedictines, Dominicans, etc., and Lives of the Saints you mention may be obtained through THE SIGN.

A. L.—*The Sign of the Cross* deserves severe condemnation. It is a presentation of the vilest debauchery, masquerading under a religious title. Most unprejudiced and competent reviewers have condemned it for this reason.

A. E.—Ask your pastor to allow you to look up the addresses in *The Catholic Directory*.

E. B.—One in the condition you mention may express affection in lawful ways.

J. B.—It depends on whether or not you have been formally engaged. If this is the case, you ought not to give up the first girl. Moreover, you should not forget that you have also obligations arising from fidelity and honor, after having encouraged her for a period of five years. You ought to seek personal advice.

Subscriber, New Rochelle—See your pastor or the priest who performed the marriage.

D. J. N.—There is a convent of Carmelite Nuns at 745 St. John's Place, Brooklyn, N. Y. Communicate with the Mother Superior.

A. P.—It would require a small book to answer all your questions. While we desire to assist our subscribers in this matter, it is impossible for us to cover the whole field of Catholic morals. We recommend *Letters in Christian Doctrine—The Commandments*, by Rev. M. de Zulueta, S. J. Price, \$2.00. In concrete affairs confession is the remedy if one's conscience is burdened with a sense of guilt.

J. C. K.—Moses is the author of only five books of the Bible. We do not know what you mean by the 6th and 7th books of Moses. Spurious books purporting to be Holy Scripture must not be read.

Pittsburger—Abbé Ernest Dimnet is a canon of the cathedral chapter of Cambrai, France. He is a clergyman in good standing. He has gained considerable prominence because of his recent books, *The Art of Thinking* and *Truths We Live By*.

J. A. S.—Space does not permit the printing of the addresses of all Religious Orders of men in this country. Ask your pastor to allow you to consult *The Catholic Directory*.

LIMBO: THE GOOD THIEF: LAZARUS

(1) Before Christ died the souls of the Just were detained in the Limbo of the Fathers, as you said in the August, 1932, issue of THE SIGN (pages 26 and 27). How, then, can it be explained that Christ, just before He died on the cross, turned to the Good Thief and said: "This day thou shalt be with Me in Paradise," unless He descended into Hell (Limbo), opened Heaven, and admitted the repentant thief into Heaven the same day? (2) Again, when did Christ open Heaven; the day on which He died, or when He ascended into Heaven? (3) When Christ raised Lazarus from the dead his soul must have returned from Limbo (of the Fathers). Was this Limbo a place of oblivion? I ask this because it seems that Lazarus never recounted his experiences there.—H. P. H., UNIVERSITY CITY, MO.

(1) St. Thomas, commenting on the promise of Christ to the Good Thief—"This day thou shalt be with Me in Paradise"—says: "This is not to be understood of some earthly Paradise, but of the spiritual Paradise, in which all are said to be who enjoy the glory of God." Nor does Paradise in this verse mean Heaven, as our Lord said later: "I am not yet ascended to My Father." (John 20:17.) The promise made to the repentant thief meant that his soul would go with Christ to the Limbo of the Fathers, but it would there, together with the Patriarchs and Saints of the Old Testament, enjoy the presence of the Godhead of Christ.

(2) Christ did not open Heaven to the Just, whom He had consoled by His presence in Limbo, until He ascended into Heaven: "ascending on high, He led captivity captive."

(3) It is unknown where the soul of Lazarus was during the time when his body was in the tomb. There is no record, written or oral, of his experiences during these days.

"Where wert thou, brother, those four days?"

There lives no record of reply,
Which telling what it is to die,
Had surely added praise to praise.

Behold a man raised up by Christ!

The rest remaineth unrevealed;
He told it not; or something sealed
The lips of that Evangelist.—TENNYSON.

Limbo was not a place of oblivion. The souls detained there lived a conscious life, for St. Peter (1 Pet. 3:19) says that Christ "preached to those spirits that were in prison"; that is, the glad tidings of their deliverance. It is hardly to be supposed that our Lord's audience was unconscious.

FIVE UNRELATED QUESTIONS

(1) What is a retreat? Is a general confession necessary when making a retreat? (2) What is meant by spiritual scrupulosity, and how should a scrupulous person confess? (3) Is it a sin to be distracted when praying? (4) How does one know when a sin is mortal or venial? Is it necessary to confess venial sins? (5) Does one gain the indulgence when saying the prayer "Anima Christi" in this manner: "Soul of Christ be my sanctification. Body of Christ be my Salvation, etc."—V. D., BUFFALO, N. Y.

(1) A spiritual retreat is a time of special meditation, prayer, and self-examination. It is a kind of spiritual stocktaking. When the retreat is made in a religious house it is called a closed retreat; when made in a public church it is called an open retreat. A general confession is not necessary, unless one's previous confes-

sions have been knowingly bad. In this matter one's confessor will advise.

(2) Spiritual scrupulosity is a disease in most instances. A scrupulous person sees sin where there is none, and he worries and sometimes torments his confessor without cause. The remedy is to stick to a confessor and obey him blindly, for a scrupulous person is incapable of directing himself.

(3) When voluntary, yes.

(4) Mortal sin, objectively, must have three conditions: (a) grave matter; (b) full deliberation; (c) full consent of the will. Venial sins are called free matter, that is, there is no necessity of confessing them for, as the Council of Trent says, they may be forgiven in many other ways. But they may be confessed, and absolution obtained, provided the penitent is sorry for them.

(5) This is a metrical translation by Cardinal Newman of the prayer "Soul of Christ." It faithfully corresponds to the original Latin prayer, and, therefore, the indulgences attached to the original prayer may be gained by reciting it with the required dispositions. An indulgence of 300 days is granted for the recitation of this prayer; if, after Holy Communion, seven years.

MIDNIGHT MASS

Why do not all Catholic churches celebrate midnight Mass on Christmas eve? It is such a beautiful custom to celebrate Mass at the hour when Christ was born.—N. N., NEW YORK, N. Y.

The Canon Law in the matter is as follows: On Christmas day only the conventual or parochial Mass can be begun at midnight, but no other Mass without an Apostolic indult. (Canon 821§2.) This clause of Canon 821 concerns churches. A special provision is made for religious houses, as distinct from churches: in all religious houses having an oratory with the right of habitually reserving the Blessed Sacrament, one priest may say one Mass (or even three Masses), at midnight of Christmas, and those who assist at this Mass fulfil their obligation, and they may also receive Holy Communion. (Canon 821§3.)

The above Canon is rather a privilege than a precept. It is of the very nature of a privilege that it may or may not be used. Moreover, Bishops, or Ordinaries, in their capacity as regulators of public worship, may, if they think it advisable, restrict the privilege given above. Though midnight Mass is truly a beautiful ceremony, it is sometimes abused by those who attend. It may be for such a reason that some Bishops oppose the celebration of midnight Masses in public churches.

MEANING OF IHS AND INRI

Please explain the meaning of the letters IHS and INRI, which are usually placed on the priest's vestments and crucifixes.—J. J. M., YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO.

These letters are Christian monograms, which are used as symbols and ornaments on ecclesiastical furnishings. IHS is an abbreviation (first three letters) of the Greek form of the name of our Lord *Ἰησοῦς*—in English characters IESOUS. The capital E in Greek is shaped like our English H. Quite commonly, though erroneously, these letters are considered by the faithful to mean *Jesus Hominum Salvator* (Jesus Savior of Men) and "I Have Suffered."

INRI represents the title which Pilate ordered to be placed above the head of Our Lord while He was on the Cross (JOHN 19:19). They mean, *Jesus Nazarenus, Rex Judæorum* (Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews). The J and the I in Latin are commonly interchangeable.

INSCRIBING SPONSORS' NAMES

If two persons, man and wife, were asked to stand for a child at Baptism, but were unable to be present, and other sponsors were employed, which names would be inscribed in the record of Baptism?—J. J. O'D., HAMLIN, CONN.

If the substitute sponsors were chosen by the parents of the child in place of those who were asked first, the names of the former

would be inscribed in the record of Baptism. The Canon Law permits sponsors to assist at Baptism by means of proxies, in which case the proxies must hold the child in the name of the sponsors. If this is done, the names of the real sponsors, not of the proxies, are inscribed in the record of Baptism, for the reason that they assume the relationship and obligations of sponsors.

THE LAW OF KARMA

Will you please tell me what is meant by Karma?—H. R., BAY-SIDE, N. Y.

We presume that you refer to Karma. The doctrine or law of Karma concerns relentless and inexorable retribution. It is one of the tenets of Brahminism, Buddhism, and allied systems of the East. According to this law every action (literally, *Karma* means action) is followed with mechanical precision and certainty by its necessary consequence. The necessary consequence of an evil life is rebirth in a degraded condition; the necessary consequence of a good life is rebirth in a noble and happy condition. The series of rebirths comes to an end with the extinction of all desire, a state which is called Nirvana by the Easterns. What Nirvana is has never been satisfactorily defined. It seems to border between existence and non-existence. Since, according to those who hold this tenet, desire is evil, the state of happiness consists in an absence of all desire.

This so-called law of Karma with its indefinite series of rebirths is a gratuitous assumption. Neither reason nor experience demands it. And the problem of evil in this life is not solved by it. Moreover, it is contrary to experience, as well as faith, to hold that the evil which men suffer is always the necessary effect of evil actions. The most perfect human beings have been the greatest sufferers, whereas there have been wicked men who have apparently enjoyed an abundance of good things. Dives and Lazarus are conspicuous examples. (Luke 16:19-31.)

Karma is a cold, heartless, relentless thing. In this system there is no room for repentance of wickedness and wrongdoing. Instead of beseeching God with tears in the hope of pardon—a pardon which surely comes to those who sincerely grieve over their sins—we should be obliged to submit to inevitable and grinding retribution. Thank God, Karma is not true!

CALUMNY: END JUSTIFIES THE MEANS

Certain writers have connected the Jesuits with the phrase: "The end justifies the means." What is the meaning of this? Did the Jesuits ever teach this doctrine?—J. B., PEABODY, MASS.

Catholic moralists teach that for an action to be morally good, the end, the means, and the circumstances of human activity must be conformed to the moral law. The end is the object of the will; the means designates the method of attaining the object; the circumstances are the various accidents of human actions, such as, who, when, how, etc. It is clear that it is morally wrong to do anything contrary to the moral law. Thus it is always wrong to steal. But even when intending a good end, as helping the poor, only means which are conformable to morality may be employed to help them. Thus it is wrong to steal from Peter in order to help Paul. The end may be good, but the means (theft) is bad.

It is a common calumny against the Jesuits that they taught that a good end justifies the use of bad means. But though this charge has been refuted repeatedly, it seems to survive. It is gratifying to know, however, that it does not survive among intelligent people, but only among a certain class impervious to reason and a sense of decency. The best refutation of this calumny was provided when the Jesuits offered a thousand florins in 1852, and two thousand florins in 1903, to anyone who could prove from any authorized Jesuit book that this doctrine was taught. So far this pledge has never been forfeited. Not the highest kind of argument in itself, it nevertheless refuted the traducers of the Society.

OBJECT OF PRAYER

Is it all right to pray for something, no matter what it is, if one says "God's will be done"?—N. W., NEW YORK, N. Y.

It is certainly not all right to pray for anything, no matter what it is. In general, it is unlawful to pray for anything which it is unlawful to desire. We pray for supernatural goods, as eternal beatitude and the means necessary to attain it, absolutely; for natural goods, as knowledge, proficiency in the arts, health, temporal well-being, on condition that our petitions are pleasing to God; prayers for the removal of evils, both moral and physical, are likewise said conditionally (for these may be abused). But it is never lawful to pray to God for something which is morally evil, even though only lightly evil, for it is a grave irreverence to ask God for what we know is forbidden by Him.

LAW OF CELIBACY

Do Roman Catholic priests ever marry in any country? I realize that celibacy is a law of the Church and not of God, but isn't a law made by the Church binding, regardless of country and custom?—K. F. L., BOSTON, MASS.

The obligation of celibacy binds all those who have been ordained at least subdeacon in the Latin or Western Church. This obligation does not suffer any exception whatever for those who follow the Latin, or Roman, Rite. The above law does not oblige Catholics of the Eastern, or Oriental, Rites. In these rites marriage is permitted before the reception of Sacred Orders, and married men may be ordained, and live with their wives after ordination. But, if an Eastern priest was ordained a celibate, he may not marry after ordination. The Bishops of the Oriental Church must practise celibacy.

ALTAR BOYS RECITING LATIN PRAYERS

Does an altar boy understand what he is saying in Latin when serving at Mass? If not, I think that it would be disrespectful to recite words and not know what they mean.—A. G., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

As far as our experience goes we are quite certain that altar boys as a class do not understand the meaning of the Latin responses which they make at Mass. There are, of course, exceptions. But we are also quite certain that there is nothing disrespectful in this ignorance. They know in general that the Latin responses are intimately connected with the Sacrifice of the Mass, and that they are employed to assist the priest in its celebration. Although it is better, as St. Paul says, to "pray with the understanding," God is not displeased when the prayers and liturgical ceremonies are performed by those whose heart understand things which the mind may not always grasp. The celebration of Mass is a *public*, not a private, prayer of the Church. The principal thing is to unite with the Church in these sacred offices, a thing which all the faithful may find easy to do.

PERPETUAL VIRGINITY OF OUR LADY

A group of rather sophisticated people were recently discussing the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary and the Virgin Birth. One of the group stated that he had read somewhere that the Blessed Virgin gave birth to two more infants after the birth of Our Lord. I am not convinced of the truth of this statement, but I wish that you would enlighten me on this point.—W. E. H., SOUTH BRAintree, MASS.

We hope that the group of rather sophisticated people was not made of Catholics. If they were it behooves us to point out that they are not in accord with the faith of the Church which they profess to believe. We have little patience with what are called sophisticated people, but for your enlightenment we may state that it is the doctrine of the Catholic Church that the Blessed Virgin Mary was *always* a most pure virgin, and this notwithstanding that she gave birth to Christ, Our Lord. This miracu-

lous birth was in fulfilment of the prophecy of Isaiah, who centuries before foretold: "Behold a virgin shall conceive and bear a son, and His name shall be called Emmanuel—which being interpreted is, God with us." (*Isa. 7:14; Matt. 1:23.*) This doctrine is an article of faith, both by reason of the ordinary and universal teaching of the Church, and also by express definition of the Council of the Lateran in A. D. 649. The various errors which have been held by opponents of this doctrine are due sometimes to the false notion that marriage is a more excellent state than virginity, but more often to unlearned interpretations of certain texts of Holy Scripture which, in their English translation, appear to militate against the above doctrine. Such texts are those which speak of the "brethren of Jesus," her (Mary's) "first born son," and "before they came together," etc. But it must be remembered that Jewish modes of speech must be interpreted according to the Jewish sense, not according to the English sense. No text can be brought forward which, when interpreted in the Jewish sense, militates against the constant and universal belief of the Church, namely, that the Blessed Virgin Mary was always the purest of virgins, even though she was the mother of the Savior of the world. No Catholic worthy of the name will allow the opinion of any self-constituted authority to disturb his faith in this precious doctrine of the Church.

SOCRATES AND HIS CUP OF HEMLOCK

The following case caused a lot of discussion in our school. Socrates, the Greek philosopher, was condemned to death for corrupting the youth of Athens. After his condemnation he drank the fatal cup of hemlock of his own free will, for he said that death is no evil. The question to be solved is: Did Socrates commit suicide?—K. W. B., ST. LOUIS, MO.

Your question is not easy of solution. It concerns the problem of whether or not a criminal justly condemned to death by the public authority may, by order of this same authority, put himself to death.

Moralists are divided about the lawfulness of such an act. The negative opinion appears the more common, viz., that one in the above circumstances may not be his own executioner. The reason is that every man has the strict duty to conserve his own life, and he does not forfeit it unless he has committed a crime deserving of the death penalty. But even in such a case, it is not his right, but that of the State, to deprive him of life. In other words, his duty to conserve his life is not lifted until the authority in which resides the right to deprive him of life executes its own sentence.

Nevertheless, on the side of the affirmative opinion, it may be objected that a criminal, who, after having been justly condemned to death by the State, and ordered by the judge to execute himself, would commit an intrinsic evil (that is, an evil which, under no circumstances and for no cause, can be permitted, e. g., lying), if he carried out the sentence. He would do what some one else would be obliged to do.

If a condemned criminal did execute himself by authority of the State, he would not commit suicide in the moral sense, though he would in the material sense; that is, he would put himself to death. For it is of the essence of the sin of suicide to kill oneself by one's own will and authority.

Two other suppositions may be considered: first, if Socrates was unjustly condemned to death, he could not in any case obey the sentence of the judge. Not being guilty, the State would not possess the right to execute him. Therefore, it could not order him to execute himself. Again, if he was justly condemned to death, but not ordered by the judge to execute the sentence upon himself, he might not kill himself, for the reason that he was not so ordered. Not having the power of life and death over himself, he would be guilty of the sin and crime of suicide, because he killed himself of his own will and authority.

Whatever may be the truth of the matter, it is exceedingly cruel to order a man condemned to death to execute the sentence on himself.

DEVOTIONS AT MASS

Will you please tell me how a person may use the rosary at Mass other than saying the rosary in the ordinary manner?—E. G., INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

As the Sacrifice of the Mass is the unbloody renewal of the Sacrifice of the Cross, it is clear that all devotions of the laity during Mass should center around the Passion of Christ: "The Passion of Christ is the Sacrifice which we offer," says St. Cyprian. Therefore, if you wish to use the rosary, meditation on the sorrowful mysteries of the Passion appears to be the proper form of devotion.

But why confine your devotion to the rosary during the offering of the Clean Oblation? The best devotion is to unite with the priest at the altar as intimately as possible. The Mass is the offering of both priest and people: "Pray, brethren, that my sacrifice and yours, may be acceptable to God the Father Almighty!" Pope Pius X urged all "to pray the Mass," that is, to center one's attention on the matter immediately at hand. This can be done by joining with the priest in offering the Mass of the day by means of the daily missal. While all private devotions may in some remote manner relate to the Mass, it is surely incongruous that, while the priest at the altar is renewing and representing the Sacrifice of the Cross, as the visible representative of the great High Priest, Jesus Christ, the faithful should be engaged in devotions which are not intimately connected with this august Sacrifice.

SOURCE OF FAVOR OBTAINED: WAY OF CROSS AT HOME

(1) *If one prays for the beatification of Father William Doyle, S. J., and asks for a certain favor through his intercession, and the favor is obtained, how is one to know whether or not the favor was really obtained through his intercession?* (2) *Would making the Way of the Cross at home before a large crucifix, to which are attached pictures representing the Stations of the Cross, be the same as making the Way of the Cross in church? Would it be meritorious?*—V. D., BUFFALO, N. Y.

(1) If the favor can not be ascribed to any other source, it seems conformable to the spirit of piety to suppose that the favor was obtained through the intercession of him whose aid was sought.

(2) Making the Way of the Cross is truly a meritorious work, wherever the devotion is performed with proper dispositions. But in order to gain the indulgences attached by the Church to this devotion, it is necessary that all the conditions required by the Church be observed. A special concession is made for invalids, persons travelling by sea, prisoners, those in pagan countries, and the faithful who are legitimately impeded from performing the Way of the Cross in the ordinary manner, provided they recite the prescribed prayers (twenty Our Fathers, Hail Marys, and Glorias) while holding in their hands a crucifix *specially blessed* for this purpose. Persons so circumstanced may gain the same indulgences as those who perform this exercise in the usual way.

The use of pictures is not sufficient when the Way of the Cross is made at home. One must have a crucifix blessed with the indulgence of the Stations of the Cross. The Stations in churches are the *crosses* (which must be of wood) attached to the walls, not the pictures or bas-reliefs. The latter are merely aids to reflections, but are not essential.

GENERAL THANKSGIVINGS

Gemma Galgani, S. M. C., Philadelphia, Pa.; Sacred Heart, M. F. D., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Blessed Mother, St. Anthony, Sacred Heart, J. F. C., Roslindale, Mass.; St. Theresa, M. F. K., Cleveland, O.; Infant Jesus, Blessed Mother, St. Joseph, J. C. R., Oakland, Cal.; Sacred Heart, Blessed Lady, Little Flower, M. I. G., New Eagle, Pa.; Poor Souls, H. D. W., Roselle, N. J.; Blessed Mother, M. G. K., Brookline, Mass.; Sacred Heart of Jesus, H. A. H., Pittsburgh, Pa.; Blessed Virgin, St. Paul, St. Gabriel, Little Flower, M. D., Mt. Lebanon, Pa.; Sacred Heart, A. M. C., Phillipsburg, N. J.; Holy Ghost, M. A. C., Philadel-

phia, Pa.; St. Roch, St. Philomena, M. E. H., Brookline, Mass.; Our Lady of Perpetual Help, St. Paul of the Cross, St. Gabriel, K. F., Baltimore, Md.; Sacred Heart, M. J. C., Long Island City, N. Y.; Holy Family, St. Anthony, A. B., Clarksville, Tenn.; Souls in Purgatory, E. F. B., York, Pa.; Blessed Mother, C. M. S., Carlisle, Pa.; St. Anthony, A. K., Louisville, Ky.; Blessed Mother, M. M. R., Boston, Mass.; Infant of Prague, Sacred Heart, Blessed Lady, E. M., Pittsburgh, Pa.; Poor Souls, I. L. D., Henderson, Ky.; Sacred Heart of Jesus, C. T. W., Philadelphia, Pa.; St. Anne, St. Jude, K. K., Boston, Mass.; Souls in Purgatory, M. C. L., Mt. Lebanon, Pa.

THANKSGIVINGS TO ST. JUDE

D. A. L., Wellesley Hills, Mass.; M. J. D., Philadelphia, Pa.; I. L. D., Henderson, Ky.; A. G., Meriden, Conn.; M. C. G., McKeesport, Pa.; S. F. D., Brooklyn, N. Y.; A. E. P., Brighton, Mass.; M. A. G., Normandy, Mo.; M. A. McG., New York, N. Y.; M. N. W., Providence, R. I.; M. C. H., Cambridge, Mass.; M. F. S., Delair, N. J.; D. S. C., Rochester, N. Y.; M. T. O'C., Jersey City, N. J.; M. N. S., Providence, R. I.; M. G. McD., Brookline, Mass.; A. B., Clarksville, Tenn.; M. J. C., Long Island City, N. Y.; C. A. d'E., Melrose, Mass.; M. V. H., Hopewell Junction, N. Y.; M. A. A., Brooklyn, N. Y.; M. A. C., Philadelphia, Pa.; A. M. C., Phillipsburg, N. J.; A. J. F., Indianapolis, Ind.; M. J. A. K., Brookline, Mass.; M. E. L., Syracuse, N. Y.; W. O'S., New York, N. Y.; J. J. T., Jamestown, N. Y.; M. L., Greensburg, Pa.; M. V. M., Howard Beach, N. Y.; J. F. C., Rosindale, Mass.; M. F. D., Brooklyn, N. Y.; M. C. G., Washington, D. C.; M. C. S., Jersey City, N. J.

EDITOR'S NOTE—In reply to a number of requests we wish to state that THE SIGN has gotten out a special pamphlet on St. Jude. Besides a sketch of his life, it contains occasional prayers and novena devotions in his honor. Almost every mail brings us notice of favors received through the intercession of this Apostle who has been for centuries styled "Helper in Cases Despaired Of." Copies of the pamphlet are 10c each or 15 for \$1.

BISHOP CONROY'S ACTIVE COOPERATION

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

His Excellency the Bishop of Ogdensburg has addressed the enclosed letter to each of the Pastors of the Diocese in an attempt to secure their loyal coöperation in the observance of Catholic Press Month. Without reflecting in the least upon other publications of the Catholic Press, the Bishop has chosen your publication for especial mention for the sole reason that he feels it will have an appeal to some members of the Diocese. The Bishop has suggested, as you may easily see, that sample copies be made available for examination of the people. In order to facilitate your communicating with the Pastors to the extent which you think advisable, I am sending you under separate cover the stencilled addresses of the Pastors on gummed paper.

With the hope that you may secure many new subscribers throughout the Diocese and with sentiments of the highest esteem, I beg to remain, as ever,

Sincerely yours in Christ,

DIOCESE OF OGDENSBURG,
OGDENSBURG, N. Y.

REV. WALTER FUNCKE,
Vice-Chancellor, Secretary.

ALLEGED PROPHECY OF TERESA NEUMANN

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

Allow me to call your attention to THE SIGN-POST of December page 347, under Private Replies to C. S., wherein you state that you do not know of any prophecy made by Teresa Neumann concerning the United States.

For your information, which perhaps you may have already, and do not care to publish, I will tell you that a priest of the — church in this city announced publicly from the pulpit

that Teresa Neumann told a Bishop from the United States, that if the people of the United States would know what is ahead of them in the next nine years many would lose their minds. These are not, perhaps, the exact words, but are to that effect. I do not belong to this congregation, but my son does, and he was there when these words were uttered. The Bishop referred to is the Most Rev. Bishop Schrembs of the diocese of Cleveland, O., who had a personal interview with Teresa Neumann a year or two ago. If you care for further information on this subject, you can get it first hand from the Bishop himself.

PITTSBURGH, PA.

JOHN B. MUELLER.

EDITOR'S NOTE: We thought it worth while to act according to Mr. Mueller's suggestion, for there is considerable interest in many quarters concerning this alleged prophecy. Accordingly we addressed a letter to the Rev. Secretary of the Most Rev. Bishop Schrembs. The Bishop himself graciously replied in the letter given below. His decisive answer ought to set Catholics right on this matter. The Bishop has written a pamphlet entitled, "The Amazing Teresa Neumann," which may be obtained from *The Catholic Universe Bulletin*, Cleveland, O.

THE BISHOP OF CLEVELAND ANSWERS

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

I saw Teresa Neumann, once with my Chancellor, now Bishop McFadden, and one other time with Father Hackert, a Jesuit, and Monsignor Habig.

During the first visit especially I had a long interview with her, but at no time did she make any predictions concerning America. I have read repeatedly of such predictions. I have traced them down and have invariably found that they are made out of "whole cloth."

I am sending you a copy of the pamphlet published in Cleveland, giving an account of my visit with Teresa Neumann.

With kindest good wishes,

Very cordially yours in Christ,

CLEVELAND, O.

✠ JOSEPH SCHREMS.

CATHOLIC ACTION IN CANADA

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

Will you be kind enough to allow me to reprint in the *local papers* the article on birth control by G. K. Chesterton? I have the copy of your magazine *THE SIGN* that you send on to Archbishop O'Leary; and the question is being hotly discussed here and appeals are being made to the local legislature to do away with laws against birth control. The Catholic Women's League is vigorously opposing, and I am sure that Chesterton's article, "Babies: Cats or Creations," would be a valuable aid in the campaign.

(REV.) ANDREW MACDONELL, O.S.B., M.C.

SCOTTISH IMMIGRANT AID SOCIETY,
EDMONTON, CANADA.

Managing Director.

"BROKEN: THE SNARE OF THE FOWLER"

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

The January issue of *THE SIGN* was, as usual, full of interesting stories, articles, spiritual refreshment, etc. One of the articles which, in my opinion, stood out as unique and decidedly well written and interesting was, "Broken: The Snare of the Fowler," by Ida Mary Smalley. I believe that most of your readers will agree with me that the spiritual experiences of this writer were something of an eye-opener to those of us Catholics who have had the beautiful gift of Faith handed down to us, on a silver platter, as it were, from generations back.

Few Catholics seem to realize what a spiritual struggle is going on behind the seemingly placid faces of their non-Catholic friends. Such an article as Miss Smalley's lays before us the story of a soul's longing for the one and only Faith. Moreover, Miss Smalley has written in such an easy and straightforward style that I feel it should appeal to the majority of people.

My principal reason in writing this letter is to suggest that, if it

is possible, her article be reprinted in pamphlet form in order that it may have a wider circulation and reach those who have experienced the same struggles as the gifted writer.

Among my own acquaintances and friends are a number of those "trembling on the brink" of the great Discovery, that the Catholic Church is the True Church, and I would like to be able to put into their hands this wonderful record of the quest for Truth.

With sincere best wishes for the success of all your endeavors and appreciation of your wonderful magazine, I am,

EAST ORANGE, N. J.

MARGARET M. PURCELL.

WHAT WE LIKE TO HEAR

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

You will find enclosed a check for two dollars renewing my subscription to *THE SIGN* for the current year.

At this time I would like to comment upon the magazine of which you are the Editor.

First, may I tell you that I like it tremendously. Second, permit me to commend you highly for the attractive appearance of each copy. It is, in my opinion at least, very attractive and pleasing to the eye. The color scheme, as they say, is most effective.

It is a real pleasure to pick up *THE SIGN* and to find articles upon subjects of a very high grade, written by authors who are competent and of a high-class type.

Aside from the excellent work your Order is doing for the cause of Christ, you are doing Catholics a wonderful service in furnishing them with mental and spiritual sustenance every month. It was sorely needed.

Originally I subscribed to this magazine through an appeal from the pulpit. Let me assure you that the renewal is based upon the genuine merit of the magazine.

So if, some day, you feel a bit discouraged (I am sure all Editors are at times) that *THE SIGN* has not a larger circulation, kindly remember that your efforts gladden the hearts of myself and undoubtedly many other subscribers.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

ARTHUR D. DRURY.

"CHARLES CARROLL OF CARROLLTON"

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

Under "Notes on New Books," in the December number of *THE SIGN* is printed a review of *Charles Carroll of Carrollton*, by Joseph Gurn. Your reviewer states: "It is a curious circumstance that until now, a century after his death and nearly two centuries after his birth, no life of Charles Carroll of Carrollton, signer of the Declaration of Independence and the most prominent Catholic citizen of his time, should have appeared."

I have a *Life of Charles Carroll of Carrollton*, by Lewis A. Leonard, published in 1918, by Moffat, Yard & Company. Mr. Leonard was on the editorial staff of the *Times-Union* of Albany, N. Y.

The first sentence of the introduction to his work is: "Charles Carroll of Carrollton easily ranked next to Washington in the value of the services rendered the patriotic cause in our Revolutionary struggle."

The Preface to the book is written by former Governor Martin H. Glynn of New York. The book itself is intensely interesting, is wonderfully well written and is dedicated to the memory of Hon. John Lee Carroll, former Governor of Maryland.

SOUTH ORANGE, N. J.

W. A. BOONE.

A WORD FOR THE HOME MISSIONS

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

THE SIGN gets better and better. Chesterton and Belloc are a host in themselves, and with the exquisite Enid Dinnis form a trio unequalled by any magazine of the day.

The beautiful articles from Italy of Gabriel Francis Powers are charming, and I read and re-read them.

I particularly like *THE SIGN* because (at intervals) it champions the cause of the Negro in the U. S. A. May the prayers of

the 122 missionaries who in 1932 went to fields afar overcome the missionary depression to neglected souls right at our door.

The members of our Study Club derived great assistance from Belloc's articles.

PITTSBURGH, PA.

MARY C. MURPHY.

GOOD FOOTING FOR HIGH JUMPING

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

Congratulations on the particularly fine quality of the January issue of *THE SIGN*. "The Skeleton at the Feast," by Daniel B. Pulsford is just the kind of study which gets me every time. I am not referring to his New Testament harmony, but to his interpretation of the two anointing which he interprets as one. Perhaps it will enable me to get the mysterious meaning of the "touch Me not" of the first Easter morning. Do you recall anything more meaty than, "Suddenly appears 'the pale Galilean' and flings His Cross on the board, whereupon the pagan deities rise in disorder and vanish from the scene." And then the use he makes of it all!

All the contributions got me; but especially Maynard's, Dinnis', Power's, and Derrick's. Rather all the kind of mysticism which does not beat the air, but provides a good footing for fellows who would jump high.

WASHINGTON, N. C.

(REV.) MARK MOESLEIN, C. P.

THE SIGN MAKES THE ROUNDS

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

I am enclosing a check to cover subscription to *THE SIGN* for one year. I have had to sacrifice several subscriptions and am most thankful that I can continue this one.

Perhaps you would like to know what happens to my copy of *THE SIGN*. Well, when I don't have time to read it I pass it to some friend then I collect it and after I have finished reading it I start it out on another round sometimes among the Sisters, and always among the student nurses and patients. I again recapture it and send it to relatives in Pennsylvania in the Altoona diocese.

Some numbers have found their way into the Convent of the Visitation Sisters at DeSales Heights Academy, this city. When they have absorbed the contents they mail it on to a priest who has charge of a reformatory, or an occupational school, for boys. This priest is most grateful to have such splendid Catholic literature for his boys.

The superior grade of paper used makes it possible to circulate in and out of many homes without losing its attractive appearance. I enjoy following the missionaries in China, especially the St. Joseph Sisters of Pittsburgh.

PARKERSBURG, W. VA.

REGINA HOOVER, R.N.

OXFORD MOVEMENT: LITERARY CONTEST

THE EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

Cardinal Newman did not achieve what is called "success" as rector of the Irish University; he was not permitted to establish an Oratorian house at Oxford. His direct connection with Catholic educational institutions was restricted in the main, through no absence of zeal in him, to the comparatively humble department of the preparatory school. "Unless the grain of wheat falling into the ground die, itself remaineth alone." A true and loving follower of Him Whose apparent failure is celebrated in this Holy Year as the greatest triumph of all time, Cardinal Newman—in respect to his specific endeavors for the furtherance of Catholic education—also seemed to fail. But fail he did not. As leader of the Oxford Movement he unquestionably was and he still is an influence upon Catholic education in its higher branches. And the influence of the Oxford Movement itself is intertwined with his. It is fitting, therefore, that both the movement and its leader should be honored, in this its centenary year, by Catholics throughout the world.

The College of Saint Elizabeth, Convent, New Jersey, with the intention of contributing its share to the celebration of the centenary, has announced an essay contest, the subject of which is, *The Oxford Movement as a Stimulus to Catholic Education*, and

offers to the winners prizes totaling \$500. The first prize is \$300; the second, \$100; two third prizes are \$50 each. The contest is open to professional writers as well as to others. The essays must be typewritten, must not exceed 2,500 words, and must reach the Essay Contest Committee, at the College of Saint Elizabeth, not later than May 1, 1933. The judges are the Reverend Fulton J. Sheen, Ph.D., distinguished author and radio-lecturer, Professor of the Philosophy of Religion, Catholic University of America, Washington, D. C.; Joseph J. Reilly, Ph.D., author of several volumes on Newman, Professor of English, Hunter College, New York City; Thomas Gaffney Taaffe, Ph.D., scholar and author, Professor of English, College of the City of New York and College of Saint Elizabeth, Convent, New Jersey.

May I ask *THE SIGN* to manifest its customary hospitality toward "Catholic Action" in whatever form, by printing this letter?

CONVENT OF ST. ELIZABETH,
CONVENT, N. J.

SISTER MARY VINCENT,
Chairman of Essay Contest Com.

IS CATHOLIC LITERATURE TOO HIGH-PRICED?

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

The power of the written and printed word has long been recognized. And it is precisely because of a full and profound realization of this fact that the mighty voice of our Sovereign Pontiff, Pius XI, supported by the preëminent members of the Catholic hierarchy, has been raised in continuous appeal for an ever more extensive propagation of Catholic literature.

Today our newsstands are surfeited with atheistic and paganistic books and pamphlets. The forces of corruption everywhere are taking full advantage of the opportunities offered by reduced wages and cheaper material to disseminate works of an infernal and libidinous character. Are Catholics counteracting the diabolical siege by spreading good works in a commensurate degree? The answer is we cannot. Not only can we not compete with the enemies of the Church and of civilization on a fair basis of equality but we cannot even remotely approximate their efforts. We are frustrated at the very outset by the ill-becoming rapacity of Catholic publishers who demand exorbitant prices for Catholic works. Catholic books (with but rare exceptions) can be purchased only at a premium. Despite the gravity of the existing exigency, despite the fact that we are overwhelmed by the products of the New Morality, despite the truth that we are in the throes of a depression of unparalleled severity, Catholic publishers refuse to yield in their prohibitive prices!

Already I can hear a chorus of retaliations to the effect that the reason for the high prices is a limited circulation. That cry has been worked *ad nauseam*. The very opposite is clearly true. The reason for the limited circulation is the outrageous prices.

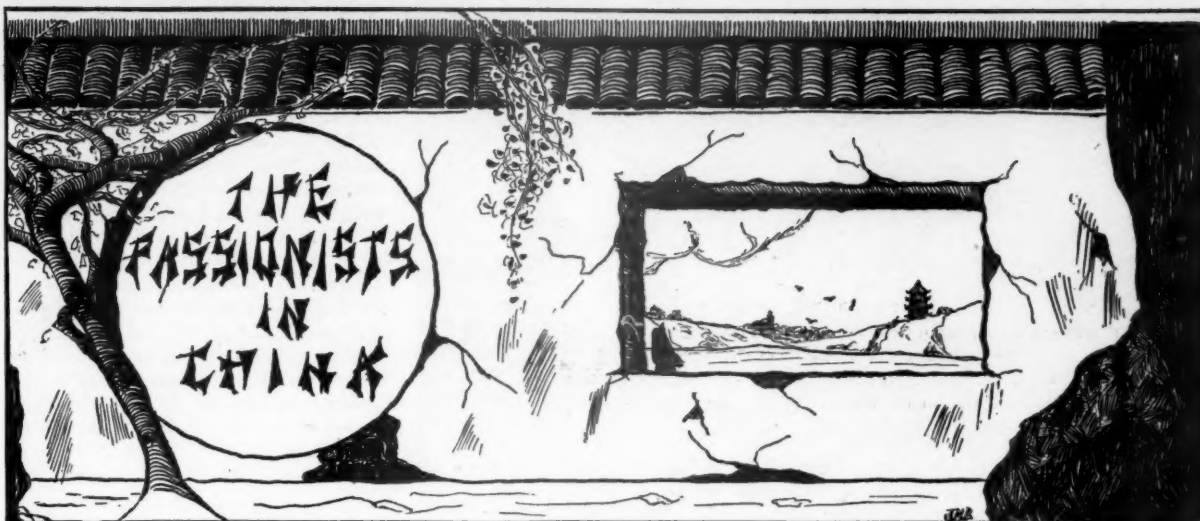
To mention a consoling exception to the general application of this indictment. Why have the paper covered editions of Fr. Scott's works circulated so well? Solely because of the reasonable price. Why cannot we have more paper covered works? In the realm of the Press, why is the most popular American Catholic magazine a one dollar publication? *The Messenger of The Sacred Heart* did not commence at five dollars per annum, and gradually tone down according to the increase in the subscription list! Why does this representative Catholic magazine, *THE SIGN*, enjoy approximately a hundred thousand circulation? The enormous chain store system which covers this country from coast-to-coast was founded on the principle of "low prices mean volume" and not the contradictory theory.

It is time that our Catholic authors who are not greedy for royalties and who are honestly and earnestly working for the advance of Holy Church saw to it that their contributions were sold at moderate terms and served not as the basis for unethical publishers' get-rich-quick schemes.

It is time all Catholics interested in the literary apostolate organized a concerted drive under the leadership of authoritative Churchmen to bring effective pressure on the publishers of Catholic books *ad maiorem Dei Gloriam*.

SOMERVILLE, MASS.

JOHN J. GRIFFIN.



The Open Door of Charity

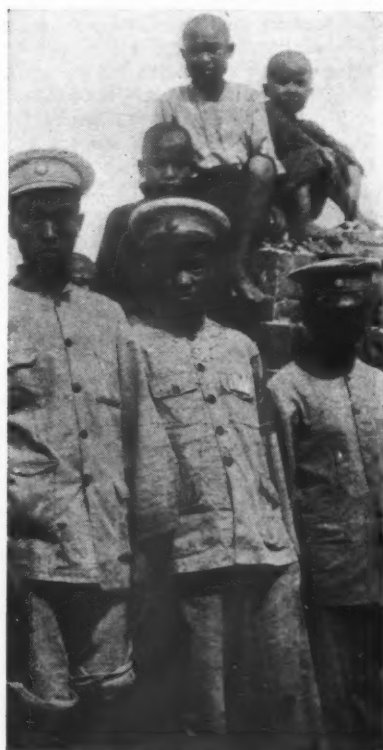
By Edward J. McCarthy, C.P.

"THE body for the soul and the soul for God." Such is the slogan of the Catholic medical missions. If you want to see that slogan in action and, at the same time, glimpse some intimate pictures of the sufferings, misery and astonishing cheerfulness of the Chinese, visit a mission dispensary in the interior of China. You will find one well known and well patronized in almost every Catholic Mission. Ask any of the citizens, and you will be directed along the crooked, winding streets that are noisy with the yelps of hawkers, the whoops of playing children, the screams of crying babies and the static grunts of straining coolies. Everyone knows the way to the so-called Medicine House.

The soldiers who guard our city gates here at Yuanchow have often received treatment at our dispensary and they will gladly point the way. There is no need to fear that you will strain your neck looking up at the imposing stories of a medical center. Ours is just a one story, one-room affair with nothing attractive in its exterior. Inside there is neither marble lobby, nor polished desk, nor brass-doored elevator. But if you arrive, say at ten in the morning, you will see a line of patients waiting their turn for relief.

A rookie soldier whiles away his time by practising the goose-step as his buddies look on and josh him. A youngster has taken off his bandages and is looking curiously at the sores on his arm. Two beggars slip off their tattered rags and search for disturbing fleas. A young mother, herself none too well, is trying to quiet her sick baby, while an old man carries on his back a stubborn boy who is beating him on the head with chubby fists. Newcomers, curious but showing more of fright than

hope on their faces, are peeking through the cracks of the door, dreading the ordeal



BOY SOLDIERS ON YUANCHOW'S CITY WALL. THESE LADS ARE FREQUENT VISITORS AT THE SISTERS' DISPENSARY, BRINGING WITH THEM EVERY COMPLAINT FROM FLAT FEET TO SCALP DISORDERS. SISTER FINDS THEM AN INTERESTING CLASS AND GIVES THEM KINDLY ATTENTION FOR WHICH THEY ARE DEEPLY GRATEFUL

of their first appearance before these foreign women.

Step inside and you will see how kindly all are received by a Sister of St. Joseph from Baden. She is bandaging an infected leg that, from inattention, has swollen to twice its normal size. While she finishes the job you will probably stare at the decorations of the small, neat room. At first thought they may seem to be more fitting for a kindergarten. The walls are covered with colored postal cards, bright pictures from travel magazines, cuts from old copies of rotogravure sections of the *New York Times* and illustrations from mail-order catalogues. Animals look down on the strange scene with unseeing eyes; flowers give a suggestion of beauty but bestow not a bit of their much-needed aroma; soldiers stand in orderly ranks before their critical officers, and majestic ocean vessels steer their course to unseen ports. There are pictures of lofty buildings and beautiful churches. Apart, and in a prominent position to catch the eye, are doctrinal prints with inscriptions to explain their meaning.

THE idea will dawn on you: old and young, the natives are children at heart. Like all children they have the blessed gift of imagination. They are attracted and distracted. Sister cleverly hit on this novel idea to distract them from their aches and pains, to take away their feeling of strangeness, to give them a laugh and, above all, to prompt them to ask questions, especially about our Faith.

The picture, for instance, of a priest saying Mass on a United States battleship, with officers for his servers and a good part of the crew as his congregation, makes



CATHOLIC GIRLS OF YUANCHOW, HUNAN, WITH THEIR TEACHERS, THE SISTERS OF ST. JOSEPH. BESIDES THEIR SCHOOL AND CATECHUMENATE THEY HAVE A BUSY DISPENSARY WHERE THE CHARITY AND MEDICAL ASSISTANCE THEY GIVE IS MAKING AN IMPRESSION ON THE POPULATION OF THE CITY AND ITS ENVIRONS

quite an impression on many soldier boys. It is the biggest boat they have ever seen, and it is a revelation to them that there are so many sailors who are Catholics. While not aiming to compete with the weekly newsreel, Sister does change the pictures at frequent intervals. Of course the regular patients are quite in favor of this plan as is evidenced by their smiles and interest when the latest in boats or automobiles or skyscrapers appears on the walls.

LESS decorative, but eminently practical, is the railing that divides the room. It serves to keep callers from walking over to the medicine cabinet to examine the surgical instruments or to test the medicines. The Chinese are naturally curious and will make themselves at home anywhere. While this characteristic promises well for their future work as scientists, for the present it causes embarrassment and confusion. Of the havoc it plays with the nerves of missionaries, I shall say nothing.

On a small table in the dispensary are a few medical books, a Chinese grammar and a dictionary. No, there is no card index. Everyone is welcome and no one is obliged to pay. A few flowers, whose fragrance is overpowered by the odor of disinfectant, give an added touch of cheerfulness to the room.

A leper crawls to the door and whines for ointment for his angry wounds. The boy, who is assisting Sister in the dispensary, glances casually at the unfortunate, spits in disgust and, turning his back, busies himself with something else. Sister bends over the stricken form to wash and dress his wounds. Ask her how she does it and she will smile indulgently. Her Chinese assistant put that question to her once and she told him how St. Elizabeth of Hungary, while out for a walk, came upon a poor

leper in wretched condition. Looking beyond the mortal envelope of clay, the holy queen saw in the diseased man the image of the suffering Christ. She took off her cloak, wrapped it around the beggar and had him carried to the palace where she personally ministered to him. Her royal husband, hearing of the affair, rushed wildly into the room and pulled his wife's cloak off the leper. Even to this angered man too a vision was granted, for he saw lying before him a Figure crowned with thorns, a Man Whose hands and feet had been transfixed with nails. Elizabeth, her husband now understood, in ministering to the leper was showing charity to Christ Himself. And Sister added to her surprised assistant, "The external appearance of these wretched people is nothing but an ugly shell, hiding the priceless pearl of an immortal soul."

When Bishop Gauthier, a saintly prelate of the Paris Foreign Mission Society, was about to be anointed, he jokingly remarked, "Perhaps you may omit my nose, for amidst the odors of the Orient I hardly think I have committed any sins with that member. In fact, I think it has gained me a lot of merit." On their deathbeds, these good Sisters who overcome themselves so heroically will be able to say the same. The Chinese themselves marvel at the way Sister can treat loathsome diseases without showing any sign of disgust. The natives take one look, pinch their nose and walk away with an uncomfortable feeling in their stomach.

SUGAR-COATED pills are easily swallowed; medicine in small quantities restores health where an overdose would be poison. Born and brought up in paganism, ever reminded of it by red candles burning before the ancestral tablets at home and by smoking incense sticks before wayside

shrines, the very thought of a strange religion produces nausea to many a well-meaning idolator. If it is to have the desired effect the true doctrine must be presented sweetly and in not too large a dose.

A patient is heard to say to a fellow sufferer, "And those foreigners came all the way from America to help us; it is hard to believe that!" But a finger pointed to the Crucifix and a few well-chosen words about what He did for foreigners and Chinese alike will be as a sugar-coated pill of doctrine, the first dose of instruction to start a sick soul on the way to recovery. Perhaps the patient will be around a little later for a tonic to build up his system. You may be sure that Sister will also have something to say that will arouse his interest in our religion and create an appetite for more knowledge about the one true God.

A DAY never passes without a goodly number of parents and their babies calling at the dispensary. This is only natural, for Chinese fathers and mothers have the same love for their offspring as parents in America. Indeed, the father seems to have even a greater attachment for little ones than the American daddy. It is a common sight to see a Chinese father tickling the baby, making funny faces, and babbling baby talk when taking the tiny creature out for an airing.

Someone who passed a row of homes and saw this bit of Chinese life, suggested the thought, "Everybody works but father, and he must play with the baby." The proud parent gets nervous when his child is sick, for infant mortality is high in this part of the world, so he rushes at once to the Medicine Hall. If baby is cured, the father is impressed by a religion that not only teaches but practises charity; if baby is too far gone, the baptismal water is handy, and Sister has one more soul ready for Heaven.

Wherever you may roam in China you are certain to come across the soldier boy. He is not too per cent tidy. Too often he looks like the tail end of depression. But, somehow, you will be glad to see him; for if he is not ar and you begin to surmise that his not-too-distant relative, the bandit, is in the neighborhood. Soldiers are frequent visitors to the dispensary, bringing with them all complaints from flat feet to scalp disorders. They are an interesting lot. Great talkers, they pass out all the military gossip which must be taken with more than the proverbial pinch of salt. On leaving, they click their heels, take off their hat with one hand and salute with the other, pivot and then slouch out the door.

It pays to be friendly with these lads. For example, all those who pass through the city gates must have their baggage examined. It doesn't amount to a great deal, but it takes time and one's belongings are pretty well scrambled in the process.

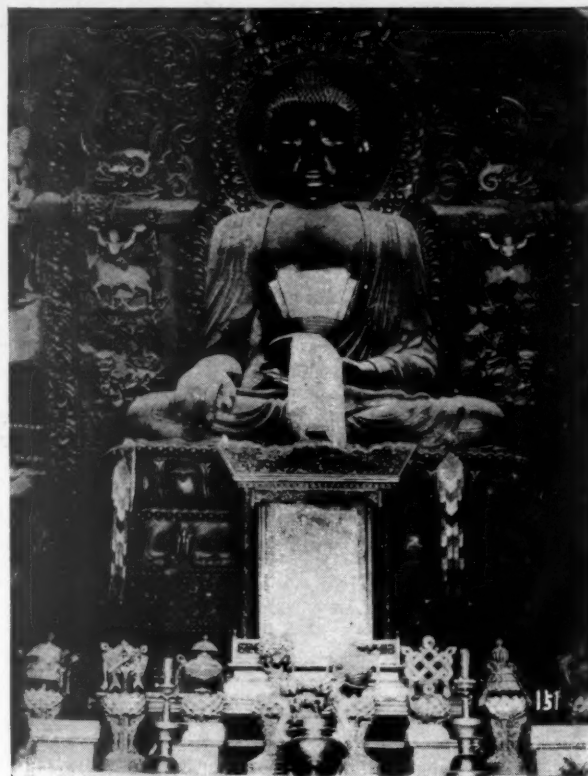
If your soldier friend is on guard you get by with a salute and a cheery greeting. Soldiers today, tomorrow they may be bandits. But Sister has confidence that even though the local braves should turn to banditry, they would not harm her. I believe she is right. A short time ago two soldiers were instructed in the dispensary, asked for Baptism and died a few days later. It is certainly well worth while to work for these poor fellows.

HAPPILY, every day brings its share of laughs. A little boy brings his puppy who has been attacked by a large dog. "Pal" gets his treatment, wags his tail in appreciation, but omits the traditional Chinese bow of thanks. The youngster gives his dog's head a push and solemnly apologizes for its lack of manners. A father carries in his baby. Sister gets the story of the case and prepares a dose of castor oil. Just as she is about to give it to the little one, the daddy puts his finger into the medicine. "The baby won't like it that way; better put a bit of sugar in it."

Chinese are fond of eating ancient eggs that have been coated with lime and buried for a long time. Fearing that one of her tuberculosis patients was indulging in this delicacy, instead of the fresh eggs she had ordered to be taken every day, Sister told the lad to bring the egg with him when he came to the dispensary next morning. Panting heavily, he rushed in just as the church bell was sounding the Angelus. "Why didn't you get here earlier?" Sister asked. "Couldn't," he sputtered back, "I had to wait for the hen." And he presented Sister with an egg that was still warm. Another patient who was told to take fresh eggs every day laughed and laughed. "Where would I get any eggs?" he finally chuckled, "I haven't even a bed to sleep on."

There are frequent calls for the extrac-

AN HEROIC BUDDHA
IN ONE OF CHINA'S
LARGE TEMPLES.
IN HUNAN THERE
IS LITTLE CARE OR
RESPECT SHOWN
THESE IDOLS. FROM
THE PASSIONIST
MISSION AT SHEN-
CHOW COMES THE
REPORT THAT A
TEMPLE THERE IS
BEING USED AS THE
CITY'S FIRST MOV-
ING PICTURE
THEATRE



tion of teeth. Generally, the patient asks to take the tooth home as a souvenir. One day Sister was so busy that she requested me to pull the decaying tooth of an old woman. I stepped forward and, in my best Chinese, remarked with a professional air, "This will hurt just a bit." I thought the jawbone was coming, but gripped the forceps until the trick was done. Handing the victim her tooth, I flattered myself that I was potentially a good dentist. But maybe I didn't feel like diving into the Yangtze gorges when

Sister, who had come over with a mouth wash, said quietly, "Father, you have pulled the wrong tooth."

To date there have been no vehicle accidents, for the simple reason that Yuan-chow is a pedestrian city with no whizzing cars to disturb the dreams of leisurely jay-walkers. But a new danger has arisen. Ambitious for a bigger, better, busier and brighter town, the city council has invested in two wheelbarrows. It is an unexpected innovation—a hopeful experiment. These have been put in the hands of the street-cleaning department. If the wheelbarrows prove satisfactory, more money will be sunk in the project. Both chauffeurs pride themselves that they have had no smash-ups. But it becomes more and more evident that a stop-look-listen sign may be needed soon at every corner, with some of the local gentry posted at cross streets to wave a red flag. Anyhow, Sister has been shining up her medical kit.

In the meantime the opium smoker who is trying to break a habit that is consuming his money and ruining his health, the little fellow with small-pox, anxious parents with suffering babies, the poor, the blind, the wretched—all these will keep Sister busy. The thoughtful pagan, marveling at such charity, will find the answer to that question, "Why all these sacrifices for us?" Souls will be won for God, infants sent winging on their way to Heaven. Sister will continue her merciful ministry of relieving bodily and spiritual misery, knowing the body is for the soul and the soul is for God.



IN CHINA EVERY VILLAGE GOD HAS HIS OWN LITTLE CHAPEL. IN YEARS TO COME PERHAPS THESE WAYSIDE SHRINES WILL BE CONSECRATED, IN THE LIGHT OF FAITH, TO CHRIST OR HIS MOTHER. A CRUCIFIX OR AN IMAGE OF MARY MAY YET BE SEEN IN PLACE OF THESE CLAY IDOLS

On to Hunan

By Alban Carroll, C.P.

SHANGHAI behind us and the heart of China our goal! The spirit of adventure should have quickened my pulse and an atmosphere of romance stirred my imagination as I lay sleepless in my cabin on the Kut Wo. British soldiers, whose presence was an admission of danger and a precaution against it, paced the deck as we swung out of the Whangpoo at night and pointed upstream on the Yangtze River.

I had the fleeting thought that China's greatest river is like China itself. All the silt and yellow soil carried by that enormous stream is emptied out beyond the coast for all the world to see. But few have ever feasted their eyes on the snow-topped mountains and virgin streams that forever feed the life-giving artery of this land. Few, too, have troubled themselves to learn the deep, rich sources that give to war-ridden, distracted China the promise of eventual peace and undreamed-of power.

Much of our literature on travel, I concluded that night on the river boat, like much of our history should be rewritten. It does not drain one's powers of observation to note that Shanghai has a splendid hotel in the Cathay and a cosmopolitan population that harbors some social outcasts. The same might be said of New York or Chicago or Los Angeles. But has any passing traveler written, for instance, the stories of some of the mission procurators of Shanghai whose hospitality we had enjoyed? To begin with, those missionaries would modestly demur were they told that they are almost reduced to the class of business men, that their lives are but a round of buying and bar-

gaining and caring for the material needs of their companions in the Church's front lines.

BUT we had learned that many of the Fathers who are holding these posts, often because of a combination of broken health and keen mental gifts, could have regaled us with tales of stirring experiences and splendid accomplishments, had not humility sealed their lips. There is many a pang and yearning in the hearts of those veterans when letters come to them from their former Missions to which they have given the best years of their lives. Why, I wondered as I tossed about in my berth, why can't travelers have the privilege of knowing these characters, instead of believing that because they have seen Nanking Road and a joss house and an opium den, they have seen Shanghai?

The Yangtze valley, with its tales of flood and troop movements and international incidents has had its share of publicity, so I shall not detail our six hundred-mile passage on it. Impatience gripped us to see Hankow, not because of the city itself, but because it was to be the starting point of our final lap to the Hunan mission field. In trade and importance Hankow, since 1927, is but a shadow of its former self. There was nothing shadowy, however, about the rotund figure that was on the dock to meet us. With a cheery welcome Father Linus, C.P., whose present proportions little indicate the prolonged sickness to which he fell heir on his arrival in China, soon had us in rickshaws. At our procuration he and Father Arthur, C.P., proved matchless hosts.

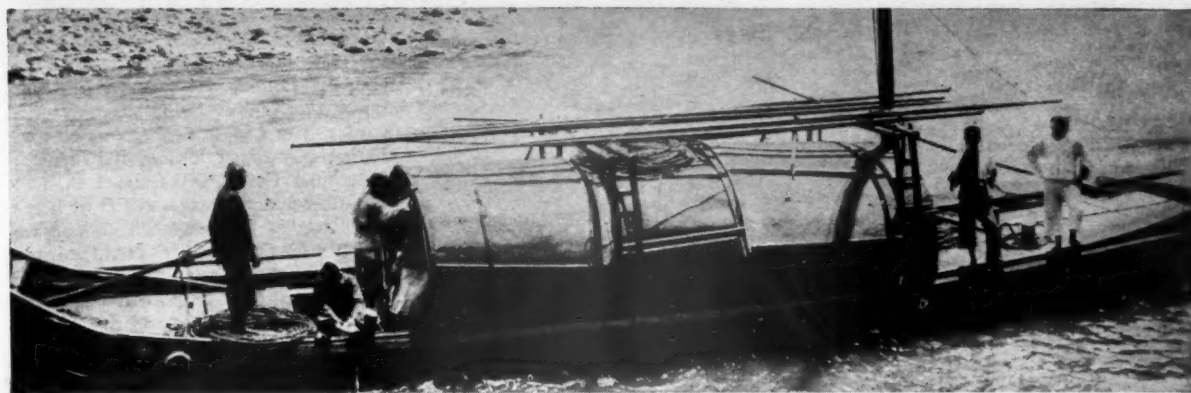
A tailor was called and we were measured for our Chinese clothes. This meant a delay of almost two weeks. The time was put to good advantage in visiting neighboring Missions. We were pleasantly surprised at Wuchang to find that the Franciscans had a flourishing school. At the Columban Mission in Hanyang, the city that suffered indescribably during the flood and that later shuddered for months under the shadow of the Red peril, we were impressed by the Sisters' school of embroidery. Vestments that would grace any church and articles of needle work that would be the pride of any home, were shelved for lack of an outlet.

Our native garments finished, we boarded a barge on November 22. We had read descriptions of this boat, but there's nothing like the reality to bring the truth home! It was the only ship we knew of where first-class passengers are below and the lower classes above. There is a reason for this. The only space the Chinese want in traveling is a place to spread their cotton quilts. They find that on top of the first-class cabins. These so-called cabins are about six feet square with a three by three-foot opening which serves as a door. We had to double up before descending to our bunks.

ONE evening, just after supper, we four priests were discussing how to count to ten in Chinese. I made a mistake and every one of the Chinese who had crowded around us, corrected me. A few of the passengers seemed particularly bright and friendly. They volunteered to teach us the sound and meaning of a few Chinese



THE BARGE THAT CARRIED FATHER ALBAN CARROLL, C.P., AND HIS COMPANIONS OVER PART OF TUNG TING LAKE. BECAUSE OF SHALLOW WATER, THEY HAD TO TRANSFER ALL THEIR BAGGAGE TO SMALL SAMPANS IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT



A MISSIONARY'S FIRST TRIP THROUGH THE RAPIDS OF THE YUAN RIVER IS UNFORGETTABLE. SCENIC BEAUTY, DANGER FROM HIDDEN ROCKS, THE CHANT OF A HARDY CREW, CLOSENESS TO SIMPLE FAMILY CUSTOMS ON THESE STRANGE BOATS INTRODUCE HIM TO A LIFE THAT IS NEW AND FRESH AND OF STIMULATING INTEREST

words. A shifting wind swept a sheet of rain over us and we crawled back into our cabins, thinking our lesson was over. But before long one of our drenched acquaintances returned, carrying his soaked belongings with him. We invited him in, though we were ourselves cramped for space, and with his assistance we learned some new words. Our problem came later when, at an advanced hour, we planned how to dismiss our visitor without making him lose face. A search through the dictionary having failed to dispel our ignorance, we resorted to gestures and got rid of him.

WE had settled ourselves for a bit of sleep when, a half hour after midnight, we were told that the old barge could go no further. Because of shallow water we would have to continue in smaller boats. Andrew, our guide and general agent, bargained and argued until three sampans were at our disposal. We had quite a bit of luggage, our own and a shipment for the Missions, so it was three o'clock in the morning before we stretched out on the sampans to take the rest of our interrupted sleep. Our quarters were so cramped that, when six o'clock came and the boats started, most of us were still wide awake. When the shore line permitted, the boat was pulled by the crew; when this was impractical they resorted to their long bamboo poles.

At Changteh we hoped to board a small launch, but since it did not put in its appearance we transferred, after much delay, to another barge. Just before we started two men asked if they might come aboard to make the trip with us. Andrew refused them. Later events proved he had acted wisely. On the way to Taoyuan the tug stopped at a small village. Since ours and the other boats that were being towed were loaded to capacity, no one wanted to let on board a passenger who had been waiting. He argued and finally tried to force his way. A group of students on board, tired of his insistence, picked up whatever lay at hand. The first barrage

missed the would-be passenger. The second scored at least one direct hit, a terrific blow on the head. Cries of "Strike! Kill!" rent the air. We were apprehensive, for a battle between passengers and villagers seemed imminent. But soldiers arrived to quiet the disturbance. A few hours later we were in Taoyuan.

One of the local river captains was hired to take us to Shenchow. Since our baggage was so heavy he figured that he needed another man. His method of getting one gave us an insight into the ways of the Chinese. A meal was prepared. The skipper came back with a wiry, active man of over fifty. Cheap wine flowed freely and before the meal was finished the veteran puller agreed to take the job.

Immediately the crew busied themselves with weaving ropes. Long strips of very thin bamboo were twisted, layer upon layer, until a rope the thickness of a pencil was formed. Each of the pullers or trackers uses one of these lines attached to a bamboo band that is worn over one arm and shoulder and under the other. All the lines were joined to the main tow rope which was five hundred yards long and only about the thickness of one's thumb. We who pride ourselves on the quality of goods we turn out, have to admit that for the service it was put to, their rope is far superior to anything we produce. It was dragged over brambles, pulled through heavy mud and over rough stones for a week and it showed scarcely a scratch. Its strength stood the test of fifteen men straining and tugging at it later when we reached the rapids.

ARRANGEMENTS were made for an early start next morning. Just before we retired, however, Andrew and the boat captain appeared, looking worried. Two men had come to the water's edge and asked the name of our captain. Of course, he gave a false one. The type and appearance of both these men tallied with that of those who had asked to board our boat and, with rumors of bandits ahead, things looked rather dark. The old skipper warned

us that if we went ahead it would be at our own risk. Father Cyprian, C.P., and Andrew took counsel with the local military commander. He corroborated the rumors we had heard and gave us a guard of soldiers.

TWO nights later, not long after midnight, we were awakened by the sound of rifle shots and much shouting. A boat had drawn up near ours. The soldiers challenged but there was no answer. Again the soldiers called out. No answer. Our guard then fired in the direction of the boat and our visitors pulled away at full speed. Who they were and what they wanted we shall likely never know. Whether we really needed the soldiers is also a question. But it was better to be safe than sorry.

The next day brought us to Liulincha, first outpost of the Passionist Missions. Father Nicholas, C.P., proved by his welcome how happy he was to see us. We could spend but a few hours with him, for we had to hurry overland to meet our boat upstream. From Liulincha on the trip was scenic and delightful. Impressive mountains stood out clearly under a perfect sky. We were happy to be alive. For the crew, though, they were hard days, since we were getting into the rapids. For all of us there were many anxious moments. We found it most interesting to watch the boatmen maneuvering our craft through the swirling waters. Every muscle in the old skipper's body stood out as he intently directed operations; every fibre of the pullers, down on all fours, seemed strained as they struggled on, inch by inch. The captain's wife, herself lending a hand, gave up her position at the helm now and then to burn spirit money and incense sticks.

We had a narrow escape at one bend in the Yuan River. The rapids are just at the curve. Our pullers, about four hundred yards ahead of the boat, were throwing every ounce of their weight on the bamboo line but, because of the turn, we moved scarcely an inch. Suddenly the trackers



SHANGHAI'S WORLD-FAMED BUND. IT IS THIS THRONING STREET WITH ITS COSMOPOLITAN CROWDS AND MODERN BUILDINGS WHICH TRAVELERS SEE AND REMARK UPON. TOO OFTEN TRANSIENTS NEVER HAVE AN OPPORTUNITY TO MEET THE VETERAN MISSIONARIES THERE WHO COULD GIVE THEM SOME WORTH-WHILE RECOLLECTIONS OF THIS CITY

let out a cry of alarm. A large log raft was speeding down stream. The cook, Andrew, the skipper's wife (she had burned all her incense) and all of us reached for a pole and gave a hand. Inch by inch our boat crept forward until we were around the bend. We made it none too soon, for just as we reached a point of clearance the big raft swept by. Something interesting certainly would have happened had we delayed two minutes longer.

At times the crew rowed. Their two twenty-five-foot oars looked, when in the water, like logs cut in half. They sang as they swayed back and forth with the oars, a sort of polyphonic chant. One chap carried the melody, the others chiming in with something just a bit better than a grunt. Occasionally they threw some spirit into their chant. The crew then seemed to go wild and their grunt changed to a shout. Stamping their straw-sandaled feet on the narrow deck, they swung into perfect time and rhythm. If the boat gets caught on a rock or in a sand bank, they strip immediately and, without a word of protest, slip into the icy water. One morning at dawn we came upon a large wood raft that had crashed upon a hidden rock. There were nearly thirty men in the water around it, trying to get it free. Not one of them had on more than a rag or short cotton cloak around his shoulders whilst we, fully clothed but chilled to the bones, looked on.

We had on board not only the skipper's wife but also his family, for the river captain's boat is his estate. Traveling always, the children do not get to school; life itself is the teacher. We found them, two boys and a girl, quick-witted, curious, friendly. They knew no fear. Every article we had interested them, but the zipper on my wind-breaker held them fas-

inated. At dusk, one day, I turned on my flashlight. One little lad immediately tried to blow it out. The girl, a strong healthy lass, was telling her brothers one day what she would buy and what she would do if she were rich. Even though we did not understand her language we could guess what she was saying. I believe the Chinese are born orators. The facial expressions and the impulsive gestures that accompanied each new thought of the children were revelations to us who had heard so much of the proverbially passive Chinese.

In China, women theoretically are of no account. But, as is the case the world over, in practice it was a different story. Tiger Rose, we called this wild, lithe creature. She could pole almost as well as any of the crew. The Chinese language flowed from her with an impetuous eloquence beyond her years. She was ever in motion. Yet, at night, when the boats came together, she would nose about like a little child. She laughed disdainfully at our food and manner of eating, especially our use of forks. Everyone in the family made a dignified rush for cans when we had finished with them. One evening, when our bread and milk supply was gone, we had peaches. The captain's wife got the can first and put her finger in to taste the "foreigners'" food. We were stupefied to see her spitting out a bit of peach juice and making a rush to get a slice of pickled turnip.

LEARNING a little each day of Chinese life and Chinese character, we traveled steadily westward on the Yuan River. On December 6, just two months after our departure from San Francisco, we came in sight of Shenchow. Pius, a young seminarian, was sent ahead to let the Fathers know of our approach. On the way he met Father Leo, C.P. The two turned back again

but, since we were in rapids at the time, we did not notice them. Then clear above the sound of the rushing waters came the hail: "Welcome!" It was a greeting that meant our journey was at an end. We went ashore and, with Father Leo and Father Quentin, walked to the Mission. Monsignor Cuthbert O'Gara, C.P., and the other Fathers made us feel at home immediately. In church that evening we sang the *Te Deum* and received the benediction of our tabernacled Lord. The Christians of the Mission came to meet the new "spiritual Fathers," and this gave us the opportunity of seeing some of the harvest which our missionaries have gathered. God grant that we, too, may reap our share when the time comes.

THE sooner we learn the language, of course, the sooner we shall be able to be of service on the Missions. We have a good Chinese scholar to teach us. He keeps his hat on and must have his tea while lecturing. He is giving us a few unscheduled pointers on etiquette as, for example, when he swishes out the tea leaves on the floor. The children are anxious to help us and never laugh at our mistakes. When, at eleven o'clock in the morning, I tell one of the boys to light the lamp he understands that I am simply practising the few words I know. The present arrangement is that we devote a whole year here to the study of the language.

Our studies do not leave us wholly without time to observe the ways and characteristics, strange to us newcomers, of this people. They have shown some originality, for example, in their tools. Take their drill. It is a smooth, round stick about one inch in diameter. A block of wood about 1" x 2" x 8" has a hole bored through it so that it fits the stick. A piece of rope is fastened to one end of the block, passed through the top of stick down to the other end of the block. An ordinary nail is fixed in the point of the shaft. The block cross-piece is given a twist and downward pressure exerted. The force entwines the rope and it is ready for reverse action.

A Chinese house is in process of construction across the way. Eighteen poles form the framework; the roof is already completed. The gray-black tiles give the new roof a century-old appearance. Because all houses have the same, almost colorless tiles, the view of a Chinese town in the interior is usually a very drab one. But this quality of roof provides protection against the heavy rains and keeps the home comparatively cool during the summer heats. The walls of a house consist of a few boards, with plenty of ventilation coming through the large cracks. Nails are scarcely ever used, wooden pins serving in their stead. Lumber companies such as we have in the United States are unheard of here. Carpenters simply buy whole logs and have them sawed into boards, according to the requirements of the job.

Most Chinese workmen get only a few cents a day, enough to buy their rice and vegetables. Most of them never worry about tomorrow. Let the morrow take care of itself. They live for the present. One foreigner gave his workmen an unheard-of generous wage. After a week his men received their unaccustomed big pay. The American, who was in a hurry to have the work finished, was startled to find that they did not return on Monday. Why should they, when they had enough to keep them for another week?

WE had heard of Chinese barbers and were waiting to see one in action. Personally they prefer to make a complete job of it, shaving off every bit of hair on the head. They will cut according to directions, however, and, if you wish, will leave something there 'o run a comb through. It is after the haircut proper that their real technique is displayed. Eyebrows, forehead, nose (the nostrils do not escape) come under the razor. "A clean head for clear thinking" must be their motto. I'll either learn Chinese quickly to prepare for my first haircut here, or let the natives think I am a candidate for the House of David.

Following the fire which destroyed the convent of the Sisters of Charity here in Shenchow, a night watchman was hired. The first night he caught someone stealing wood. Here too we had something to learn. There is no one in the world more obliging than a Chinese watchman, though all may not be so thoughtful as ours. As he goes on his rounds he makes a noise by clapping two sticks together, so that evil-doers may know of his approach. I guess he would feel pretty mean about coming on a thief without having given a warning. There's delicacy for you! In comparison, our policemen in America are hard-hearted wretches. Why, if a person is doing something of a suspicious nature, they will



BOATMEN OF THE YUAN RIVER WORKING ON THEIR ROPES. THESE TOWING LINES ARE WOVEN BY HAND FROM THIN STRIPS OF BAMBOO. THEY ARE SO TOUGH AND SO WELL MADE THAT THEY SHOW LITTLE WEAR AFTER LONG PERIODS OF ROUGH USAGE

pounce on him and at least question him. Not so our watchman! What about the attitude of the thieves? Really, I don't know, but I have an idea that they are well satisfied.

DID you ever hear of sewing crockery? I didn't until I came to China. The cook or servant drops a cup or saucer. Do they worry? They do not. They call in an expert and he will have the piece together in quick order. Tiny holes are drilled near the broken edges. The two parts are placed close together and clamped. It sounds easy, but it requires great skill. What is more, it is a satisfactory job for the mended crockery does not leak. Besides it is cheaper than buying new pieces.

The art of heating has not been so well developed as the art of repairing crockery. Chinese houses are without stoves, though drafts are plentiful. The folks have small charcoal braziers which they carry with them wherever they go, even to our unheated churches. Since the Chinese winter garment much resembles a fancy bag with two sleeves in it, they simply slip

the brazier to whatever spot is coldest. The women are clever. You may be shivering yourself and sympathizing with them, when all the time they are perched on top of a portable charcoal stove! We have nothing to complain of, however, for the weather has been perfect since our arrival. Though we are nearing Christmas, the days have been like those of early September at home. The Monsignor tells us that it is customary for these spells to be free days, a time when all stretch and exercise and prepare for the long, wet season that will keep them indoors.

We have had a visit from the General who was well dressed and had his photograph taken with us. Speaking of our military friend, it was he who last week punished five custom officials. Four, who were involved in the scandal of taking a bribe of forty dollars, were shot. The fifth, who should have been on duty and was not, received a merciless beating. He died the next day. Yes, that is rather a hard punishment for such a small offense. I suppose that is a bit of old China.

NEW China, no doubt, is to be seen in the report that an attempt is being made to open a movie house in Shenchow. The theatre is a temple, the very temple where our Fathers and the Sisters of Charity cared for the famine victims of 1926. Some enterprising men installed a small plant to generate electricity. The premiere almost ended in a riot. Thinking their audience to be ignorant, the owners patched together pieces from old films and presented it as a feature. They almost lost their heads! They'll have to do better than that to get the coppers of these Hunanese. But the plant is still there, for I can hear the motor running, across the alley from my room. A military telephone connection has been installed between Shenchow and a large city east of us. So it seems we are really about to get modernized.

It is Sunday afternoon. The hills opposite the city are tinted red by the setting sun. A restful, almost lazy atmosphere



LI DAMIAN, CATECHIST OF NGAN KIANG, WITH HIS FAMILY. THE MOTHER, MARTHA, IS HOLDING BABY MARK. BEFORE HER LITTLE RITA CLASPS A CRUCIFIX; JOHN STANDS BESIDE HIS FATHER WHILE MAGDALENE, THE ELDEST, IS IN THE CENTER OF THE GROUP

seems to permeate the compound. One of our seminarians is practising on the organ. I cannot help letting my fancy and my memory roam. Homesick? No. I am really content and very happy in this, my new home. That happiness, I believe, comes from the thought that I am where God wants me to be and that I am to have the opportunity to do something for these people.

I have just come from Benediction.

There was quite a representative congregation. It is surprisingly pleasant to hear the Chinese chant their prayers. They keep time perfectly and the roll of their prayers reminds me of the roll of the sea. There is a deep rumble, then a crash of sound and finally a high, clear note as the women join their voices. It fascinates me. Alone, of course, they pray in silence.

Just yesterday after Mass, I watched a boy who wanted to become a priest. Like

so many of these country lads, he lost his health when he settled down to intensive study. All the others had gone, but he remained. I can't forget his attitude and his expression. I could almost sense his prayer as he pleaded with the Lord to give him health, that he might go on with his studies to be a priest. If any of you read these lines could have seen him, you would understand why we have hope for the Church in China and in our own Hunan.

Scattered Mission Notes

By Michael A. Campbell, C.P.

WE had a strange case at our dispensary today. A man walked in and pointed to his hands on which there were large, strange blotches of white skin. It seems that a number of years ago he came to this Mission to be cured of an internal disease. The Chinese doctor who was then in charge of the dispensary gave the patient some kind of native liquid medicine. It was this medicine that changed the color of the skin, so that now the man's hands are about one quarter white and three quarters yellow.

* * *

A Colonel came to us late one night, complaining of an aching tooth. When asked which one pained him, he answered that all the back teeth of the lower left jaw were aching. On examination, however, we could find no reason for his discomfort. It must have been a sympathetic pain, for later we discovered a cavity in one of his other teeth. After he had received treatment he informed us that he had just arrived from army headquarters, four days journey distant, to clean out the bandits who were causing trouble north of the city. He warned us to keep away from our station at Shinsipin until he and his six hundred men had made the district safe. This officer had been with Protestant missionaries for five years.

* * *

Our medical aid must be given with great care. A wealthy farmer from Shinsipin was given some coffin-shaped mercury bichloride tablets and told how to make a wash for his daughter whose hand was infected. He followed directions and the infection began to clear up. Later he was given other tablets with careful instructions that they were for external use only. One day when he was not at home the mother insisted that her daughter would get better sooner if she swallowed the tablets. The girl refused at first but her mother insisted. Of course the poor child became fearfully sick. For four days she vomited and was close to death. Still the persistent mother

wanted her daughter to take more, but fortunately the father returned and stopped the treatment.

* * *

In this section a native so-called doctor will often attend a case just once. The reason is that his patients expect to be cured at the first treatment. If they do not get better he has not the "face" to come back. The townsfolk here say that their doctors can tell what disease a person has merely by feeling the pulse. These doctors feel the pulse of each wrist for twenty minutes.

* * *

Our new gateman has a sweet little daughter four years old. Since her mother's death a year ago Lai Keh Ma, little "toad" as she is nicknamed, has kept close to her father's side from morning till night. Until yesterday she ate with him. Her first meal away from her father was last night in the girls' school. When she sat down to her rice, however, she began to cry. Unable to eat, she ran out crying for her father. We could hear her all over the compound. The father came to comfort her but at the sight of her tears and her devotion he too broke down. This affection between them is real. It shows how devoted are members of Chinese families to each other.

* * *

This Mission is blessed with quite an extraordinary character, Daria, a widow who is close on to fifty years. Her idea of life is to work for God by helping the priests all she can. She is a hard worker and indeed a hard pray-er. When the sun wakes up each morning it finds her preparing hot water for the girls' compound. Fifteen minutes before morning prayers she is in church making a little extra preparation for Holy Communion. After hearing as many Masses as there are each morning she lingers a little longer with Jesus talking to Him in her own simple way. Her devotions over, she prepares the catechist's

food and afterwards eats her own breakfast. Then comes hours of hustling here and there, doing a thousand and one different things; washing the priests' and orphans' clothes, taking care of the boys' bedding, cleaning the altars and sanctuary, baking hosts, and buying vegetables for the girls.

Daria acts as messenger between the girls' compound and the priests' office. She is a buyer of many supplies. Often she runs down the street to remind some Christian that the next day is Sunday. The sick girls are taken care of by her until her strength is gone and she herself has to go to bed. Up again when half well, she is once more about her duties. We find her a good cook of Chinese food and a great saver of rice, salt and oil. She is the enemy of moths, mold and dirt. Soap and water and sun are her great friends. Somehow or other she manages to find time also to take care of a vegetable garden. Towards evening, after her tasks in the kitchen, she always makes the Stations of the Cross. All in all she reminds one of the widows who helped the Apostles.

* * *

After the birth of a child the mother does not appear outside the house for forty days. If anyone sees her or the baby, that is, any person who is not of the family, a curse comes upon them. This is the custom or superstition in Eastern Hunan. In Yungshun the period is shortened by ten days. In Shinsipin after ten days the father is expected to give a big banquet, and soon after, say a day or two, the mother and new baby must go to visit the parents on the mother's side. When a boy is born, many presents are sent, but not so if a girl is born.

* * *

Our boys get a pole and fasten a hoop of wire to its farther end. They look for spider webs, catch a number of these in the hoop to make a mesh, and then go about hunting for dragon-flies.

The CATHOLICITY

By Daniel B. Pulsford *of the* CROSS

No. 8 in The Divine Tragedy

IN the first article of this series it was pointed out that the magnitude of the event which we call the Incarnation demanded as its object an act of similar proportions. Had God assumed our flesh merely to teach us certain truths we should be conscious, in reading His Life, of disappointment. The tremendous miracle of His Advent would be found to trail off into something almost commonplace. An unnecessary display of Divine power and condescension—that is how it would strike us.

As an example of obedience to the will of God the life of Jesus would lack the final and most difficult test. Nothing that He could say or do short of the Sacrifice offered on Calvary would fulfil the expectations raised by His marvelous Birth. This only is worthy of the situation created by so stupendous a fact as that announced by Gabriel.

The same conclusion is reached if, instead of looking back to Bethlehem, we look forward to Rome. The Church which Jesus came to establish and which in fact He did establish could have been created only by the offering of Himself on the Cross. We have seen that, in contemplating this end, He contemplated the means by which it was to be brought about. In willing to create the Mystical Body of the Church He willed to make of His Own body a holy oblation.

The Body of Christ

ONE has only to think of the daring of His plan in order to realize that it called for some supreme manifestation of love. Sublime tasks demand sublime sacrifice. Unique achievements require unique performance. It cannot be by accident, such as the chance occurrence at the same time of the necessary historical factors that the Christian Church came to be founded and to play so important a part in human affairs.

This is Gibbon's theory, but it makes nonsense of history, for it assumes that the mightiest institution on earth came into existence by a happy fluke. One might as well imagine that Homer's "Iliad" took form by some one picking out certain Greek letters and setting them, in haphazard fashion, side by side. The Church is a living poem and its creation points unmistakably to a conscious agent, one who conceived it and gave it birth, endowing it with power to develop along predetermined lines.

We assume, therefore, that there is this intimate relation between Jesus and the institution set up in His name. It was a real relationship, closer than that between the artist and his work, the poet and his poem. For the Church is the Body of Christ. He did not merely set it going; He informs and sustains it and will continue to do so to the end of time.

"Divine" Genius

THIS being so, we must assume that He took the necessary means to accomplish His object. And this involved an act as profound in its significance and as catholic in its appeal as the institution which, as a matter of history, resulted from it. Accordingly we read of Our Lord's declaring, "I, if I be lifted up from the earth will draw all things to myself." And the Evangelist adds: "This He said, signifying what death He should die."

The Cross is here definitely related to the universality of the Church. It is the catholicity of the Cross which makes possible the catholicity of the Church.

When Christ instituted the Blessed Sacrament He utilized the simplest means. It was no elaborate feast to which He gave His benediction but a bare repast of bread and wine. These were the constituents of the meals partaken of by peasant folk, the foundations of even the most luxurious banquet.

The form of commemoration He chose consecrated to His memory the commonest of all human customs. Nothing simpler, nothing more universal than a meal could have been selected. For the central rite of a Church which was to extend to all lands and all times it was an ideal choice. If we may say so with reverence, there is evidence of Divine genius in the institution of the Eucharist.

But the bread and wine which Our Lord blessed represented something equally capable of universal comprehension. Flesh and blood are what He shared with all our race and they were to be made available by that experience of death which is both the most mysterious and the commonest of all human experiences. We shall have occasion to speak of the uniqueness of the sacrifice offered on Calvary, but here we note those elements in it which make Christ a sharer in the common lot.

Any rite which brought to mind the mortality of man struck a familiar note. The Brotherhood of Those Who Die is a

society without barriers of time or place. By joining it Jesus related Himself to all, becoming a member of the most universal of all federations. The democracy of the grave has been a familiar theme of moralists and poets. It is in the same vein that they all write:

"The glories of our blood and state
Are shadows, not substantial things,
There is no armour against fate;
Death lays his icy hand on kings:
Sceptre and crown
Must tumble down
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade."

He who speaks of death speaks of that which pertains to every man. He who himself dies, be he of whatsoever mean estate, thereby wins the respect even of those who in life despised him or the pity of those who may have envied him. For we know that we, too, must go the way that he has gone. Therefore we lift our hats to the cortège of the pauper and drop a tear at the sepulchre of kings. If the Cross signified only the death of some obscure individual, yet, being made a symbol of the common fate, it would have arresting value. By reason of the very universality of that which it represented, it would draw all eyes and hearts toward it.

Everyman's Gift

IT is easy to understand, therefore, how it is that those heroes who sacrifice their lives for unselfish ends should win a type of fame not conceded even to those who bequeath great wealth or by their labors bestow on mankind works of genius. The Unknown Soldier finds honorable burial among the great of the land though we can say no more of him than that he gave his life for his country.

Poor, illiterate or even criminal he may have been once, yet there he sleeps beside the mighty and the learned and his tomb is the magnet of a whole nation's interest. For he gave that which all possess. His heroism required no special gifts. It was not because he gave up rank or riches or dedicated to the service of the State great intellectual powers that he lies there, but solely because he surrendered what lies in the gift of every man:

For him who has power and wealth
There are gifts to give;
For him who has strength and health
There is life to live.

And he whom the heavens' spite
Cannot permit
To give or live for the Right
May die for it.

The Unknown Soldier typifies self-sacrifice in its extremest and most democratic form. In him the fact is seen that the most precious of all possessions belongs to and may be sacrificed by the very poorest. That is why his obscure death appeals so strongly to us. Being lifted up among the mighty, he draws all hearts toward him.

Royal Prodigality

HOW much more shall He Who died not for a single nation but for humanity draw us? Christ's Gift to mankind was that of a poor man who has nothing else to give but himself. It is not as a philanthropist bequeathing millions for the endowment of charitable institutions that He lives in our hearts, nor as one whose selfless labors in the interests of science entitles him to our gratitude.

The monument we raise to Him is not that of a great poet whose imperishable work will enrich countless generations. He was not a benefactor in any of these senses. When the soldiers took from Him His last remaining garment they left Him with only one thing He could give—His life. And this He poured out with royal prodigality.

This Gift, which all possess, all can appropriate. Like the food and drink to which He gave sacramental value, it answers to a universal need. He who gives luxuries gives to the few, but he who bestows necessities makes mankind his beneficiaries. The life which Jesus Christ through His death is able to give is of the same universality on the spiritual plane as are, on the physical plane, bread and wine. He ministers to no fad or passing fashion.

There are those who have proved themselves supremely helpful in some one department of life and are enthroned above all by the specialists of that department. Euclid is the father of geometry, Plato and Aristotle placed those who philosophize under permanent obligation. From Michael Angelo all subsequent sculptors have drawn inspiration. Shakespeare is a fount of poetry. But Jesus gave not what embellishes life but Life itself—the Eternal Life for which our being craves and the need of which is the fundamental fact about us.

This would seem to be denied by the present generation. Some refuse to believe that Christ was any other than the author of a pernicious superstition. These are the materialists whom nothing concerns but that which affects the body. But the majority extend a mild tolerance to the believer. They concede that religion may be necessary for some. Devotion to Our Lord they would class with other cults as ministering to the requirements of specific groups.

Viewed from this standpoint, the Cross is no more than the badge of a sect, or

perhaps the symbol of needs once universal but in these more sophisticated times outgrown.

Brotherhood Mark

ANSWER to these freakish or malevolent assertions lies in the fact that it is this same Sign which is borne on her forefront by that Church which, uniting all races in all centuries, continues to hold the allegiance of countless millions. The Cross is the standard which has succeeded in creating the greatest federation of mankind known to history.

Do you remember that passage in Elizabeth Robins' "Magnetic North," where the two arctic travelers—a youth known as the Boy and the Colonel—come upon an outpost of Catholicism and see, standing up out of the snow, a great crucifix?

"The Cross! The Cross!" said the man on the sled. Don't you see it?"

"Oh, that? Yes."

"At the Boy's tone the Colonel, for the first time, turned his eyes away from the Great White Symbol.

"Don't know what you're made of, if seeing that . . . You needn't be a Church member, but only a man, I should think, to—to—" He blew out his breath in impatient clouds, and then went on. "We Americans think a good deal o' the Stars and Stripes, but that up yonder—that's the mightier symbol."

"Huh!" says the Boy.

"Stars and Stripes tell of an ideal of the United States. That up there tells of an ideal of United Mankind. It's the great Brotherhood Mark. There isn't any other standard that men would follow just to build a hospice in a place like this."

There you have the verdict of our common humanity. That verdict has been written broadly in the history of the Catholic Church—a history which shows us the power which this Sign has had to unite the most diverse temperament, the most fiercely antagonistic classes and the most hostile races in adoration of the Crucified. It cannot be anything merely accidental, anything peculiar to men in certain times and places, which has effected this miracle.

The symbol of the Cross and the Sacrifice of the Altar, commemorating and perpetuating Jesus' offering of Himself on Calvary, are at the central point where all our deepest interests meet. They are at the junction where cross the lines of our complicated human nature. They mark the metropolis of our scattered race.

The universality of the Cross is even indicated by the historical circumstances which made it the instrument by which Christ should die. It was the recognized means of execution throughout the whole of that mighty empire which included the chief nations of the world. Even before His own death had made it so infinitely significant a thing, Jesus could refer to it as a recognized synonym for death, nor was the reference unintelligible to His hearers.

It would not have been unintelligible had He said "Take up your Cross and follow Me" to dwellers on the Danube, to the wild tribes of Germany, to peasants in their rice-fields on the Nile. Medes and Parthians on the shores of the Caspian, Numidians looking out on the eastern Mediterranean and the subjugated tribes of far-off Britain would, all, have understood what was meant by "the Cross."

Christianity found it already a thing of universal significance and did but give the shameful death for which, in all these lands, it stood the sublime interpretation it had received from Christ's suffering upon it. When in the Creed we repeat the words, "Suffered under Pontius Pilate," we are asserting that Our Lord died by the orders and according to the method characteristic of an imperialism which had brought the world under one political rule.

Let us sum up!

It was Our Lord's intention to establish a Church which should fulfil the prophecy of Malachias: "From the rising of the sun, even to the going down, My name is great among the Gentiles: and in every place there is sacrifice and there is offered to My name a clean oblation." And not only did He purpose to include in this Holy Federation all nations, but He determined to build that which should endure for all time, linking in one Act of Homage the last generation with the first.

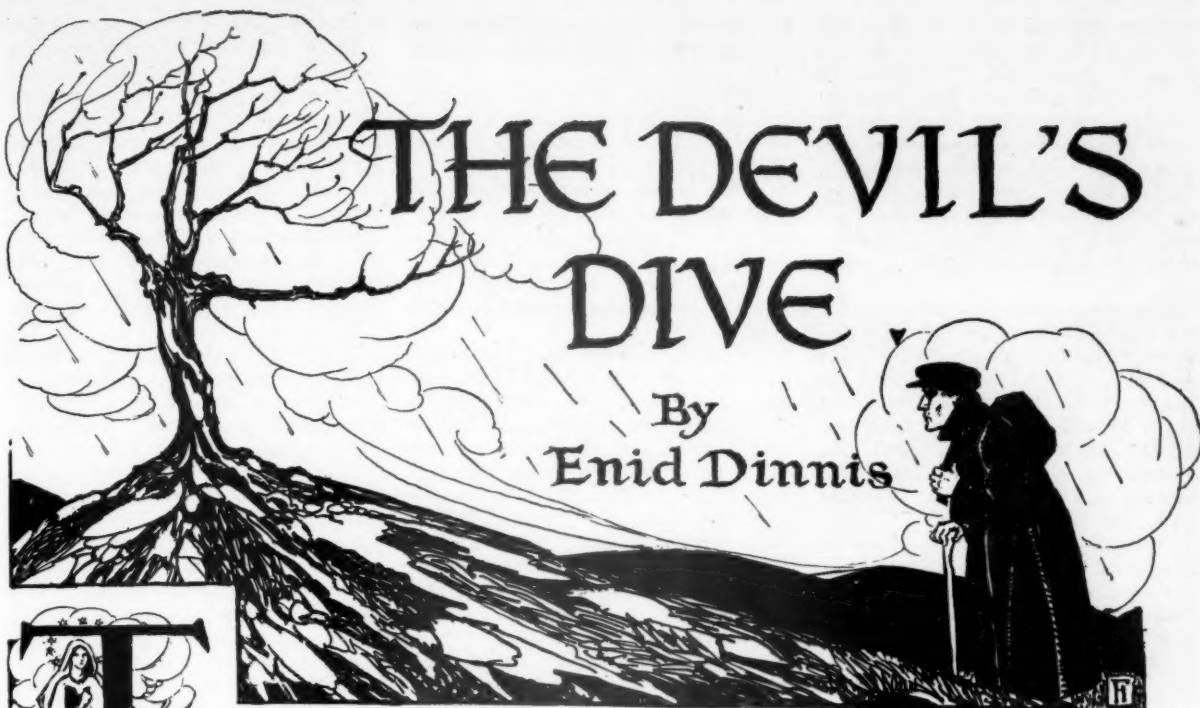
A New Concept

IT was a conception which none but He could have conceived. Men had indeed dreamed of universal empires but none save Incarnate God and those inspired by the vision of His Advent had ever deemed possible or even desirable a universal Church. Pagan Rome took for granted that different peoples should worship different gods in different ways, contenting itself with a policy of mutual tolerance.

The conception of a Catholic Church was so startlingly novel, so Divine, that even those whom Christ had specially trained to be its apostles found it hard to reconcile themselves to it, while the Gentile world, outraged by the claim to universal dominion, persecuted the first Christians with merciless cruelty.

But if this super-human ideal was to be realized, a unifying Center, a focal point for adoration, an Act of such fundamental significance that it would "draw all things unto Him" was needed. Divine love must discover the way to the very heart of humanity. If it would create a Church in which all should be at home as in their Father's House, then it must express itself in a manner which would appeal to all. Given this problem, there was no solution save that Incarnate God should give His life and so make Life Eternal available for every son of man.

The very nature of Christ's ultimate object made the Cross inevitable. Only the Catholicity of the Cross could have created the Catholic Church.



THE devil seems to hold a good deal of property in England," our visitor from America observed, slyly. "All over your country one comes across—the devil's something or other. The 'devil's dyke,' the 'devil's punchbowl,' the 'devil's jump'—he ticked them off on his fingers. "The medievals seem to have preoccupied themselves with his satanic highness."

Our host—John Brayne—laughed.

"It might give one that idea," he admitted. "But you must remember that the medievals generally told the legend at Satan's expense. You know St. Dunstan was supposed to have caught hold of him by the nose with a pair of red-hot tongs, and forced him to dip it into the nearest well, which promptly became chalybeate. I don't know if you have visited Mayfield, near Tunbridge Wells? That gives a good idea of medieval mentality in regard to the devil."

The visitor from Washington took up the thesis—in a purely academic spirit of debate.

"Strange," he remarked drily, "that the devil instead of poisoning the well, bestowed a healing power on the waters in the way that one would have looked for in a Saint. I've taken the waters at Tunbridge Wells myself."

We glanced at John Brayne. He remained unperturbed.

"Precisely," he said. "The devil invariably circumvents himself. One famous medieval, Mother Julian of Norwich, had

a vision of him trying to do his worst that made her laugh out loud because of its futility. You see, although the devil has the fine intelligence of Lucifer, it is a distorted intelligence. Pride has made a fool of him and he imagines that he can overreach his Creator. He's a monster of unreason—that's why our friends the medievals represented him with a tail and hoofs. The symbolism of the Middle Ages is well worth study. It gets deep down into theological truth."

"A monster can be very terrifying because of its monstrosity. That's an interesting thought—that Satan is terrifying because he is hideous, and hideous because he is futile. A bogey, in fact. The more terrifying his action the more powerless. One may deduct that."

WE turned our attention to the speaker. He was a robust old gentleman, a new acquaintance of our host's. A previous remark of his connected with a Catholic mission in the south of England had introduced the subject we were now discussing, it being near a spot known as "The Devil's Dive."

He continued to explain himself.

"It is the knowledge that his action is destined to be futile that makes Satan's fury so exceedingly horrible." (We noted that the speaker paused before selecting his adjective.) "And he possesses preternatural powers which make it more so. I suppose no signal act of mercy on God's part fails to meet with terrific satanic opposition, and that opposition is something grotesque beyond conception."

It was evident that the man to whom we

were listening was speaking from experience. I wondered; was he prepared to pass the experience on to us? We were seated in the library at Hadlands old Manor, round the fire, and it was nearing bed-time. In the usual way we adjourned to the billiard room and listened to the radio before going to bed. Other times we just talked on, when the subject was interesting.

As I sat wondering he went on.

"I could tell you a curious story about the place which is called 'the Devil's Dive,' but it's only fair to warn you that it's a gruesome one." He cast his eye round the company, and then, inquiringly, at our host.

"That's all right," John Brayne said. "Those who don't like gruesome stories at bed-time can go and play billiards, or dance to the Savoy band."

We all remained seated.

"If my story were to be illustrated," the narrator began, warningly, "I think the artist would draw the picture of a gaunt gallows-tree on the summit of a bare hill. The name of the hill would be 'Hangman's Hill.' Anybody going to make a move?"

WE accepted the challenge to a man, and sat tight in our chairs. John Brayne stirred up the fire and passed on the matches, and our friend went ahead.

"I suppose I was about five-and-twenty at the time. I was in the south of England, visiting friends. When my visit came to an end I had a fancy to call on a friend of mine who had entered the priesthood and was in charge of the interesting Catholic Mission at West Hindstead—the one I

have been speaking about. We didn't talk of 'hiking' in those days. Neither did we go about in motors. West Hindstead was completely isolated from anywhere else by a lonely stretch of country, the feature of which was a curious, cup-shaped hollow from which the hills rose sharply, the road running close to its edge. I determined to tramp over to West Hindstead and spend a night at my friend's rectory, as he had kindly invited me to.

"It would be a longish tramp, but the road was interesting. The hollow, I found, was known as 'the Devil's Dive,' and the legend connected with it told how the 'old boy,' as the Irish call him, having been driven away by some holy monks who came to sojourn in the neighborhood, took a header into the bog at the foot of the hills and so found his way home to the nether regions.

"I smiled when they told me the legend. It was typical of the legends connected with the devil that one heard everywhere. I was far more interested in the origin of the name of a hill which rose up suddenly on the left. A tall, conical-shaped hill, bare and forbidding. It was known as 'Hangman's Hill,' and stark on its summit there still rose a tree with a long outstretching branch which had formerly been used as a gibbet. There were other trees as well, but the gallows tree stood out by itself. One could make it out from the roadway. Many a highwayman had expiated his crimes there, for the lonely road had been invested by such. Moreover they brought malefactors there, if they happened to belong to the locality, from the county jail, to suffer their sentence.

"To add to the rue, they told me that the bodies of the felons were buried under the gallows. Hangman's Hill was certainly not a cheerful spot!

"It was in winter-time that I made the expedition. I sent my main luggage on home and, shouldering a knapsack, set out to tramp over the magnificent country which lay between me and my destination.

"The roads in those days were in a rough and neglected condition. The introduction of railways had done away with road traffic and the motor had not yet appeared on the scene to revive it. I reached the twist in the valley which would bring me in sight of the Devil's Dive, latish in the day, for in attempting to follow the foot paths I had lost my way more than once. West Hindstead would still be some miles off.

"It was a weird, deserted spot. There was a single cottage at the turn in the road—the first habitation that I had passed for many a mile. An old woman was standing at the gate gazing anxiously up and down the road. When she caught sight of me she accosted me. As I approached her I noticed that she was a very old woman indeed. I wondered what she might be wanting with me.

"There was an eager, anxious look on

her poor old wrinkled face. She eyed me sharply—her eyes were a bright, unfaded blue.

"'Be you going up the hill?' she asked.

"I took it that she meant the road that lay before me, which crossed the upland country, and replied that I was doing so.

"With a look of intense relief, she answered. 'Then you'll see my husband,' and you can take him a message for me. I'm crippled. I can't climb the hill.'

"She was leaning on a stick, and shakily at that. Certainly she could not climb a hill.

"'I'll give your message with pleasure,' I told her. 'But whereabouts is your husband to be found? What is his name?'

"She turned her strangely blue eyes on me. 'John Flaxman,' she said. 'He's up at the gallows.' Then she added: 'Tell him "Mary says it's all right."'

"Up by the gallows! She had evidently meant Hangman's Hill. I had had no intention of making my way via Hangman's Hill—a quite unnecessary climb, but how was I to disappoint this poor old soul. Her message was evidently of importance. News of some blow averted, or perhaps an 'all-clear' where the game-keeper or landlord was concerned?

"As I stood deliberating she watched me, anxiously. She repeated the message: 'Tell him, "Mary says it's all right!"'

"What could I do? I could not have the heart to refuse her at this juncture; to explain that I had misunderstood her when I said I was going up the hill. There was nothing for it but to keep to my word. I nodded my head. 'Very good,' I said. 'I'll look out for your husband and give him the message. I suppose I shall find him all right? He won't be hidden away somewhere, I mean,' I explained, rather clumsily.

"'No, he won't be hidden away,' she said. She gazed at me silently and the tears welled up into her eyes, making them shine, so that they became more incongruously youthful than ever. He must be a very old man, this spouse of hers. I raised my hat and went on my way.

"THE daylight was already beginning to wane. The Dive was an eerie spot. The bog had long since dried up, but there was a sinister look about its depth. (I believe nowadays the trippers have their picnics there). Hangman's Hill rose, grim and gaunt to my left. I should lose a good bit of time in making the necessary detour, but it would be interesting to get a closer view of the spot which most people prefer to regard as a landmark from a respectful distance. The joy which I would snatch from so doing would not be exactly a fearful one; for I was not unduly imaginative. What impressed me most about the Hangman's Hill route was that it was a devilish long way round.

"When the clouds suddenly gathered up and it began to rain, the impression deepened. I began to wish that I had not

been so obliging. Why on earth had I?

"When I reached the foot of the steep incline I paused and hesitated. The rain was now pouring in torrents. Dusk had overtaken me before the twilight hour. I could, even now, easily turn back and pursue my way along the road. I was fully justified. How did I know that the old woman's message was of such importance—of any importance? But the fact remained that I was convinced that it was. Came what would, I would deliver that message. I told myself so defiantly. I trudged on.

"THROUGH the blinding rain there came the sound of horse's hoofs. A man driving a dog-cart overtook me and offered me a lift. I thanked him and declined. I was going to be as good as my word. It was against my principles not to carry out my promises, whatever they might be.

"The ascent of Hangman's Hill was by a rough, little-used track. The hill had a sinister reputation and only the morbidly inclined ever found their way there. I set my best foot forward. The weather had offered me a challenge; the good farmer in his dog-cart had challenged my determination to fulfil my promise; a new challenge presented itself now as I toiled up the steep hillside. A strange, unaccountable sense of fear had overtaken me. It was an entirely new sensation.

"The most objectionable part of it was that I did not know what I was afraid of? I sat down for a moment on a stone. I had become conscious that I possessed a heart! My heart was as sound as a bell! I was only five-and-twenty and a vigorous specimen of my kind. I had heard of a species of heart-disease which produced distressing symptoms of fear and wondered if I had been suddenly attacked by it?

"'Pooh!' I had climbed the Matterhorn and this was only Hangman's Hill! But Hangman's Hill was not an agreeable spot. The Matterhorn brings one nearer to Heaven, but Hangman's Hill had the atmosphere of another place about it! Something incredibly evil was there, and it was daring me to continue my way.

"I got onto my feet again and pressed onward. I could now see the tall tree with the long outstretched arm from which had swung the bodies of murderers, it might be, within living memory. It stood there stark, and eerie in the gloom of the stormy twilight. Beneath it were interred the bones of the unfortunate wretches who had died on the gibbet. No, Hangman's Hill was not a nice place!

"There came over me a sudden, overpowering instinct to turn and make a bolt for it. The unnamed Fear was leering at me from the shadows round the gallows tree. But the instinct was a temptation—a challenge, just as the rain and the farmer's offer had been. I was humiliated to think that such an instinct could have laid a hold on me. But the fight against it was real and terrible."

The narrator paused and glanced round

at us listeners. "It sounds very foolish," he said, "to have been afraid of bogeys—churchyard ghosts. But it was the feeling of something *evil* that nearly did me in.

"I looked round me. There was no sign of any other human being. It was unthinkable that a human being could remain by himself in this abominable spot! I was by now at grips with the Horror. I whipped out my rosary and went down onto my knees, and said a decade. As I said the words, 'now, and at the hour of our death,' I thought of those who had met the death hour in this ghastly place. I went on, steadily. 'Pray for us sinners, now and in the hour of our death.' The Hail Mary is a community prayer. 'For us sinners.' I seemed to feel them round about me—the sinners whose bones lay beneath my feet. I almost seemed to see the form swaying on the long gallows-branch. I put up a special prayer for the last one who had swung there—within the memory of man!

"The hour of their death was long since past. I prayed as I had never prayed before. And all the while the Horror was assaulting me. 'Now, and in the hour of our death.' The Souls in Purgatory are holy souls, whatever may have been their repented crimes. But holiness seemed far from this place. Fear gripped at my whole being. It was here—the Fear which took shadow-shape in Gethsemane. But I went on praying. Once again I had received a challenge; yet once again I picked up the glove.

"THE dead leaves from the overshadowing trees crackled under my shaking knees as I knelt there. The rain fell in a steady downpour. The wind moaned through the bare branches. I ended with a *Memorare*. Then I arose and stood gazing from left to right. The unspeakable thing had passed away. I drew in a breath in immeasurable relief.

"It's all right," I whispered. "It's all right!"

"Unwittingly I was delivering my message, which for the moment I had forgotten. It recalled me to the business in hand. Hangman's Hill possesses no more horror for me. I made a careful search, but there was no sign of anyone about. The man whom I was in search of was probably at home by now. I really had been rather quixotic!

"Yet I was not sorry that I had made a loop journey round by Hangman's Hill and prayed in that grim community of dead men. Our Lady, Queen of the Holy Rosary, had certainly been as terrible to that unnamable horror as an army set in array! It was all right. Mary had said it was all right.

"It had ceased raining. The unnatural darkness had lifted and it was the ordinary dusk of a winter afternoon. The episode on the summit of the hill seemed almost like a dream.

"As I pursued my way down the other

side of the hill towards the road, I caught sight of an old man, wearing a smock—they still did in those days. So, thought I, I had come upon the man I was in search of, after all. I went up to him and accosted him.

"Might I ask if your name is John Flaxman?" I asked.

"He looked at me in rather a peculiar way.

"No?" he said. "Not much."

had softened. 'That would be his wife,' he said. 'She's strange in her head, and no wonder. They were only a month married; and it was in a fit of jealousy he did the murder. She had given him no cause for it. It was all a mistake. The people tried to get a reprieve for him; and they thought it was coming, up to the last minute.'

"The old fellow had got well into his stride and was for telling me the whole



"TELL HIM 'MARY SAID IT'S ALL RIGHT!'"

"I was looking for someone of that name,' I explained to him, rather taken aback by his curtness. 'I was told that he was up on the hill.'

"He answered drily:

"He was up on the hill sixty years ago. He was the last man that they hanged there."

"I stared at him. 'An old lady at the cottage by the Devil's Dive asked me to give him a message,' I said.

"He ran his eye over me. Its glance

story. Needless to say I was ready to listen.

"I was a little feller at the time,' he said, 'but I can remember it all quite well. He confessed his crime, but he would have it that there was no forgiveness to be had from Heaven; that God would send him to Hell as sure as men were sending him to the gallows. He sort of coupled the two together.'

"That would be because the only punishment he knew of was Hell,' I interpo-

lated. 'He would not have been taught about Purgatory.'

"I pulled myself up. I had no wish to enter upon a theological controversy with the old yokel, and he went on with his yarn.

"But a wonderful thing happened," he said. 'I heered all about it as a little feller. As he stood there by the gallows a change came into his heart. Some one must have been praying for him, but who it was I don't know for the poor young parson was past doing anything—he was a mere lad, and he'd never been at a hanging before—and as for his wife, she was lying on her bed, demented and calling out that the reprieve had come and there was no one to go up and tell him so.'

"I interrupted him again. 'There are the Saints in Heaven,' I said, 'and Our Blessed Lady, they pray for us poor mortals in our extremity.'

"The Roman Catholics believe that," he said, and then added, naively, 'but there was no Roman Catholics there to arst 'em to. There be a tidy number of them at West Hindstead these days, but that was sixty years ago.'

"True," I said. 'It was sixty years ago.'

"He had been blaspheming up to the end," the old man went on, 'and he was like to have swung as Judas swung, but as he stood there under the gallows, on the ladder, he suddenly seemed to be listening to something. A change came over him. The people thought that he had caught the sound of horse's hoofs and that the reprieve was on its way. Even the hangman stopped short for a bit.

"Then he called out: 'It's all right!' 'But there was no horseman and no reprieve; and the hangman did his work; and he went before his Judge'; the old man ended, piously. 'But folks said as he'd saved his soul.'

"HE looked at me with a softening eye. 'So you went up there to give a message for poor old Mother Flaxman,' he said. 'She recovered after a while, but in her old age she got back that fancy about him being up there waiting for the reprieve. She thought that she'd found someone to give her message at last.' He eyed me with increasing approval. 'It must have taken some doing,' he said. 'It's a pull up; and Hangman's Hill isn't a place that most folks cares about—and all to no purpose.'

"I didn't interrupt him again, but I was not so sure about the truth of the last part of his speech.

"We parted excellent friends, the old yokel and I. He was really interested to know that I was going to West Hindstead and put me on the right short cut. In due course I reached my journey's end. Father Smith was struck with my haggard appearance and wanted to know what I had been doing with myself, so I imagine that my adventure of the afternoon had left its mark.

"After supper, as we sat over his bright fire, I told him the whole story of my adventure. Of the hindrances and setbacks; the eerie sense of horror; of the extraordinary sense of the importance of the message which I had to deliver, and the temptation to turn back. He was a priest and I could speak freely. The devil is not a mere legendary figure to a Catholic priest. He was considerably more than a legendary figure to me at that moment.

"Father Smith thought it well out before he made his comment.

"It is true," he said, 'that fear is a physical symptom when the heart is affected, and you had been climbing, but it certainly does seem as though Satan was particularly anxious that you should not deliver that message: "Mary says it's all right." It seems to have been exactly what Mary did say.'

"He was horribly—hideously anxious," I said. "As anxious as though the poor fellow's salvation depended upon it."

"Now, and in the hour of our death."

Father Smith repeated the words thoughtfully. 'Mary's "Now" is God's "Now,"' he said. 'Suppose we say a Rosary in thanksgiving?'

"So we said the Rosary together. That great community prayer: 'Pray for us sinners, now, and in the hour of our death.' There had come a new meaning—a wonderful extension in the application of the words. Now; Then; the hour of our death;—all were the Present to Her who read in the Heart of God the mystery of Time.

"It must have been a savage dive indeed that the devil took that afternoon from Hangman's Hill. He had circumvented himself pretty badly when he forced me onto my knees in prayer.'

THE story was finished. Its narrator changed his tone. "It's surely bedtime," he said. "Hadn't you better be off to the billiard room to work off the grue of my yarn?"

"Or we might go to the chapel and say our Rosary?" John Brayne suggested.

Psalm for Two Testaments

By John Gilland Brunini

I WILL go unto the altar of my God,
Rejoicing I will climb the holy hill
Of sacrifice.

My hands were empty: I
Adjured the lands and spoke the seas to fill
My need, the sun was troubled with my cry,
My summers waned in weeping.

Why had dust
Begrimed the stone of sacrifice, the blood
Of ewes run dry, my incense thinned upon the gust
Of His displeasure? Why did not my first of flock
And fruit find favor? Abel slew his lamb
And David oxen: must my plenty mock
A holocaust, must I be stayed like Abraham
And be denied a ram?

Wherefore was I afraid
And shamed because my gifts were overthrown
And I had naught to please.

But I have prayed
To God and He has heard my silence, He has shown
My feet the gate of penance, I have trod
The places of His mercy and His love.

I will go unto the altar of my God,
Rejoicing I will climb the holy hill
Of sacrifice.

My God has said: Come unto Me.
I knocked and He has freed my yoke, I asked
And He has pleased my needs.

His Son shall be
My Victim, I shall feed upon the bud,
The bloom of love shall nourish me. The Tree
Has showered mercy, I will bring Its Bread and Wine
Unto His tabernacles, I will sing
Commemoration in the shadow of His Sign.

POROUS PLASTERS *and* WOODEN LEGS

By Ig Nikilis

X-Ray and Slogans

THE Limbo of American slogans must be pretty well crowded by now. Remember: "Make the World Safe for Democracy" (which meant, Vote for Mr. Woodrow Wilson's Dream); "Keep Cool with Coolidge" (signifying, Give the Money-Men One Last Large Opportunity to Cash in Before the Crash); "Two Cars in Every Garage" (the siren call of Prosperity with a velvet cloak over her ripping costume); "Don't Sell America Short" (the post-crash cry which enabled the big smart boys to salvage millions from the stock-market after the bottom had fallen out of it!)?

The public has taken a terrific beating at the hands of its slogan-confecters, and, if not unconscious by this time, must be exceedingly wise with the wisdom of experience. Let us hope that our national eye has developed an X-ray quality in estimating words, and—er—let us pray that the next time a diabolic phrase, masquerading as a valuable piece of general advice, is presented the public, it won't have the customary effect of knocking both our eye and our brain out.

People and Such

AMAN in North Carolina was recently sentenced to go days in jail for biting a cat's tail. Must have been desperately hungry! In the future he'll probably go to the dogs.

A woman in San Francisco sought to divorce her husband because he got his hair marcelled and permanently waved. And perhaps the poor fellow only wanted to show her how horrible she looked.

A mail-man in Japan failed to deliver letters, kept them for ten years, and burned them. What a mail-man for the first-of-the-month!

How to be a Personality

(According to certain rather uncertain American standards.)

ONE must have:

1. The open mouth that speaks the closed mind.
2. A belief in blah as a substitute for brain.
3. Wise economy in order that, someday, one will have a lot of money to be very foolish with.

4. Perseverance—in seeking to find out the other fellow's weak point.

5. Honesty—not as a perfection but as a policy; not as a merit but as a mask.

6. An ability to talk convincingly on practically everything, particularly on what one doesn't know anything about.

7. An aged grandfather or uncle, with whom one is a special favorite, who thoughtfully dies and leaves one a million or so.

Sorry Gladness

ENGLAND is glad again. A default in her U. S. A. obligations would have gratified her cash-consciousness, but payment satisfied her conscience. Besides, she's lost little in the pecuniary, compared to what she's gained in prestige. In a day like ours when the bottom is falling out of everything, particularly the honor of nations, England's example seems priceless; and, if she had failed, this depression might well have reached depths more incredible by far than even the present astonishing levels. The most important country of the Old World has remained true to her word: in this she may be a fulcrum whereby the Archimedes known as Fortune can lift the nations up to prosperity again.

And yet there's a sadness in the whole business. The fact of our waxing so enthusiastic over a national word being kept argues that such a keeping has become the exception rather than the rule, and that it is altogether remarkable in its way.

Somebody, alas, has been selling the ethics of nations short! A one-point rise wins admiration. Certainly this depression has not spared international morality in the least, but made it look like a sofa on which the world's fattest man has been sitting for ages!

Let's We Forget

(One final glance back over terrible '32.)

1. PRESIDENT HOOVER launched his celebrated More (or less)atorium. Europe decided that he meant not "more" but "less"; so she resolved to go him one better and make it "least."

2. Amelia Earhart flew the Atlantic from America to Europe; but Miss Europe, ignoring the courtesy, refused to "come across" to America.

3. Washington became the Mecca of interested Americans. Arriving in the

beautiful city, they were fired with zeal—by the militia.

4. After hatching the egg of this depression, the Republican Party was hurt at such a lack of national appreciation as the election of Franklin D. Roosevelt evinced. Instead of no gratitude at all, they looked for eggs-tra. They got the eggs.

5. For its soon-to-depart political leaders, the nation ended the old year by voting three leers.

Dark Flashes

ASCIENTIST declares that sometimes he believes that human beings are more intelligent than ants. Must have a grudge against ants.

Lives of politicians tell us
How to win and never miss:
Take your lips and plant 'em squarely
On each baby with a kiss.

A certain psychologist maintains that it is necessary to "siphon out the unconscious." Our best speak-easies, however, prefer not to "siphon" 'em out, but to throw 'em out.

The setting sun looks red because it is seen through a cloud of gas. For a similar reason, one sees red when an orator gets up too much steam.

The Mt. Wilson telescope, the largest in the world, extends man's range of vision from 25,000,000 light years to 50,000,000. Nevertheless man still has considerable difficulty in discerning whence his next job is coming, or even in detecting Prosperity which is said to be just around the corner.

There is a movement to have the country run by its 300,000 engineers and technical experts. Which would probably be an improvement on Bishop Cannon and the Methodist Church.

World Notes

(Uncashable, of course)

ONE can dispute with the British and Americans," remarks Edouard Herriot, former Premier of France, "and afterward be all the better friends." Perhaps. But one can sock Uncle Sam in the financial jaw, and pick every pecuniary pin-feather out of the American Eagle's tail, and—get away with it?

Dr. M. I. Pupin, of Columbia University, charges the nationalism of the day not to science but to politics, sociology, psychology and—*theology*. Says they have not "taught that there are spiritual powers in the human heart." Maybe he is right about politics, sociology and psychology. But he rates a huge horse-radish for including *theology*, which has been the only study consistently championing the cause of the soul.

Trouble, though, is that, over Cardinal Newman's great protest, *theology*, the queen of the sciences, has been dethroned from the ordinary university curriculum; yes, and beheaded, too. Which, of itself, is sufficient explanation why the kingdom of the mind has gone so violently bolshevic.

Newton D. Baker asserts that one of the passions of his life has been to promote the cause of international peace. Too bad, then, that there are not more leading thinkers like him! Most of our *cicerones* appear to have been devoted to the ideal of increasing international pieces.

The word of our great American institutions is as good as their bond. And—that's just the trouble.

Karl Taylor Compton, President of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, thinks that, if civilization is destroyed, it will be due to man's "stupidity and cussedness." Why not frankly blame it on Congress and be done with it?

Inventions Badly Needed

- I. Money that won't fly.
- II. Mothers-in-law that will.
- III. Female-proof automobile.
- IV. Un-unbalanceable national budget.
- V. Way of abolishing "the first of the month."
- VI. Unlosable job.
- VII. Technique for making France realize that money-debts cannot be satisfactorily paid by mere gratitude—and infinitely little of that, too!
- VIII. A "new deal" that won't be "the same old thing all over again"

Advice to Bewildered Parents

(Actual and Prospective.)

IF YOU want to make Baby smart, rub a little Sloan's liniment on him.

When the tiny hand reaches for everything, don't be disturbed. Baby is just proving, if you let him alone, that he has the makings of a good gangster. He "can take it."

When Baby cries, don't be afraid to open the window. The neighbors won't mind. They'll think they're listening to Rudy Vallee.

Don't water Baby's milk. The modern infant prefers to drink it straight.

Don't hide your cigarette-packet under Baby's pillow. He probably prefers cigars.

Baby may be the light of your life—but it's really better not to scratch your matches on him.

You don't need to give Baby a rattle to play with. Play with him yourself.

Social Status

HE CAME from a good old family. Ah, yes. The good old family insisted on it. And—er—too, he's come rather far.

Modern Expedient

WHY did you ever go into the speak-easy business?

Well, you see, an enemy has been shadowing me for some time and I wanted police-protection.

Topics in Grief

NEWSPAPER item: Market holds its own. Yes, and everybody else's, too.

All shirk and no pay makes Europe what it is today.

With those Christmas cigars still unsmoked, it seems as if Santa Claus this year merely wanted to give the worried papas and hubbies of America enough rope to hang themselves.

With the crash of his huge utility empire, all that seems left of Samuel Insull is a Greece spot.

And now it appears that the Forgotten Man is the Vice-President of the United States.

George Bernard Shaw is said to be coming to America. Will this depression never cease!

New Theatre, Old Stuff

THE new Radio City Theatre in Manhattan has an interior which suggests a *de luxe* hangar to house the Zeppelin Prosperity—should that airy and elusive monster ever come to America again. But any craft would feel uncomfortable in such a glittering, swanky barn, and would likely back right out again in search of a less spectacular and more restful roost. Looks as though the Rockefellers will have to jack up the price of oil again to keep their latest investment from falling down.

Also, the more gorgeous and original the theatre, the finer and cleverer must be the show presented in it: else the setting dwarfs and shames the stage. But if a show is superlatively fine and clever, it does not need anything like the extravagance which its promoters appear to have thought essential. "The play's the thing." Bigger productions to fit bigger theatres

make neither better productions nor, for that matter, better theatres. And America has been so accustomed to the best (poor as it is) that money can buy, that poor old Roxy, the assumed wizard-producer of Radio City, must be at his wits' end to conjure up novelties and excellences. Anyhow, his first entertainment seemed to solve the problem by leaving it unsolved: inasmuch as he depended very heavily on several old stars with old stuff, wearily well-known to even the casual seeker of Broadway diversion; and his ensemble stuff was the same as one finds in almost any first-class picture house in the country, multiplied by ten. It is hard to understand how ten times any given amount of mediocrity may be expected, by cool-headed business men, to turn a profit. But perhaps these business men are not cool. Perchance, even not headed.

This new enormity of a theatre is certainly the last gasp of something or other. Possibly modern madness.

Did we say that it looks like a glorified hangar for a super-Zeppelin? Well, let it go at that. Still we can't but additionally submit that it might be used as a mausoleum for the illimitable hopes of an ever progressive Prosperity which crashed in 1929 and, yet unburied, are ghostly haunting the land.

Old Questions Newly Answered

I. DOES the average woman expect too much from marriage?

To judge from the helpmeets some women pick, it would seem as if they expected nothing at all.

II. Is Mars inhabited?

The way things are going on earth, it would be!—if we only knew how to get there.

III. Is the Volstead act a success?

Yes—if one does not consider a volcanic eruption or a tidal wave a failure.

IV. Can two live as cheaply as one?

Nowadays they have to.

Sprinting Eye

THE present winds of adversity can't be so strong. At this writing, Mahatma Gandhi still has his sheet.

The Democrats are said to have an aching emptiness in their treasury. But it is something, these days, to have a treasury to have an aching emptiness in.

Victory hath its headaches. But we hope Mr. Roosevelt won't put too many of them in his Cabinet.

There is a new organization called the Laugh Club, which is going to guarantee its members a monthly supply of smiles. It can do this easily. Simply by supplying them with copies of the *Congressional Record*.

THE DEVOTION *of the* STATIONS

By Hugh F. Blunt, L.L.D.

"THE very material for pious consideration, although ineffable in itself, compels us to speak, and no matter how much we write or speak of the Passion of Christ, we never can say enough."—ST. LEO THE GREAT.

IT would strike us as very strange today if we went into a church or chapel and found no representation of the Stations of the Cross. To us, the Stations seem a very part of the Church. Yet those Stations, as we know them, are comparatively recent, so recent that we are rather surprised to learn that it was not until 1731 that they were permitted to be erected in all churches.

This permission was granted by Pope Clement XII, who decided that the number of the Stations should be fourteen. And understand that it was only a permission, no strict command, for it is to be noted that many churches did not avail themselves of the privilege. Indeed, the devotion was not generally known in England, for example, until 1845.

It shows how a devotion gradually grows until it becomes universal. And in tracing the growth of the Stations of the Cross one meets many ups and downs.

Yet, taken in its essence, the devotion of the Dolorous Way is as old as Christianity. For what is it but a composition of place for meditation on the Sufferings and Death of Jesus? There is a beautiful old tradition, which is traced back to the fifth century, and which is confirmed by several Popes, especially Leo X, that after the Ascension of Christ, Our Lady spent her time waiting for the summons home to Heaven, in visiting every day, in company with her friends, the holy women, the places which had been sanctified by the Passion and Death of her Divine Son. And the other followers of the Lord, seeing her do that way of the Cross, began to imitate her pious example, continued it after her Assumption and passed the tradition on to the younger generation.

It is easy to believe in that tradition, for it commemorates a custom which was the most natural thing in the world.

The Cross of Christ has ever been dear to Christians. From St. Paul down, it is ever, "Christ and Him Crucified." It thrilled the Saints to heights of sanctity. Blessed Angela of Foligno used to burn with fever at the very sight of a crucifix. The memory of the Cross and Passion was of the very substance of Christianity, and hence it was only natural that the memory



Courtesy of the Grand Central Art Galleries

CHRIST STRIPPED OF HIS GARMENTS

(JEAN-LOUIS FORAIN. 1852-1931)

of those places which Christ made sacred by the impress of His feet, that "ghostly way" as an old writer has it, should ever be kept green. Even in spite of war and consequent confusion, the drama of the Passion was too all-important to have any of the details of its scene forgotten. The enemies of the Cross tried to destroy all memory of it, tried to wipe out all vestige of His footsteps, but in their attempt to obliterate they only made the landmarks more prominent and more secure.

So when, with the reign of Constantine and with the practical service of St. Helena to the cause, there were better facilities for visiting the Holy Places without fear of molestation, a new interest in them sprang up. Calvary became the goal for Christians all over the world. There may be no written historical evidence for this, but the traditional fact is there, nevertheless. Even St. Jerome tells us that in his time crowds of people were coming from every country under the sun to visit the Holy Land.

Yet the idea of a set of Stations as we have them was far in the future. For ten centuries or more the pilgrims to the Holy Places make no mention of any set form of visitation. They just visited the Holy

Places in general. Nevertheless, their pilgrimages were actually a Way of the Cross, since they prayed and meditated at the points which recalled the various mysteries. Indeed, these early pilgrims, who wore the badge of the Cross, might be said to have made a much longer Way of the Cross, since they visited as many as a hundred places in the Holy Land.

SO the manner of visitation continued for many centuries. There was no special Way, but just a list of places that one ought to visit, in which list some of our present fourteen Stations were simply items without any special memento to mark them. In fact, there was no definite order of proceeding before the end of the fifteenth century. And even then, strange to say, the pilgrims used to start with Calvary, and from there proceed through the various points of interest back to Pilate's House, where the Passion had really begun. There was no thought of walking in the footsteps of Jesus, from His Condemnation to His Death. And it was not until 1517 that the Franciscans, who had charge of the Holy Places, arranged things so that the pilgrimages would lead toward Calvary instead of from it.

One sees from this that the growth of the idea of the Stations as a separate devotion grew slowly, for up to that time it was not recognized as such.

But meanwhile the devotion was slowly forming in different parts of Europe. People who had visited the Holy Places never forgot the experience, and people who would never be able to visit Palestine vainly longed for it. If they could not go to the Holy Places, they would bring the Holy Places to them.

SO they began to set up memorials at home, in their convents, in their houses. A Calvary, a scourging pillar, and so on. Naturally, in their individual representations of the incidents of the Passion, there could not be expected to be any uniformity. The incidents commemorated varied as well as the number. In some places there were twenty-five Stations, in other places thirty-two. Thus it was plainly only a private devotion which had no direct connection with the system of pilgrimage in the Holy Land. But, strange to say, it was these home-made pilgrimages that gradually developed into the approved Way of the Cross as we now have it.

Our Way we owe directly to a German priest, named Christian Van Adrichem, who died at Cologne in 1585. In one of his books — "*Theatrum Sanctae Terrae*" — which contained a description of the Holy Land, he had an arrangement of the Way of the Cross. He admits that the idea is not new with him, but that he has borrowed much from the similar devotion fathered by a Carmelite friar of Belgium, Brother Jan Pascha. Brother John, by the way, had never been to Palestine, but lived all his life in Belgium. His system of making the Stations was also borrowed. It was evolved by him out of the devotion of the "Seven Falls," which at the close of the fifteenth century was very popular in Germany and the Netherlands. Hence the immediate ancestry for our Way of the Cross is traced back not to Jerusalem but to Belgium.

It is interesting to note what falls of Jesus were marked. They were: as He crossed the Brook Cedron; on the way to Herod; on the steps of Pilate's house when He was sentenced; at the scourging; at the carrying of the Cross; at the nailing to the Cross; and finally when the Cross was raised to slip into the hole made for it.

Now the importance of the work of Father Adrichem will be understood when we say that his system of making the Stations was taken up by the great Italian missionary, St. Leonard of Port Maurice (1676-1751). Being a Franciscan, he had great devotion to the memory of the Holy Places. Consequently, in season and out he preached devotion to the Way of the Cross. Not only did he erect the Stations in the Coliseum at the command of Pope Benedict XIV (1750), but he actually erected five hundred and seventy-one sets of Stations in all parts of Italy. He also

wrote a book explaining the devotion. Once when St. Leonard was preaching to a gathering of Bishops he said:

"Venerable prelates, do you wish to banish from the midst of your people the vices which dominate them? The means for that is offered to you: the establishment for them of the Way of the Cross; and you will see things change. You will soon be witnesses of the marvelous effects produced by the frequent remembrance of the Passion of Jesus Christ. This devotion is the most excellent, the mother, the queen of all devotions: it is the scourge of sin, the best of all remedies against the contagion of impurity and libertinage. O precious Way of the Cross! Way useful for the just and sinners, for the living and dead, for time and eternity!"

Anima Christi

Translated by
Cardinal Newman

**SOUL of Christ, be my sanctification;
Body of Christ, be my salvation;
Blood of Christ, fill all my veins;
Water of Christ's side, wash out my stains;
Passion of Christ, my comfort be:
O good Jesu, listen to me:
In Thy wounds I fain would hide;
Ne'er to be parted from Thy side;
Guard me, should the foe assail me;
Call me when my life shall fail me;
Bid me to come to Thee above,
With Thy Saints to sing Thy love,
World without end. Amen.**

No doubt it was from St. Leonard that Pope Benedict XIV had acquired some of his enthusiasm for the devotion, although the Popes as a rule had regarded it as the first and most salutary of devotions. So Benedict, in his Bull of 1741, declared the Stations to be "the most efficacious remedy to cure the wounds of conscience which human weakness contracts every day by sin, to dissipate the darkness of the understanding and enlighten it with the purest lights of faith and, finally, to inflame the heart with Divine love."

OF course, Popes had spoken strongly on the matter before Benedict XIV. There is no trace of the granting of any indulgences before the fifteenth century. We find Pope Leo X, in 1520, granting certain partial indulgences to a Franciscan monastery in Antwerp for a set of seven Stations — the Seven Falls — but these are by no means general. Still, little by little the devotion grew. And a strange thing, indeed, it was the manner of making the devotions in Europe that influenced the Franciscans in Jerusalem to make the Stations there agree with the European system. But it is easy to understand how

the devotion would spread more rapidly in Europe, seeing that in Jerusalem there was great interference from the Moslems, who made it quite impossible to have a public Way of the Cross such as is had today.

THUS, none can be surprised at the confusion as to the number and choice of Stations to be meditated on. But such a beautiful idea of meditation on the scenes of Our Lord's Passion was bound to be established in a permanent form for the universal Church. The thing which furthered the devotion most of all was the richness of indulgences it enjoyed. For generations there were innumerable indulgences for visiting the Holy Places. And these indulgences gradually were attached to the Way of the Cross made in Europe.

Thus in 1686 Pope Innocent XI granted to the Franciscans the right to erect Stations in their churches and also granted all indulgences ever given for visiting the Holy Places to the Franciscans and all affiliated to their Order if they made the Way in their own churches. Benedict XIII, 1726, extended the indulgences to everybody, and finally Clement XII in 1731 permitted the Stations to be erected in all churches, but to be erected by a Franciscan. He also settled on the Fourteen Stations. And Finally Benedict XIV, in 1742, urged all priests to erect the Stations in their churches.

Thus the beautiful devotion, through many growing pains, reached maturity. As to the matter of the indulgences attached to the Stations of the Cross, a new decree of our present Holy Father, Pius XI, in 1932, is of supreme importance. Heretofore it was not allowed to any one to say what the indulgences were, since there remained no authentic records of the many indulgences granted through the centuries.

Now all doubts are settled. The Holy Father has decreed: First, that all the faithful who, with contrite heart, make the Way of the Cross as prescribed can gain a plenary indulgence every time it is made. Secondly, a second plenary indulgence can be gained if they receive Communion on the day they make the Way of the Cross, or if they receive Communion within the month after making the Way ten times. A partial indulgence of ten years and ten quarantines is granted for each Station if, after beginning the Way, a reasonable cause prevents the person from finishing it. All that is necessary in order to gain the indulgences is to pass from Station to Station, meditating on the Passion. What a wealth of indulgences! What a glorious devotion!

One sees the Providence of God in the gradual making out of our final system of the Stations. It could not be more perfect. It is a complete drama, where not only Jesus is the chief Character but where we also have a part of no little importance. So in the name of God, with the Sign of the Cross, we take up our cross and follow Him devoutly to the place called Calvary.

Catholic Action *and* Disarmament

By Denis Gwynn

A SITUATION may very possibly arise within the next few months which will place a severe test upon the solidarity of Catholic forces all over Europe, but which may reveal in a most striking way to what extent the present Pope's efforts to organize Catholic Action in every country have proved effective.

The immediate signs of such a development are most apparent in France; but they may very soon have wide reactions in other countries particularly in Germany and Italy. Dissensions may very easily arise on an alarming scale which would weaken the Catholic forces very seriously. But if the new machinery of Catholic Action in the countries concerned proves equal to the strain, the whole world may awaken to the extraordinary progress which has been made by persistent and unobtrusive preparation in recent years.

Briefly, the problem concerns the attitude of Catholics in every country towards the teaching of the Holy Father in regard to international affairs. A storm of most alarming magnitude has been brewing in France on this subject for some time past. This month it has with difficulty been prevented from exploding. I have dealt with the main issues in previous articles, and some repetition may be inevitable.

In regard to international relations (which in the immediate case means disarmament and a final settlement of reparations for the Great War) the Pope has been insistently urging reconciliation and the policy of starting with a clean slate. His public pronouncements have been confined to general principles; but they have been stated with such vigor, and with such obvious reference to actual questions, that rival parties have interpreted them as an official confirmation of their own policies.

"Left" and "Right"

THIS application of the Pope's teaching to practical issues has produced a most serious cleavage among certain Catholic sections in France. There must inevitably be similar conflict of opinion in other countries also. Broadly speaking, the parties of the Left (which are usually suspect among Catholic conservatives because of their anti-clerical associations) argue boldly that the Pope not only exhorts to disarmament and to the suppression of all War memories, but denounces that sort of nationalist patriotism which refuses to treat an enemy country on equal terms. The parties of the Right are usually closely connected with military and ultra-patriotic

movements, and they regard such pacific propaganda as treachery to the country which they cherish.

Foch and de Castelnau

IN France the Catholics of the Right have always been identified with the army and with every measure for guaranteeing France against aggression from abroad. Marshal Foch was a very typical representative of that school, and there never was a more devout and loyal Catholic. But, in fact, Foch was infuriated by the Treaty of Versailles because it failed to permit France to occupy the *whole* line of the river Rhine, which he regarded as France's natural protection against another invasion by Germany. Many other Catholic soldiers shared his views more or less; and among these was the veteran General de Castelnau, who has, since the War, become one of the most prominent organizers of Catholic forces in France.

In 1924, when M. Herriot formed his first government and proceeded to enforce the pre-War laws against the Religious Orders, and to abolish diplomatic representation of France at the Holy See, and to impose the State system of undenominational education upon the schools of Alsace and Lorraine, the Catholics rallied all their forces to resist his plans. A great spontaneous movement arose, under the leadership of General de Castelnau, who became President of the new National Catholic Federation. He was the oldest of the Great War Generals in France, and an old-fashioned conservative in politics. But his magnificent public spirit and devotion to the Church made him an admirable leader, and he has since remained at the head of that great organization.

It was only to be expected that, under his leadership, the Federation would take a strongly "patriotic" view in regard to all controversial questions. But many younger Catholics, and all those whose general sympathies in politics tended towards Liberal views, regarded his leadership with a certain repugnance, once the fight against Herriot's anti-clerical campaign had been won. And of late, when the Pope has repeatedly exhorted to friendship among the nations which fought each other during the War, the Catholics of the Left have advocated concessions, or at any rate conferences, which the Right regard with horror. General de Castelnau's followers have, in fact, accused the Catholics of the Left of treachery to France; while the Catholics of the Left have retorted that

the Right is flouting the deliberate instructions and guidance of the Pope.

Precisely the same conflict of view is to be found in Germany and in Italy, and indeed in almost every country. But if the Pope's teaching is to be really applied as a matter of practical politics, who is to decide exactly what it implies in the special circumstances of every country?

That the Holy Father wishes his teaching to be applied, and most effectively, is beyond all doubt. His Nuncios in the chief capitals, and in every part of the world, are constantly using their personal influence, and mobilizing as much other influence as can be collected, to promote peace and reconciliation, not in the abstract but in actual practice. Yet, when it comes to interpreting the Pope's exhortations in regard to the attitude of political parties and groups, there has hitherto been no direct machinery to control and co-ordinate Catholic effort.

Few people realize, however, what enormous progress has, in fact, been made towards achieving that solidarity of Catholic organization in all countries and towards guiding Catholic opinion everywhere as a result of the Pope's personal efforts. The phrase, "Catholic Action," conveys little to many people. Two years ago it assumed a practical importance when the Italian Government suddenly came into acute conflict with the Holy See, and suppressed many of the Catholic Action societies, raiding and closing down their headquarters. Even then the Pope pointed out that Catholic Action was, in fact, more fully organized in certain other countries than in Italy; and the process of organization has proceeded very rapidly since in many countries.

French Catholic Action

IN France especially it has reached a most important stage of development; and in the last few weeks it has been able to prevent what might have been a really fierce public controversy between the Catholics of the Right and of the Left. Less than two years ago, at the annual meeting of the French Cardinals and Archbishops, it was decided to form a central directorate for all Catholic Action in France. Before long a central council of four members was appointed, to hold office for three years, with its headquarters in Paris. The chairman, or "general secretary," of this executive council is the Vicar General of Paris. He has an ecclesiastical assessor from the diocese of Ver-

sailles; a lay assessor, M. Henry Reverdy, one of the most eminent Catholic lawyers in Paris, and a fourth member, as Procurator General, who is the head of the Basilica of the Sacred Heart on Montmartre.

This council meets once a week, and it was commissioned to appoint various auxiliary committees to deal with such special subjects as the Press or education or social questions or other matters. These committees, in direct collaboration with the Central Council, form a sort of General Headquarters Staff for all Catholic Action in France. Their functions are to keep the hierarchy informed of all Catholic activities, to coordinate such activities everywhere, to watch every movement or development that may concern Catholic Action, and especially to foster the spiritual side of the whole Catholic revival. Within less than two years the new organization has made most remarkable progress. It has done much to coordinate and prevent duplication of activities, and it has provided a central direction of the most expert and authoritative character for the whole Catholic movement.

Not the least important of its functions is to issue the general instructions of the hierarchy on special matters. As such, it has acquired an immediate status as the central authority to which all disputed matters must be referred. So, in the past month, it has been able to issue a stern warning to the whole Catholic Press, and to all Catholic societies, that public discussion of the present controversy must not take place. Had this authority not existed, we might well have witnessed an open quarrel between General de Castelnau's National Catholic Federation and the *Association Catholique de la Jeunesse Française* (which may be loosely translated as the Catholic Young Men's Society).

The Cardinal of Lille

IN the meantime, some of the most important leaders of the hierarchy have issued strong appeals for peace and union among all Catholics. They have protested specially against the insinuations that those who have striven to interpret the Pope's teaching on disarmament and reconciliation are guilty of treason to France or even lacking in patriotism. Foremost among these eminent interpreters of the Holy Father's wishes is Cardinal Liénart, the Bishop of Lille, who was made a Cardinal within a few months of his consecration as bishop a few years ago. He had been tireless in organizing the Catholic trade-union movement, and his elevation to the Cardinalate was a clear sign of the Pope's approval for his social reform work and propaganda.

In a solemn appeal for clear-thinking and for mutual charity in regard to this new dispute concerning the Pope's teaching on international relations, Cardinal Liénart has made statements which cannot fail to have wide effect among Catholics in

Germany. He begins by pointing out that formerly there were similar disputes concerning Catholic social reform. Those who then attempted to act upon the Pope's teaching were denounced as agitators or as sentimental instigators of industrial unrest. Now the dispute turns upon the true conception of patriotic duty. The Cardinal's statements, especially in the present circumstances in France, are so significant that I quote them at some length.

A Solemn Warning

"THERE is certainly no question," he declares, "of renouncing our patriotism. The duty of loving one's country has its place among the commandments which enjoin love of the family and love of one's neighbor. There is no fear that the Church will ever alter its teaching regarding our duty towards France. Nevertheless it cannot remove from the catechism that other duty, which is sometimes so difficult to get accepted and to explain—the duty to love one's enemies. . . . No, it is no treason to follow the teaching of the Church without any qualification. Our duty is to avoid minimizing its teaching, to avoid letting ourselves be dominated by ready-made theories which disfigure the true face of Catholicism. Let us, therefore, be allowed to love our enemies beyond our frontiers. That is a doctrine which the bishops on the other side of the Alps and on the banks of the Spree must also teach. How could I, for my part, be dispensed from the same duty? I cannot demand that they should do their duty unless I myself have the courage to do mine. Everywhere, and at all times, the teaching of the Church and of the Gospel lies upon us.

"If we strive to make heard our voices as Catholics, without, in the slightest degree, mitigating the ardor of our own patriotism, we shall know that in propagating the ideas of peace we are serving our own country's interests. Our own country will, indeed, be better defended by a crusade for peace than by the most absolute guarantees of security. . . .

"Even if we must face being misunderstood, and even suspected, our obligation to pursue our mission of peace would be none the less. What really matters in this case is to know how to defend, and put forward dispassionately, the Church's teaching and the truth, and to do so by winning the confidence of others; since truth and charity are two sisters, well made to understand each other.

"Nor would I wish that, inasmuch as there are among Catholics different ways of thinking, anyone should come to denouncing as non-Catholics, and to discrediting, those of the clergy or of the faithful or of groups who, on free but controversial subjects, do not think the same as others do. For myself I feel it to be my duty to act as the father of a family in regard to those of his children who see

with different eyes from his, but who retain his confidence and his love. By dissensions or mutual suspicions we ourselves would ruin our action, and incur the blame of having created obstacles to the diffusion of the kingdom of Christ around us."

Those who have not previously followed the public utterances and activities of Cardinal Liénart will recognize in that most important statement the fine quality and high courage which make him one of the most notable and vital figures of the younger generation among the hierarchy of France. When one remembers the close interest with which the Holy Father has followed his efforts for social reform and for international reconciliation, one cannot but wonder whether he has been authorized to give a lead in the present critical moment at the outset of the Holy Year. Is his statement indeed the prelude to a wider concerted movement in other countries also?

I have mentioned in previous articles the close resemblance between the ultra-nationalist teaching and attitudes of the *Action Française* which the Pope has condemned so strongly, and those of Hitler's National Socialist party in Germany. In both movements racial hatred is preached as a patriotic duty. In both it is assumed as undeniable that France and Germany can never regard each other except as foes, and that sooner or later a war of revenge must take place.

In France the ultra-nationalists of the *Action Française* have been condemned by the Holy See, and excommunicated with the most stringent prohibitions against any active support of their movement or their newspaper. It would seem inevitable that, if their movement does not fizzle out, the German ultra-nationalists will incur a similar condemnation for the same reasons.

The Hitler Decline

ACTUALLY Hitler's movement has in the past few months been losing ground with great rapidity. Many of its chief leaders have either resigned or been removed temporarily from their positions of authority. An open conflict within the movement has developed so fast that reconciliation between Hitler and his opponents seems almost impossible. If that cleavage results in a rapid collapse of the whole movement, which has come to life so quickly under most abnormal circumstances, then it may well be that the Holy Father will totally ignore it; proving once again that the Vatican never fails to be justified in taking a long view and in refusing to provoke controversy over transient phases.

In any event such statements as Cardinal Liénart has issued (and there have been others by less prominent though extremely influential bishops to the same effect) must help enormously in allaying racial hatreds on the German side of the Rhine. If Catholic Action in Germany

can mobilize all the Catholic forces of that country as effectively as Catholic Action in France is already organizing them, then, indeed, the Church will have exerted a far greater influence than any other power in the modern world could exert. It is no exaggeration to say that the modern Popes still exercise over all the world a far greater influence than any other moral influence of any kind.

Compared with the League of Nations—which is at times hailed with delight for its successes, and at others sinks into discredit because of its failure to do what no such body could achieve—the Papacy is incomparably the stronger influence. Moreover, while the prestige and authority of the League of Nations has diminished greatly in the past year owing to the troubles between China and Japan, which it has been unable to suppress, the influence of the Papacy has grown steadily. It will be far greater than it has been for

years past if Catholic Action really becomes a coherent and vigorous organization in every country, acting under vigorous and representative leadership in direct contact with the Holy See.

The Pope's Record

ABOVE all, that influence will be greater than ever owing to the Pope's decision to proclaim a Holy Year in 1933. Nothing else could have so effectively focussed the attention of all the world upon the Vatican, or could have provided such an extraordinary stimulus to Catholic Action and Catholic piety. One cannot but marvel at the amazing vitality and genius of the present Holy Father who, after eleven years of killing work in Rome, has launched the most ambitious and most exacting effort which even he has yet attempted. Years of preparation have gone to it while he has been immersed in so many cares and urgent duties that no

one could have expected any mortal man to initiate anything on so immense a scale.

Yet, the same Pope has earned the title of "Pope of the Foreign Missions" by his complete reorganization of missionary policy. He is the Pope who has settled the Roman Question and secured the creation of the Vatican City State, with sovereign right on his own territory. He is the Pope who has founded three universities and reorganized the whole system of higher education in Rome. His encyclicals on Social Reform, on Christian Marriage and on Education would alone have earned him immortality in the splendid history of the Papacy. He has, for ten years been also the Pope of Peace and Reconciliation. And now, with undiminished energy and foresight, and calm but rapid decision, he has brought into being the greatest system of Catholic organization in all countries which has existed since before the Reformation.

FRONTS: MORAL *and* HISTORICAL

By J. Desmond Gleeson

THE Catholic, when he pauses to take stock of the world, is struck with the number of contradictory currents that all seem to be flowing at the same time. There are, at once, break-downs and recoveries, movements which tell heavily against the progress of the Faith, and other movements of quite a different kind that are certainly not hindering, but very probably helping to familiarize men's minds with Catholicity.

Furthermore, the movements that are directed against the spreading of right ideas, which are, in fact, diminishing their effectiveness, are far more on the surface and obvious to all, whereas those which are working in our favor are often deep below the surface and not to be seen unless they are especially looked for.

The whole problem is essentially complicated, a series of risings and fallings both taking place together, so that it is almost impossible to say whether, at any given time, the "ups" or the "downs" predominate. Only the actions can be seen, but they are of two sorts.

The two things that stand out most plainly in the life of to-day are: (1) the Moral Breakdown, which is apparent in what we still call from force of habit Christian life and (2) the effect of the Economic Blizzard upon ordinary, everyday existence.

As to the first, the steady decline and crumbling away of the old Christian ideals

is a fact that can scarcely be missed. Those things that were once guarded by Sacraments and held as sacred, even by those who believed neither in sacraments nor in grace, are rapidly losing their meaning.

SO strong was the religious sentiment around matrimony, for instance, a sentiment that retained its flavor long after the Reformation had taken away its sacred character, that a bare generation ago the permanence of the marriage contract was assumed by all. Today that permanence is gone.

Divorce is knocking marriage off its normal balance. It is not that marriage has grown uncommon; in one sense, indeed, it is a great deal too common. It is simply that divorce is also common, and as the two are in reality direct contraries, the very fact of their existing side by side in a civilized society shows that the civilization of that society is in danger.

The point is really stronger still, since divorce is not a state, but a stage. It is a slight halting stage in a deliberate progress. As a general rule it is a stage towards marriage at the same time as it is a stage from marriage. Divorce has actually made marriage more plentiful, as if the individual, dissatisfied with one set of circumstances, rushes headlong into the same set of circumstances once more.

But the tragedy, even from the worldly

point of view, is that more marriages mean less marriage, and the more the parts, the less they equal the whole.

Side by side with the loosening of the marriage vow and its effect upon the family life of today, there goes a lack of regard for the life of the individual. Human existence is losing its sacred character. In some measure must the Great War be held responsible for this; an event which undoubtedly helped to cheapen the value of life. But still more may the automobile be called the culprit.

THE War, after all, was confined to a certain area, even though the space might be termed ample for its purpose. But the automobile is by its nature unconfined, and takes its toll of human life with the same happy recklessness in all parts. The yearly total of deaths brought about by gasoline already reaches a ghastly figure and will probably be augmented in the future.

But whatever the cause, it is increasingly true that men pause less now before taking human life because it is human life. Deeds of violence grow daily more frequent and the reason for them less convincing. Often violence for the sake of violence seems to be regarded as its own excuse. There is a growing carelessness, or contempt, for man felt by his fellow creatures, a willingness to make human targets the mark at which to shoot.

Some decency has been torn from life when such should be possible. An earlier and less civilized stage of society has been reached when the gangster goes about spitting bullets, and over great tracts of country the robber baron has once more set up his fortress which he uses as his center for marauding expeditions. The automatic has shot the hands of the clock back to an age before there were automatics.

Much more might be said about the Moral Breakdown from the point of view of the Rights of Citizens, which, scarcely more than a century ago, were considered as finally settled by Republicans, and yet which have become quite unsettled since then. The whole point, however, is that the Christian instinct which kept these things in check has now become lost, and where Christianity fails uncontrolled human nature will out.

As to the Economic Blizzard, one might imagine that the shattering of so many earthly hopes might lead to the cultivation of less earthly hopes. The truth is, however, that despair comes in somewhere between the two and takes possession of the individual.

Great catastrophes in the past have almost invariably led to a weakening of faith. In the case of the Black Death, for instance, in the fourteenth century, that disastrous event sent the Faith to the very lowest point it reached in Catholic times. It fell upon a Europe which was wholly Catholic and carried off one-third to one-half of the entire population.

Generally speaking, those who were spared had lost the firm hold on their faith, and this condition made their descendants an easy prey to the Reformation that happened about a century later. Instead of strengthening by suffering, the people were very considerably weakened by it and the Church sustained a shock from which it hardly recovered.

Viewing the Black Death as a rather rough sort of parallel, then, it may be assumed that the current economic depression is not likely to improve the world's stock of faith nor to assist the doubtful type of doubter along the path that leads to Rome.

I have taken the two most noticeable appearances of today and asked, what is their most probable relation to the great Catholic movement in the world? Their relation is quite definitely hostile. They provide no help, but rather a hindrance. What, then, may be placed on the other side, what particular force is now helpful to the establishment of the Church's claims?

THE most striking help the Faith is receiving to-day comes from what I will call, for want of a better title, the Historical Recovery. For one thing is really happening all over the world—the Catholic past is being made plain to modern man. A few years ago there was no history of the Catholic Ages available to the ordinary

individual, and certainly none such in the English tongue.

For over a generation scholars have now been at work digging up that past and presenting it to the amazement of their readers. The ancient lies are vanishing one by one. The early and easy gibes now ring as hollow as a fairy tale to the adult. The work has been going on steadily in all quarters, and God knows there were enough quarters waiting to be explored.

FROM a completely anti-Catholic historical outlook, the general reader is beginning to realize that there are at least two sides to the story and that the second, and newer side, is supported by better argument, better documentation and greater probability.

The historical front has been largely recovered. That does not mean that men are any more convinced of the truths of Catholic dogma, but it does mean that the Catholic swings back into the importance of the person who has truth on his side.

This business, as I say, of revaluing historic decisions and replacing the first conclusion with a second and more accurate one, is a process that is going on everywhere. The old tales about the Spanish conquest of America, for example, are now tales that have lost their point.

A truer version is available and one that is taking the place of the crude, melodramatic account but recently in vogue. Prescott and Motley have largely lost their prestige. Motley, especially, who never had a European view of a single European situation, has failed to keep his place. His "Dutch Republic" is simply out of date because the writer's prejudice and provincialism made hay of all his labor and learning.

A newer and much less faded vision is coming over the world. It is in such works as W. T. Walsh's "Isabella of Spain" that you catch its reflection. But the point is that the reflection is now coming from

so many sides and illuminating so many periods in the history of the Christian races.

King among the new line of historians, of course, stands Mr. Belloc, who is so widely known for the truth he has established in so many and such varied fields, that it is almost unnecessary to speak of them. He has lighted many a dark patch in the past, but he has cornered no corners. Rather has he given a ground-work and a start to those who elect to come after him, concentrating on separate parts of his vast canvass.

On the very important point of the later Middle Ages, more especially in France, D. B. Wyndham Lewis has directed his fine scholarship and "King Spider" is likely to remain a standard work of the period. Christopher Hollis, again, has taken up several lines of historical study and his latest work on the subject of "St. Ignatius" and the real significance of the Jesuits in the counter-Reformation, will scarcely fail to knock a little history into the heads of his contemporaries.

Still further, we have J. B. Morton taking up the tale from the Polish point and putting both that country and its great king, Sobieski, on the historical map once more. And may I add, modestly, in conclusion my own little work "The Tragedy of the Stuarts," which seeks to expound the true story of the fall of the institution of the Monarchy in England.

THE names above are, of course, picked as they occur to the mind. They are only a few, though a whole crowd might be given. The truth is that we are regaining the past, step by step. On the other hand, as I have indicated above, the present is being lost, step by step. The two things may not balance and you certainly cannot make out an account of loss and gain. But it is comforting, while one front is giving way, to know that the other is going forward.

Up the Mountain—By Michael Earls, S. J.

HERE is a lad with two little fishes,
Another who brings five loaves of bread:
Can these suffice our hopes and wishes,
When throngs by thousands need to be fed?

In from the farm and along the city,
Deserting the prairie and urging Broadway,
Eyes though bewildered ask not pity,
But only the answer for bread this day.

Up, little lads with your loaves and fishes,
Up to the hungry multitude:
Christ can multiply words and wishes,
And feed man's yearning deeper than food.

And twelve full baskets will attend us,
When the mountain bounty has sufficed:
The way, the truth, the life defend us,
When life walks truly the ways of Christ.

CHRIST AND SIX

By Alfred J. Barrett, S. J. COLLEGIANS

"O WORLD invisible, we view thee!" sings the poet, standing in the traffic whirl at Charing Cross. And he chooses the embankment of London's river, with its dark and polluted eddies sucking at the wharves of commerce, for his vision of Christ walking on the water, "not of Gennesareth, but Thames."

Francis Thompson was able to find for himself in London streets "Christ, yesterday, today and the same forever." But that was London, and he was a poet. This story deals with modern, hard-headed collegians, not with poets; with three young men and three young women who might conceivably relish the moon and soft music, but would shy at Thompson's mystical musing; who had never heard of Jacob's ladder pitched between Heaven and Charing Cross. That they would consider to be the province, not of mystics, but of the fire department. This is the story of six collegians, from as many colleges, who set out, in their own way, to find Christ where they most often found themselves, in the modern home, in their

literary interests, at the banquet table—in every haunt and hideaway of contemporary life.

The good old Greek word *symposium* means, it is whispered, a drinking bout. But so familiar have magazines made the term that there were few misgivings when the Student Sodality Conference of Western New York, Pennsylvania and Ontario (a name worthy for sonority of a trans-continental railroad) announced through its tiny organ, *Mariana*, "the smallest newspaper on earth for the greatest cause in Heaven," the presentation by its College Council of a symposium on the human character of Christ.

Something in the Mass for the feast of St. Peter Canisius, S. J. (the Buffalo college which bears his name, as president of the Sodality Conference, chairmanned the symposium), shows what manner of drinking bout this was, and how Catholicism has assimilated this Bacchanalian word, as if a crucifix were carved from the laurel trees of Hellas.

"You shall draw water with joy," says

the Communion of that Mass, "from the fountains of the Savior." *To know Christ more intimately, that we may love Him more ardently and follow Him more closely*, was the professed aim of the symposium, as printed on the program—a dipping into the fountains of the Savior which had for its further purpose 'the sharing of the apostolic cup with others.

ON the campus of Webster College, St. Louis, during the first Sodality Summer School of Catholic Action in August, 1931, the western New York delegates put their heads together. The symposium project took shape as a definite climax for a year of sodality activity, planned to lead, in the words of the sodality slogan, *ad Jesum per Mariam* (to Jesus through Mary).

Out of the thirty schools united together in the Sodality Conference, six are of collegiate character. "The Model of Perfect Manhood," as the symposium was entitled, gave six collegians a chance to meet on other terms than prom or gridiron afforded. Athletic rivalries were renewed



LEFT TO RIGHT: PAUL E. HARRIS, CANISIUS COLLEGE, CHAIRMAN; WINIFRED MALONEY, D'YOUVILLE COLLEGE; CHARLES A. BRADY, CANISIUS COLLEGE; CATHERINE RYAN, MERCYHURST COLLEGE; ROBERT HOPKINS, NIAGARA UNIVERSITY; MILDRED BURKE, NAZARETH COLLEGE; FRANCIS O'MALLEY, ST. BONAVENTURE'S COLLEGE; REV. ALFRED J. BARRETT, S. J., ADVISOR

last year between western New York's "Little Three": Niagara University, St. Bonaventure's College and Canisius College. The symposium sealed this reunion by bringing together a triumvirate of Pauline athletes, the most representative speaker chosen from each of these colleges.

Mercyhurst College of Erie, Pa., Nazareth College of Rochester, and D'Youville College of Buffalo offered three girl speakers to round out the group of six. The assemblage in itself was a tribute to the spirit of harmony existing among our Catholic educators, as well as a veritable league of religious communities, for the above colleges are conducted respectively, in the order named, by Vincentians, Franciscans, Jesuits, Sisters of Mercy, Sisters of St. Joseph and Gray Nuns of the Sacred Heart.

On the appointed evening, an audience of 700 persons, many of them older people recruited by press and pulpit announcements, filled the Knights of Columbus Auditorium on Delaware Avenue, Buffalo, to hear the first of six scheduled presentations in five cities of "The Model of Perfect Manhood—A Symposium on the Human Character of Our Lord Jesus Christ."

The stage was set like a drawing-room—palms, deep wicker chairs, two comfortable lounges. Soon three couples strolled on and sat chatting together, while the musical program, which later was to boast two harp solos (by some freak all the speakers had Irish names) got under way. The men wore tuxedos and the girls formal gowns, for an accurate notion of which the interested reader is referred to a photograph published herewith, though the general impression persists that one was white, one black and the third blue.

PEOPLE gasped a bit when the three couples walked on the stage. Dressed for the dance floor, smiling, these were unconventional apologists indeed. But there was a note of quiet dignity and the slow pulse of a bridled enthusiasm throbbing in their tones as they warmed to their subject, "The Model of Perfect Manhood." Three young women painted verbal pictures, in low, well-trained voices, of "Christ's Human Appearance," "Christ and Women," and "Christ at a Wedding." The three young men were bent on showing to the world "Christ the Litterateur," "Christ the Manly Man," and "Christ, Yesterday and Today." This was an apologetic that did not deaden, that came from lips which a loving interest in Christ's sacred manhood had made eloquent.

Sceptics will fear a Bruce Barton *tour de force*, the lure of apocryphal myths, of dangerous originality in such a popularization. Facts, however, were insisted upon in the preparation of the speeches. Worthwhile books had been put in the way of the six collegians: the works of Fillion, Maas and De Grandmaison; Archbishop Good-

ier's "Model of Manhood," "Man of Sorrows," and "The Public Life"; such volumes as "The Humanity of Jesus," by Meschler, "Christ Our Brother," by Karl Adam, Father Plus's little books and "Men and Manners in the Days of Christ," by Arendzen. Taken together, a formidable array. But all of the speakers, under the guidance of their respective faculties, were able to draw enough from one or other of these works to make their discussions flavorful of the intellectual tang possessed by such stimulating writers; they were careful, at the same time, that, in their dipping into the fountains of the Savior, the waters should retain the clarity of truth.

BUT the original touches by the speakers were numerous and striking. "One of the hall marks of a great author," said the young man who talked on Christ the Litterateur, "is his power of epigram. Nineteen hundred years ago Christ called to an angry mob: 'Let him that is without sin cast the first stone.' And like a stone cast into the pool of ages, the echoes of that saying have widened out and out, until only last summer they reached the ears of a certain celebrated New York columnist, sickened at heart and wearied unto death at the indifferent quality of the plays then trooping into town. Memorable lines are lines that may be parodied. So down sits Walter Winchell and taps out for an expectant audience: 'Let him that is without sin stone the first cast.' And the world laughed to hear their jester twist the words of his King."

Father LeBuffe, in the pages of last August's issue of THE SIGN, spoke of the stimulating intellectual sessions conducted by the college group at the Chicago Sodality Convention in June, 1932. He said that the secret behind a successful sodality is this: plenty of room for *personal* initiative on the part of the sodalists themselves. Experience shows that many spiritual projects planned by collegiate authorities lose their appeal for the collegian because they reflect small confidence in his capacity and differ little from the tin-foil collecting of his grade-school days. In the symposium, the collegians felt that they had a

spiritual project geared to their capacities and their interests, one which did not rob them of intellectual self-respect. Feeling this, they did the rest.

It was the verdict of sixty-five spiritual counsellors, gathered in Chicago for the four-day Men Directors' Meeting (also spoken of last August in these pages) that youth needs inspiration, a spirituality that lives, but, at the same time, wants no bed-time stories. It needs an illumination of the heart of our Faith, but not of a pseudo-romantic kind. The directors felt that too often the *fascinatio nugacitatis*, the fascination of trifles, is far more tellingly presented than the *fascinatio Christi* (the fascination of Christ), that religion to the eyes of youth is dull, and the world is very beautiful. The six collegians came to realize that in studying the character of Christ they were handling something tremendously appealing, something that reached out for the heart, like the false trifles that tugged at their affections, but which had the added advantage of being true.

Finally, these collegians made the discovery that it was possible to have a good time in a religious way, that they were elevating the social relationship to a spiritual plane. The first presentation over, they traveled (on odd holidays) somewhat after the Fashion of Henri Ghèon's troupe of actors, *Les Troubadours de Notre Dame*, to Rochester, Erie, Niagara Falls and into Ontario to repeat "The Model of Perfect Manhood." The Most Rev. John Mark Gannon, D. D., Bishop of Erie, attended the showing at Mercyhurst College with twenty of the clergy. He praised and encouraged the sodality movement on the strength of the evening's performance, and expressed interest in the symposium planned for 1933 on "The Romance of Holy Mass."

AFTER His Excellency's ten-minute speech of felicitation, six collegians climbed into a machine for the homeward drive of eighty miles. Sleepy laughter trailed from the speeding car as it vanished down the lake-shore road. And lo!—out on the broad expanse of moonlit blue—Christ walking on the water, not of Genesareth, but Lake Erie.

The Way of the Cross—By Florence Gilmore

WHEN sunset smiled on his long day
Great Titian said, with thankful heart,
"From heaven nought have I received
But joy in life and fame in art."

But who would envy such a fate?
All garish day, with no dim night
Of tender shadows, star-lit griefs,
And eager tryst with morning's light.

He could not know, or even dream,
'Tis good to suffer with our King;
And sorrowless, how could he learn
The sweetness of Christ's comforting?

PIETY PLAYS *with* NAMES

By Hugh T. Henry, Litt.D.

LET us consider, first of all, the Name that is above all other names—JESUS. Rather a stilted pedantry tells us that Jesus means "the Salvation of Jehovah." But both Catholic and Protestant scholars render the Holy Name's meaning in English by "Savior." We recall that the angel who removed the anxiety of St. Joseph, bade him call the Child's name Jesus, and forthwith added the reason for that name: "For He shall save His people from their sins." (*Matt. 1:21*.)

The Latin word for Savior is *Salvator*. We, accordingly, find Latin hymns which declare in their first line the angelic interpretation of Jesus: *Jesu Salvator sæculi* ("Jesus, the Savior of the world"). A dozen Protestant hymns also do this; e. g.: "Jesus, my Savior and my King," "Jesus, my Savior, bind me fast."

In this connection we may recall that Charles Wesley's famous hymn, "Jesus, Lover of my Soul," was met by the criticism that "Lover" was too familiar a title to apply to the Supreme Lord. Some revisers accordingly wrote this first line: "Jesus, Savior of my soul." This alteration brought the hymn into closer imitation of the Latin hymns whose first line I have just quoted above.

The change was, of course, happy enough in its translation of Jesus by the word Savior. But the reason for the change was not that pious playing with the meaning of "Jesus" which I wished to intimate in the title of this paper. The reason was the avoidance of a tender expression (Lover) which, says Julian, "was felt by many to be beneath the solemn dignity of a hymn addressed to the Divine Being. Attempts have been made to increase the reverence of the opening line by the sacrifice of its pathos and poetry"; and he recalls that: "In the *Wisdom of Solomon* (xi, 26), we read: 'But Thou sparest all, for they are Thine, O Lord, Thou *Lover* of souls.'"

Cardinal Wiseman had long before defended the childlike approach of Catholic piety in its prayers to our Savior by noting that Anglican prayers appear to "memorialize" the Almighty rather than beseech His kindness, as His children do in the Catholic Church, with loving freedom. And Father Faber, become a Catholic, emphasizes the thought thus:

O Jesus, Jesus, dearest Lord,
Forgive me if I say
For very love, Thy sacred Name
A thousand times a day.

The craft of this wise world of ours
Poor wisdom seems to me:
O Jesus, Jesus, I have grown
Childish with love of Thee!

I DO not know that it is quite correct to style the vernacular rendering of the Holy Name as "Savior" (or, in Latin, *Salvator*) as a pious playing with the adorable Name of Jesus. Howbeit, let us now turn to the name of Our Lady, Mary. In Latin, this is *Maria*. What does the word Mary really mean? There has been expended upon this question a vast amount of learning, and the result has been something like seventy different answers. Among these we find St. Bernard, in his second homily on St. Luke's Gospel (i. 26), remarking:

"It is said: 'And the Virgin's name was Mary.' Let us speak a few words upon this name, which signifieth, being interpreted, 'Star of the Sea,' and suiteth very well the Maiden Mother, who may very meetly be likened unto a star. A star giveth forth her rays without any harm to herself, and the Virgin brought forth her Son without any hurt to her Virginity. The light of a star taketh nothing away from the star itself, and the birth of her offspring took away nothing from the Virginity of Mary. She is that noble star which was to come out of Jacob (*Numbers*, xxiv. 17), whose brightness still sheddeth luster upon all the earth, whose rays are most brilliant in Heaven, and shine even unto Hell, lighting up earth midway, and warming souls rather than bodies, fostering good and scaring away evil. She, I say, is a clear and shining star, twinkling with excellencies, and resplendent with example, needfully set to look down upon the surface of this great and wide sea."

Into the Saint's exquisite exhortation to profit by the tender implications of our "Star of the Sea," I may not enter now. The beautiful rhetoric of his succeeding words is not changed in any of its just appeals simply because his interpretation of the meaning of Our Lady's name is a mistaken one. Neither is the most lovely Latin hymn which, in the various Breviary Offices of Our Lady, comes so often to our ears, namely the *Ave Maris Stella* (Hail, Star of the Sea), to be regarded with the cold pedantry of philological scholarship, because the word *stella* (star) was most probably *stilla* (drop) in a text of St. Jerome's upon which St. Bernard may have based his interpretation.

A footnote in the Marquess of Bute's

translation of the Roman Breviary into English tells us, apropos of St. Bernard's lovely exposition, that if the word MRYM "be Hebrew (which is itself uncertain), the meaning lying upon the surface would be (not *Stella* but) *Stilla* Maris, 'Drop-of-the-Sea' or 'Wild-sea-spray' a very elegant name for a virgin, as implying the idea of sparkling freshness and incorruptibility. And that St. Jerome really wrote *Stilla* instead of *Stella* seems the more probable, because he expressly rejects the meaning *Illuminatrix Maris*, 'Light-of-the-Sea.'"

Let us glance at the celebrated hymn. Its first stanza is:

*Ave Maris Stella
Dei Mater alma,
Atque semper Virgo,
Felix cali porta.*

Nearly every line in its seven stanzas is a separate prayer, marvelously condensed within the narrowest spatial limits. Nevertheless, it has a score of translations into English alone. One of these begins:

Ave, Star of Ocean,
Child-Divine who bearest,
Mother, Ever-Virgin
Heaven's Portal fairest.

Another rendering, however, gives us full rhyming:

Hail, Sea-Star we name thee,
Ever-Maid acclaim thee,
God His Mother, Portal
To the life immortal.

PERHAPS it is not necessary to conjecture that St. Bernard, whose wonderful activities belong to the first half of the twelfth century, harked back to a text of St. Jerome in order to get his interpretation of Mary as "Star-of-the-Sea," since the famous hymn *Ave Maris Stella* dates back to the ninth century.

Let philologists discuss the possible meanings of the mysterious word MRYM as they will, this hymn is going to remain unchanged (we may well expect) down the coming centuries. It is one of the very few Latin hymns of the Divine Office which the *Correctores* (revisers) of the Breviary hymns, in the interests of classicism, spared from their classical revision, doubtless because of its really marvelous condensation of thought and phrase, and of its immense popularity and rhythmic beauty.

And, so, we shall continue to address

Our Lady in this hymn as Star of the Sea. And churches at various seaside resorts will continue to be built under the patronage of our Lady, Star of the Sea.

We find in this full title of so many churches the element, "Our Lady." This is the ordinary way of referring to the Blessed Virgin Mary. It is strongly marked in the very title of Father Bridgett's volume, *Our Lady's Dowry*. But "Lady," or its equivalent, "mistress," is one of the many interpretations of "Mary."

We, accordingly, find in some Latin hymns in Mary's honor that her name is not mentioned, but is interpretatively implied (just as it is not mentioned but is implied, in the *Ave Maris Stella*). In a fourteenth-century hymn honoring our Lady's sorrows, the selection for Lauds begins: *O gloriosa Domina* ("O glorious Lady"). The doxology of the previously sung Matins hymn made the allusion clear. Its first two lines are:

*Sit honor, laus, devotio
Jhesu Mariae Filio—*

Be praise and honor done
To Jesus, Mary's Son—

A MANUSCRIPT of the twelfth century begins a hymn in honor of our Lady with the line: *O gloriosa Domina*. The *Correctores Breviarii* under Pope Urban the Eighth amended the hymn very greatly in order to put it into classical Latin meter, and, so, we now have the first line altered to *O gloriosa Virginum*. It seems a pity that the significant word *Domina* had to be omitted in this process of elegant classicism.

There are said to be some three score and ten interpretations of the name of Mary. Two of these stand out with prominence in the Breviary, namely *Stella Maris* and *Domina*; and these two are said to be the only interpretations found therein. I trust my readers will be as much pleased as I was at finding a hymn that dates back to the last quarter of the thirteenth century, and that associates these two interpretations, together with the *Maria* itself, in its two opening lines:

*Ave mundi Domina
Stella Maris, Maria—*

(Hail, Mistress of the world, Star of the Sea, Maria.)

But next let us turn our attention to a delightful play on the name of Mary fashioned by the Anglican parson-poet of the seventeenth century, George Herbert. He formed an anagram out of the name:

How well her name an ARMY doth
present,
In whom the Lord of Hosts did pitch His
tent!

Play but slightly with the letters in the name of Mary, and you get Army, without

addition, subtraction, multiplication, but with merely division. I am wondering if Herbert were thinking of the Canticle of Canticles: "Thou art beautiful, O my love, sweet and comely as Jerusalem: terrible as an army set in array" (vi. 3).

I have said that Mary is a mysterious name, and the fact of seventy different interpretations of its meaning would appear to justify this view. Its four letters, MRYM, permit of various vowel insertions. We find such variants as these: *Miriam* (Hebrew), *Mariam* (Septuagint, Greek), *Maria* (Latin), *Maryam* (Syriac), *Mariamne* (Greek). And its origin is possibly Egyptian (derived from *Meri*, *Meryl*, meaning *beloved*). Father Maas, S. J., argues that "it is antecedently probable that God should have chosen for Mary a name suitable to her high dignity," and concludes his discussion of the name with the declaration: "Mary means therefore *The beautiful* or *The perfect one*." But the name still remains, I think, mysterious.

There has been much pious playing with the name. One commentator noted that in Hebrew the name has four letters (MRYM) just as the name of Jehovah has four (YHWH), and that as *Jehovah* was the name not to be spoken by the Jews, so neither was *Mary* uttered by St. Gabriel in his first salutation: *Ave, gratia plena*, and *Mary* was not uttered by him until a certain amount of familiarity had developed, as it were, and then only did the

Angel say: "Fear not, Mary. . . ." Assuredly, pious playing!

St. Bonaventure found symbolism in the seven mentions of the Blessed Virgin's name in Sacred Scripture, "in order to signify the seven virtues which shone grandly in her, and which are the opposites of the seven capital vices." He notes the seven instances and draws out their implications.

THE Blessed Jordan of Saxony found symbolism in the five letters in *Maria* taken successively, and composed a Salutation in her honor, which comprised five psalms or canticles. Thus M stood for the *Magnificat*; A, for Psalm 119 (*Ad Dominum*); R, for Psalm 118 (*Retribue*); I, for Psalm 125 (*In convertendo*); A, for Psalm 122 (*Ad te levavi*). To each letter he added an antiphon and the Angelical Salutation. These made a lovely Salutation to Mary,

Another pious commentator noted that the name of *Maria* has five letters in various tongues: Latin, Greek, Egyptian, Syriac, and others; and declares this fact quite significant, and not wanting in mystery. M stands for Mother of Mercy, Mediatrix of the world; A, for Advocate; R, for Repairer of ruin (*Reparatrix ruinae*); I, for Illumination (of the Church, whether militant or triumphant); A, for Assister (*Auxiliatrix infirmitatis nostrae*, or Helper in our infirmity). Pious plays can be found a-plenty!

A Beggarman's Blessing

By John Desmond Sheridan

ONLY a beggarman's blessing,
Only a beggarman's prayer
That went soaring up to the Heavens
And claimed an audience there.

Only that God might guard me,
And keep from me every day
The pain and the cold and the hunger
That come the beggarman's way.

That Mary, His Mother, might watch me.
And Joseph be always my friend,
To stand by my bed when the summons comes
And comfort me at the end.

The massed choirs of the Heavens
Forgot for a second to sing
As the courier passed through the outer courts
To the White Throne of the King.

When I stand at the Bar of Judgment
And the scales are heavy with sin
If Peter throws on the beggarman's prayer
I think I might scramble in.

BERNADETTE'S EARLY YEARS

The Second of Twelve Chapters in a New Life of Bernadette Soubirous

By Aileen
Mary Clegg

BERNADETTE SOUBIROUS was born on January 7 in the year 1844, and was baptized two days later. Her father was a miller, and she who was to be associated with the springing of miraculous waters was born to the sound of water running by her home. Her early days beat to the clattering rhythm of a mill-wheel. When she first lived in a room that had no association with the noise of streaming waters and the plunging turn of the wooden wheel, her ears must have perceived silence as other babies hearken to sound.

You can see nowadays the sort of place she was used to if you go up into certain valleys not very remote from Lourdes and only just becoming tourist-ridden; for instance, the Val d'Azun above Argelès on the road to Eaux Bonnes by way of the Col d'Aubisque. There you will find a lovely stream that is thick-set with little mills. Almost all of them are silent. The wooden wheels have rotted; the mill-stones, unconscious ungraven memorials to a dying age, lie half-buried in the long grass; the mills themselves are falling, stone by stone.

Yet by great good fortune you may find one of them still working; and if you do, you will know more about the world that first beat in upon Bernadette's senses than could be told in as many pages as there were months that she nestled, a helpless baby, close to her mother's breast. As she lay there, satisfied and peaceful, she must have pricked her ears to the jerky thud of the turning wheel and the swishing fall of the water into the stream again.

The house vibrated with the wheel, so that walking on the knotty planks of its floors must have held more excitement than most babies experience; and at night, when the wheel had stopped turning, the stream, at leisure again, ran for the great river, singing her to sleep in a voice so hushed and sweet that it might almost have been that of the remote attentive stars.

The stream on which her father's mill was situated was the Lapaca. It turned nearly as many mills as you may still see in the Val d'Azun to-day. It had two sources, one above Anclades to the south-east of Lourdes where I have seen it, exquisite and cold, mirroring columbines,



Courtesy of the Grand Central Art Galleries

IMPLORING OUR LADY'S HELP BEFORE THE CANDLE-COVERED GROTTO AT LOURDES

(JEAN-LOUIS FORAIN)

and with the gentian starkly stuck, like blue gems, in the emerald brocade of the fields. Its other source is to the north-east, near Bartrès, where Bernadette's foster-mother was to be found. Both these sources are not much more than a couple of miles from Lourdes. The two tributaries met to the north of the Château Fort, near the foot of the citadel, at the bottom of the first steep descent in what is now the Boulevard. What is at present a busy street without room for a blade of grass between its elbowing shop-fronts was then a sort of heavenly wilderness, with rocks and thymy turf and myriad flowers. The stream tumbled still further down hill, leaving the citadel to the left hand, turned half a dozen mills, amongst them that of François Soubirous, and at last, its work

finished, fell noisily into the Gave River and was silenced there.

FRANCOIS SOUBIROUS' parents had not owned the mill. It had been rented by his wife's family, whose name was Casterot. Père Casterot had died leaving four daughters, and a son still too young to carry on his trade. The eldest daughter, Bernarde—the Tante Bernarde after whom Bernadette was to be named, and who was to be her godmother—was already married. The second daughter Louise was only seventeen, but in France one marries early, especially in those days and amongst the peasantry. The solution to the problem of finding a suitable successor to the dead father was obviously to find a suitable husband for Louise.

There were various suitors, for the family was a respectable one and well thought of. Amongst those who came forward was one who was very much Louise's senior, and who had the additional disadvantages of being only a journeyman and being quite destitute of savings. This was François Soubrious. However, Louise had set her heart on him, and her mother, a most unusual Frenchwoman, consented to the match.

She was wise to a degree she could not have imagined possible, for, in spite of the appalling miseries the future family was to endure, the marriage was an ideally happy one, and François and Louise were predestined to assist God in the creation of a Saint.

THEY were married on January 9, 1843. Bernadette was therefore the eldest child of their union.

She was a frail baby. Probably, though a water-mill may be an exciting place to be brought up in, it is not the healthiest of nurseries. Bernadette, too, was born in mid winter, with damp cold and all the rainy spring weather between her earliest babyhood and the sunny time when she could breathe the exquisite air out-of-doors. Then as now, in country districts in France, fresh air was not thought good for a baby, above all, fresh air at night. The shutters to the windows would be hermetically sealed; the print curtains drawn as tight round her cradle as the chequered cotton ones that enclosed her parents' bed. Her parents were not much the worse for it. They had become used to it, taking on, probably, a special quality of lung. But the baby had still to develop these peculiar habits of adult humans, and, not being strong to begin with, she found it difficult. An obstinate tendency to asthma was set up. It early became chronic.

An accident to her mother gave her a further set-back. Louise was sitting by the fire one evening when her baby was only a few months old, and, being over-weary, she fell asleep in her chair. The mill was lighted by chips soaked in resin and fixed in holders to the wall, and one of these fell on Louise and set fire to her dress. The shock so affected her that she was unable to go on nursing Bernadette. For a day or two the family seems to have been in despair. Evidently either cow's milk was considered out of the question or was not properly administered or the baby refused it.

Intimate difficulties of this kind become public property in small towns, especially in Latin countries. Every customer to the mill heard of it. At last the news got as far as Bartès, where a farmer's wife had just lost a son of the age of the tiny Bernadette. This woman, Marie Laguës, wife of a man named Aravant—or, as the manners and customs of the district have it, Marie Aravant-Laguës—thereupon offered to take up the functions of foster-mother. The solution seemed providen-

tial. Bernadette was accordingly transferred to Bartès until she was weaned, in this case not until she was over two years old. You can imagine that the poor bereaved mother felt a special tenderness for her, and that the baby, once the distressful period between lying in the arms of her mother and of her foster-mother was over, was hardly aware of any difference.

She must have loved the life at Bartès. There is nothing like a farm for giving a growing child a happy time. All young things have an affinity with one another, share one another's joys and console one another in grief. Bernadette, with her transparent soul, her pure nature and her understanding heart, loved, with God and His Mother, all humble simple creatures of His creating. I have seen an old French peasant who, transparent of soul, handled tiny creatures—blind little puppies and chickens and new-born lambs—with just that loving attention, gravely smiling, that must have been Bernadette's own attitude to them.

Imagine her taking her first steps past the farm dogs scratching themselves in the patch of sunlight on the soiled old wooden floor of the living-room, or tumbling over the hens that were noisily pecking at the crumbs by the long table where masters and laborers had dined together in complete amity and understanding; or falling asleep on the big stone flag at the doorway, as the sun dipped down in the direction of Massabielle.

When Marie Laguës picked her up to undress her, the brushwood fire would have been lighted on the hearth and the flames crackling round the iron pot where the old grandmother was stirring the evening meal of porridge. Bernadette would not waken to sniff the sweet scent of the wood smoke; nor would she stir at the noise of the returning sabots, nor when bowls were clattered together, supper being done. The men would talk together, their chairs drawn towards the blaze, their feet stretched out to the welcome heat of it while their rough socks steamed, and smelt a little of their various farm-yard contacts, and so dried. The women would be moving about between the shifting light and the shadows, or settling at last in the chimney-corner to spin the long yellow wool, yielded up to them under such passionate protest by their magnificent sheep.

HOW picturesque they all were! And it is only we, so far removed from them and their labor, and from the content that was the fruit of their unending toil, who see them, with all their tremendous virtues, as they were! Which of us would change with them? Except by a special grace bordering on the miraculous, we should be bored with their work-stained earthly Paradise, and we should break under the strain of it, arm and heart. We are too little for it. We have not the magnificent physique, the Gargantuan courage, exacted by their laborious lives.

A few of them remain. If you search Lourdes, or preferably the outlying villages, you may still see the sort of people among whom Bernadette was born, whose thoughts she shared, whose speech she used, whose customs she followed. For every man, to whatever degree he may be superior to his fellows, is still inevitably the child of his age. And Bernadette Soubrious was, in very truth, the humblest little child, the most truly humble, in the Catholic sense of the word, not in that "Heepish" travesty of the virtue that, turning itself inside out, so to speak, becomes a vice.

I DON'T suppose, as the child began to be aware of social differences, that she ever thought of them as affecting herself in any way. She accepted the position God had given her in the scale of the universe, as she wore patched clothes, and put up with hunger, and endured the torment of her difficult breath.

She probably never even thought of these things as mortifications—as things to be "offered up." It can only have been much later, when God asked of her something that nearly broke her, that was sheer crucifixion to her spirit, like leaving Lourdes for ever, or like the perpetual misunderstanding of her by her superiors, or like her appalling last illness, that it can have entered her head that here was something worthy of being offered to God's Divine Majesty.

I don't mean, of course, that the little difficulties of life are not worth accepting lovingly for God's sake; but that Bernadette would "take them in her stride" and live them through serenely in the love of God, and never think she was doing anything meritorious. It seems to me that you must be either a special sort of Saint or a very mean sort of soul to be always counting up the little services you do for God and thrusting them before Him. Hence, of this last kind, the men and women who put such a blight on religion, and of the first, those tremendous souls—like Father William Doyle, for instance—whose spiritual life is on such a scale as to be incomprehensible to the ordinary mortal.

Bernadette's value to the world consists, then, partly in just this fact, that she grew up, apparently, a quite ordinary child in ordinary surroundings. She was fairly intelligent. She was not in the very least imaginative. She was in no way phenomenal. No one noticed her particularly. As she toddled round her foster-mother's farm-yard she might have been any other little French peasant child of two years old, except that she wheezed as she breathed and looked delicate.

By the time she was sent back to Lourdes again, a baby brother had occupied her cradle and then gone to Heaven, leaving it ready for a sister, Toinette, to be born on September 19, 1846. This was the child who was to go to the Grotto with

Bernadette, twelve years later, but who was to be excluded from the heavenly conversations that were to take place there. A brother was to be born in 1848 who was to die in 1851; then another brother born four months after this one's death; again a brother in 1855 who was to die at the age of ten—these two were, of course, living in the Cachot with Bernadette and Toinette and their parents at the time of the Apparitions—then Bernard Pierre, born in 1859, who survived the rest and lived to a great age; and lastly a baby born in 1864 after Bernadette had gone to Nevers. He died in the same year.

It is evident that Louise Soubirous' life was a pretty busy one.

She was young, courageous, gay and sociable. She loved her husband dearly and thoroughly enjoyed her status as wife and mother. Being the miller's wife seems to have amused her. She liked chatting with the customers and always had a collation of bread and cheese and wine waiting for them. Possibly she thought that by treating them well she would make sure of their fidelity. Unfortunately, though a free meal was attractive, her husband was not sufficiently careful over his part—the essential part—of the trade. He made promises to deliver the flour on a certain date and forgot about it, or thought another day would do as well. They still behave like this in the Midi of France, and are astonished when such treatment is objected to. So much, then, might have been forgiven him, since he was not the only miller to take up such a line. What really annoyed the customers was that his work was badly done. The flour he delivered at last was very poor stuff. So they ate his free meal, laughed at him behind his back for his foolishness and—went elsewhere.

Custom falling, income fell too at a time when, with a growing family, expenses were mounting. Old Madame Casterot had died in 1845; and the young Soubirous had then begun spending capital. Ten years after Bernadette's birth and four years before the Apparitions, it was all gone. There was nothing left to pay the rent with. They were compelled to leave the mill.

THEY were expecting another baby, so they rented a room in a house not far away and there, in due course the baby was born. Then they tried another mill, but it was such a miserable-looking place that people were afraid to bring their grain there, much less leave it to be turned into flour. Thus that failed.

They now decided to try their fortunes in the Lourdes district, but outside the town. This time they rented a mill in a charming village—Arcizac-ez-Angles, on the road to Bagnères de Bigorre. They were not there a year. With one more failure added to the rest they went back to Lourdes where they took a lodging in the Rue du Bourg, parallel to the Rue des Petits Fossés, of which we shall hear later,

and between it and the foot of the Château Fort.

FATHER and mother were now reduced to getting a living from day to day. At first they hired themselves out as laborers for field work. This answered well on the days when somebody was needing them, but there were also days when there was no work to be had and in winter time there was absolutely no work to be done. So again their rent was unpaid and again they were turned out. Moreover, they had to leave behind them, in payment for arrears, their only piece of furniture of any value.

After this they went from lodging to lodging, scarcely earning enough to feed and clothe themselves in the most miserable fashion, and never being able, naturally, to find enough money for rent.

At last they had such a bad reputation for not paying that no one would take them in. Here was temptation to despair. Yet despair does not seem ever to have entered their hearts.

It had been said that when François and Louise were first married they were slack about their religious duties. If this were the case, certainly they were good practising Catholics long before they had reached their profoundest depths, and where the faith of many others in the Providence of God might have wavered, theirs held firm. They remained utterly devoted to each other and, in spite of appalling difficulties, brought up their children well.

Louise had a cousin, André Sajous, who was a stone-mason, and who owned a miserable dwelling in the Rue des Petits Fossés of which we have already spoken. He used the front ground-floor room as his workshop. The back room he offered,

rent free, to the Soubirous family. He himself would lodge in the two rooms on the first floor.

The whole habitation of the Soubirous—father, mother, boys, and girls—was thus one room, so small that their beds took up nearly the whole floor space. Father and mother slept in one corner, the two boys in another, Bernadette and Toinette in a third. The fourth corner had a small barred window in it, with a window-sill that served them as table. There was a sink and an open fireplace and that was all. The ceiling, walls and floor were black with age and dirt and misuse, because the room, now to be theirs, and from which the Queen of Heaven was to beckon their child, had been the town cell for criminals. The Soubirous were probably the first people to use it as a habitation.

IT could hardly have been more unhealthy. Heaven alone knew from whose repulsive garments the dirt had been rubbed into the walls, from whose feet it had been stamped into the floor. Horrible, too, to think of the depraved souls that had breathed their curses and foul oaths on its most pestiferous air. The sun never came there. The window gave north and a wall—an old buttress—blocked the light. In the courtyard beyond there was a cess-pool and a manure heap. By every token Bernadette and the whole family should slowly have died there, especially Bernadette with her already seriously affected throat.

Bernadette herself, however, had been spared some of the evil fortunes of her family. Perhaps, otherwise, she might never have survived to share these furthest depths of poverty and degradation with them.

The Toilers

By Theodora Bates Cogswell

THE gray, gray cloud of weariness
Hangs over her, hangs over me;
And under it our love must tread
So heavily, so drearily.

Somewhere the sunlit fields are green,
Somewhere the meadow-larks lilt free;
The bloodroot lifts its waxen cup
Beside the frail anemone.

Like bloodroot's cup her lips are white,
Like frailest flower her head droops low.
The hands which sped to earn her bread
Like wounded birds now flutter slow.

And I who love must helpless see
The hope of Love's fulfilment die,
And Love itself grow faint and wan
With longing for the open sky.

God of the wide-spread world, be near!
Poor toilers, we who cry to Thee;
Yet touch for us the hearts of men,
That we may share Love's majesty.

Saint Patrick Takes a Hand

By Agnes O'Brien

SINCE her 40 per cent cut, Marge bought her noon lunch at The Five and Ten. The nickel sandwich served there was sizeable. Then, too, if you bit your fingers in your eagerness to get your teeth into the morsel, it wasn't noticed. People about you were too busy biting their own fingers, or trying to avoid doing so, to notice your special way. Marge also bought her silk stockings, tooth paste, face powder and creams there.

"You'll ruin your complexion with that cheap stuff," Nora, her room-mate, had said. But Marge felt she was already pretty well ruined, so she didn't care. To make her beautifiers hold out was her main object.

This was before Nora got *her* slash. But Nora didn't take hers. Instead, she took a bus for Boston, where her brother was one of that city's police. There was a time when Michael Flynn was a street-car conductor and was called a herring-choker, though he hailed from County Cork, Ireland. Nora also hailed from the Emerald Isle, a ten-year later export than her brother.

It was these two factors, Marge had decided, gave Nora the pluck to refuse to be "held up": the protection of the uniform and her Irish blood.

As Marge had neither, and had to live somehow, even with her nine dollars a week shorn down to five dollars and forty cents, she moved her tan paper suit-case into the room Nora had secured for her before her departure for Boston.

Previously she and Nora had paid four dollars a week for one room and "privileges." Now she had half that amount still to pay for a room without privileges, and with very little else. But it was the best good-hearted Nora could get that was "dacent, atall-atall."

Nora was not indifferent to the fact that there would be but three dollars and forty cents left to Marge each week after her room rent was paid. To help matters out a bit she had left her flowered voile hanging in the cubby-hole of a closet. A mere accident, Nora tried to make this appear, though she had spent her last afternoon in the new room remodeling the dress to Marge's proportions.

Once, when Nora was "making a mission," and Marge did not expect her home till late, she had surreptitiously donned the voile—a gay ribbon (also Nora's) confining

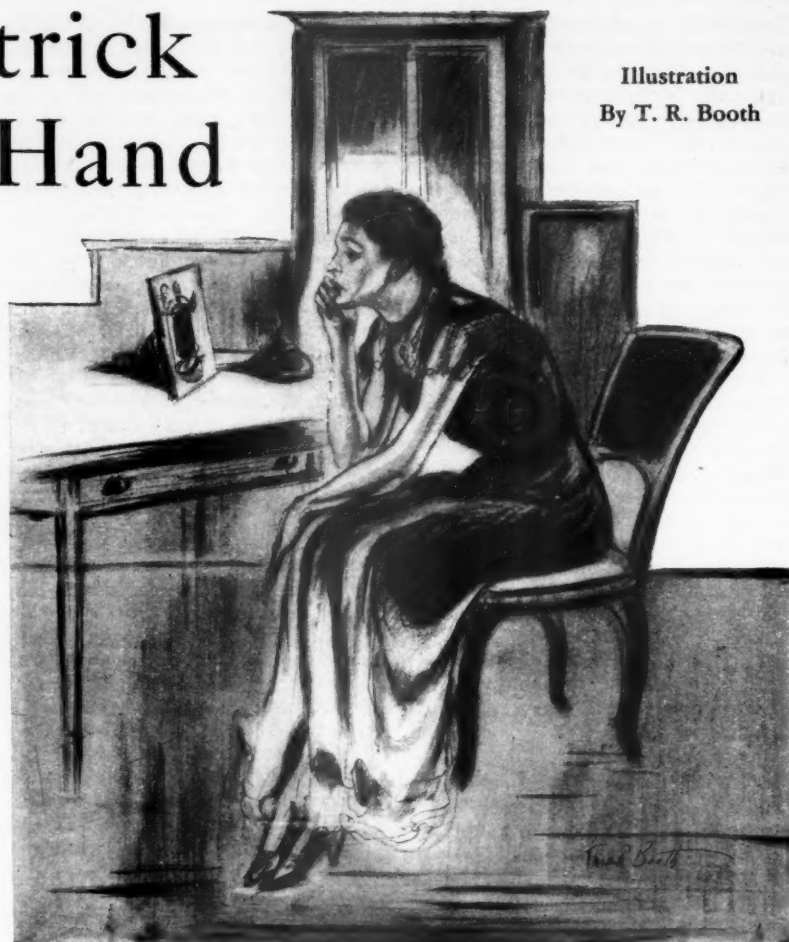


Illustration
By T. R. Booth

WITH HER HEART VERY TENDER TOWARDS THE ABSENT NORA, MARGE GAZED WITH MISTY EYES ON "ST. PATRICK"

the extra width—and worn it to the movies. For this act of "sly behavior" she had been seriously reproved by Nora.

Other things Nora "forgot" to take: a pair of fairly good stockings, well-mended, a cake of toilet soap, and two large oranges.

WHATEVER good advice Nora had to bestow was not left as a parting beneficence, but distributed as time and occasion warranted.

The Eel, so named because of his "slippery ways" of getting his own of the starved "little fishes" of the city's cold, weedy-souled, dollar-squeezing financial ponds, was a constant theme for Nora's improvised lectures.

"Sure, eel is too dacent a name for him; it's snake would suit better. For snake he is—every inch of his slippery, slimy carcass."

"You should see the swell wrist-watch he gave Bunny, just the same. And Lil Martin gets tickets for any . . ."

Marge replied. "Good God above us!" Nora would break in. "And did they tell you what they gave in exchange?"

Here Marge would "ring off" with her oft-used "Baloney!"

The first night Marge came home after Nora's going, she experienced a sensation not wholly due to inadequate eating. When she found the "forgotten" articles she wept, and called upon the room's emptiness to bear witness of her love for the absent Nora; also that she, Marge, was unworthy to ever have had such a "good egg" to offset the rottenness of life, generally, and of "the store," in particular.

Then, feeling utterly irresponsible, she ate the two oranges, though she knew Nora would not approve of such "poor management."

With barely forty-seven cents in her purse, and the five-dollar-and-forty-cent pay-day three days off, it was, she knew, a rash act.

It was as she sponged the orange juice from her blouse that Marge saw "St. Patrick" lying on the floor where Nora had, undoubtedly, dropped him from her prayer-book.

Once Marge had called St. Patrick a queer-looking old guy, and had been reprimanded by Nora. Later, Nora had repented of her severity, and had gone to

some pains to explain Ireland's debt, and the world's in general, to the one spoken of with such levity.

The fact that there was such a day as St. Patrick's Day still at large caused Marge to give credence to a little of what Nora told her.

Now, with her heart very tender toward the absent Nora, she lifted "St. Patrick" from the floor and gazed with misty eyes upon him. Then she carried him to the bureau, and stood him against her kewpie doll. But, remembering Nora's dislike of that "shameless cr'ature," she moved him to Nora's side of the bureau, standing him against an empty perfume bottle, his back to the "shameless cr'ature." When she had three cents to spare she would write Nora and return "St. Patrick."

In the loneliness of the next few evenings "St. Patrick" filled a void in Marge's heart that not even the remodeled voile had the power to occupy. That he was still hale and hearty in Ireland she liked to believe; walking the streets in his wonderful cloak and hat, with "the stick" that had the magic of ridding the country of snakes. This she had pronounced "baloney" at the first hearing. But 'twas no longer "baloney."

At this stage Marge always thought of Nora's name for The Eel. The Eel was being much talked of at the store, lately.

Only the day before, Alice, the little Swede girl, had said she was "dating up" with The Eel for a car ride out to one of the big club houses (name not remembered); would Marge like to come along? She'd ask Sydney (proper for Eel).

Thrilled, and forgetting St. Patrick's aversion to snakes, Marge said she'd go "hopping" if she was wanted. But, the night after her promise, she avoided St. Patrick's friendly eyes, though she tried to assure herself Nora wouldn't mind. Nora liked Alice, and . . . "there'd be two of them." Even St. Patrick couldn't be fussier than Nora.

THE night Marge expected the car to call, she dressed in the flowered voile, and pinned on her shoulder her supper's worth of artificial violets. She'd get "a feed" at the club house and wouldn't need to eat before going.

While she puffed her hair before the mirror which Nora had called "the Devil's shaving-glass," Marge noticed "St. Patrick" had fallen from his place against the perfume bottle. Where he lay, he seemed pointing his finger at Marge.

"They'll be two of us" said she to the accusing finger. "And . . . and . . . I'm so hungry!"

At 10:45, by the rusty-faced little alarm clock, no car party had been reported as inquiring for her.

Then Marge tore the violets from her shoulder and threw them at "St. Patrick," pulled the flowered voile, with its rose slip, over fluffed bob, and, falling on the lumpy bed-couch, she sobbed from pure hunger.

Then, feeling the need of Nora, she drew a faded old kimona about her starved little body, and crossed to the ill-used "St. Patrick."

"Ah! Let them have it all to themselves, the lousy sneaks," she said, restoring "St. Patrick" to his place of honor.

Alice was not at the store the following morning. But two days later her lifeless body was found in the Bronx Park district.

Because Marge knew so much of the facts she said nothing. Only to "St. Patrick" she whispered: "Nora was right; he is a snake. But you fixed him. It might've been me, but you kept him away. What's a hungry stomach to what poor Alice . . . got? If you ever meet Nora in Ireland, please don't tell her I was all dolled up to go, too. Will you?"

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS

THE HOLY WEEK AND EASTER WEEK BOOK. By Oscar Huf, S.J. The C. Wildermann Co., New York. \$1.50.

With the interest, often enthusiastic, of the laity in the liturgical movement growing apace and becoming everywhere more manifest, this charming book should serve a definite and highly useful purpose. Compiled from the Breviary, the Missal and the Roman Pontifical, it is printed in Latin and English text. The sung parts are set to the Gregorian notes. It is enriched with a splendid preface and a wealth of explanatory notes which are long enough to avoid vagueness and superficiality. We know of no other Holy Week book to be compared with this, and most cordially recommend it to priests and people alike. Substantially bound in cloth, printed on India paper, red under gold edges, containing nearly 700 pages, its cost is exceptionally low even in these bargain days. For a convenient and intelligent help to participating in and understanding the great services of Holy Week and the Paschal season this is the best work we have ever seen.

ANNUNCIATION VISITATION. By Francis P. Le Buffe, S.J. The America Press, New York. 30 cents.

Father Le Buffe has here given us a series of brief meditations on the words of

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the opening Chapter of St. Luke in which is told of the Annunciation and Visitation. The volume forms the first of the Second series of the "Let Us Pray" or "As It Is Written" booklets and in it, as in those of the first series, the "Second Method of Prayer" of St. Ignatius is followed. This "Second Method of Prayer" consists in taking phrase by phrase the words of the text and meditating on each as long as one finds profit in the exercise. The method, of course, may be applied to any devotional text but in this volume and, indeed, in the whole series, the words of Holy Writ are chosen, at once because they are the most fruitful and because the purpose of the series is to center attention on the great Feasts of the year through the medium of the gospels.


The first Feast chosen is, very appropriately, that of the Incarnation and we thus begin with the incomparably beautiful Christmas story which, aside from its tremendous spiritual significance, is for pure beauty, one of the most sublime examples of sacred art.

Father Le Buffe has accomplished his task well. The story of the Annunciation is given first, printed in full—one wonders how a thing so mighty can be so short—

and when each phrase has been taken as the basis of a short meditation at once informative and devotional, the same treatment is repeated for the Visitation. The meditations themselves are most delicately done. They are, of course, no more than suggestions for further meditation for, according to the "Second Method of Prayer," each phrase is to be pondered as long as it remains fruitful in the mind and these phrases are fruitful in an unlimited degree, or rather limited only by the capacity of each individual mind to absorb their significance. The author's words, then, are only intended to start us in the road that each should follow as far as he is capable, only ceasing when his mind finds progress difficult and without further devotional effect. Unless we are greatly mistaken these suggestions will prove most helpful to all but especially to those who having ventured into the realm of meditative prayer, still walk somewhat uncertainly therein.

THE FORGOTTEN GOD. By the Most Rev. Francis Clement Kelley, D.D., Ph.D., LL.D., Litt.D. The Bruce Publishing Company, Milwaukee. \$1.50.

In *The Forgotten God* Bishop Kelley has given us a most timely and effective critique of modern thought, or lack of thought, which should recommend itself to the practical man quite as much as to the



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theorist because it offers the one possible solution of the truly appalling problems that confront us. The author's contention—a contention that cannot reasonably be denied—is that the way to save the “forgotten man” is to once more remember the forgotten God. In a series of thirteen chapters and an epilogue he elaborates his thesis, beginning, most appropriately, by recalling to our minds just what and Who is the God we have forgotten. This recollection takes up six chapters; he then proceeds to apply our refreshed knowledge to the life and conduct of man as it is, and should be, lived in our modern era.

Someone has said that modern criticism tends more and more to abandon original ideas and propositions and become mere criticism of criticism. The typical critic of the day avoids the fundamental issues of philosophy as he would the plague and confines himself to commenting upon Mr. Jones' opinions of the views of Mr. Smith who may have a word to say about Aristotle. The young man who in a recent debate rose excitedly to his feet and declared that he wished to criticize Plato was as unusual as he was bold but the fact that he was never allowed to make his criticism by an hilarious audience is typical. As a matter of fact the Catholic writer is about the only one who today really attempts to criticize Plato or, even more boldly, attempts to think originally about the problems in which Plato himself was a mere enquirer. It is this boldness in going to the root of things, of facing the problems of death and life and eternity that gives their writings their preeminent value and it is this that gives to Bishop Kelley's book its importance. When we scan the title of his chapters and find one on “The Attributes of God,” and another of “The Trinity,” we know that we have reached the ultimate things of existence, yet Bishop Kelley's handling of these difficult subjects is such that no one need fear to follow him.

Especially interesting are the chapters of “Education,” “Prayer” and “Christian Action,” and his summing up in the “Epilogue” is an admirable piece of writing.

With the catchwords and clichés with which so many modernists rest satisfied he has no patience and we note with especial satisfaction his quotation from DeHovre to the effect that “There is no such thing as neutral education; either it is not neutral or it is not education.” We are convinced that this book will find, as it most indubitably should, many readers, and yet more certain that these will profit by their reading.

FATHER OLIER. Translated from the French of the Very Rev. Pierre Pourrat by the Rev. W. S. Reilly, S.S., D.D., D.SS. The Voice Publishing Company, Baltimore. \$2.00.

This is another of the works, of which we have recently had so many, that present within the limits of one short and easily read volume the life of one of the great men of the recent past whose influence in preserving and refreshing the Catholic Faith in France has more than compensated for the destructive influences there and made that country seem to have been, at least in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, a veritable land of saints.

Father Jean Jacques Olier, the founder of St. Sulpice and the subject of this sketch, has not been canonized as have his great contemporaries, St. Francis de Sales and St. Vincent de Paul, but we have the prediction of the one and the testimony of the other as to the sanctity of his life and his right to the title of “a great servant of God,” while his spiritual children among the Sulpicians regard him with a love and veneration that official canonization could hardly increase.

Father Olier sprang from a family occupying a place in the lower ranks of the French aristocracy, many members of which were prominent in the official life of the nation, a stock notable for its energy and strong common sense, qualities which he inherited to the full.

His father, while a man of prudence and good sense, did not escape the taint of worldly ambition and, taking advantage of an abuse then prevalent in France, secured

for his son, whom he had already predetermined for the Church, a number of wealthy benefices, when he was yet a mere boy. But this same boy, though he early shared his father's love of worldly advancement, added to his other qualities a great and growing love for the imperishable spiritual treasures of God and, though the two ambitions seem often to have been in conflict during his youth, the better completely triumphed so that in many crises of his life he was able to put behind him, without regret, great honors that offered for the sake of the work that he had undertaken for his Divine Master.

It is good to read of such men when perhaps we may feel despondent in the face of powerful evils; more especially is it good to read of them when their lives and achievements have been comparatively unfamiliar to us. As already noted we have had many such works as this recently; it remains to add that we cannot have too many more and that this particular volume is a valuable addition to the series, giving us as it does, not only an account of the work of this great man, but a vivid picture of a period so critical in the life of the Church.

THE STORY OF MOUNT MELLERAY. By the Rev. Ailbe J. Luddy, O.Cist. M. H. Gill and Son, Ltd., London. Seven shillings and sixpence.

There are two facts about this book that offer themselves to the reviewer's attention, two points of view from which he may consider it as a critic, and let it be said at the outset that from both points of view it is worthy of very high praise. The first of these is the obvious thing, the story of Mount Melleray, the great Cistercian monastery in Ireland, a story thrilling and inspiring in itself and most effectively told by Father Luddy, who is already well known to American readers through his many delightful works on the Cistercian order.

Like the story of the Universal Church itself and the story of the Cistercians, the story of Mount Melleray in particular is one of terrible dangers and vicissitudes overcome by the almost superhuman courage and patience of men inspired by the love of God to endure all things for His sake, and one feels as one reads of these things that the old triumphant spirit of Christianity is alive in our times with a vigor scarcely diminished from the great days of the early martyrs and confessors. Indeed there is one particular episode that links up the present in a most striking manner with the enthusiasm of the early Middle Ages. We refer to the tremendous task of reclaiming the rough mountain district of Serahan, the site of the new religious house, the enclosing it in walls and the erection of the buildings, a task so great that it seemed beyond the powers of the few devoted monks who had undertaken it. But help was given them in a manner they had not expected. With a

startling enthusiasm the men and women and even children of the whole district rose up and from half a score of communities march up long roads to bend themselves in toil beside the monks and shorten their weary labors.

When we read of the thousands who thus bestirred themselves in the holy work, of the contingents, each led by the parish priest, of the flags and banners flying, of the wind of the spirit that stirred all hearts, as a physical breeze might bend a grove of trees, all to one purpose so that aristocrats and their servants joined in a noble emulation to carry the heaviest burdens and perform the most menial tasks; when we read of these things, there is called up a picture of the building of the mediæval cathedrals and abbey churches when entire communities, forgetful of their own business, rose as one man to erect and beautify God's house, and we are once more assured of the unflinching vigor of the Faith.

It is not easy to write convincingly of these things. In the hand of any but an artist, long years of privation and threatened failure have a way of becoming monotonous; great periods of enthusiasm for the all but lost cause of God, sound unreal and unconvincing, yet our author has the ability to infuse into his writing his own intense feeling and awaken a corresponding enthusiasm in his readers. To say this is to say that Father Luddy is an artist, and this is precisely what he is in a high degree.

The second point for which the book and its author deserve praise is by no means so obvious as the first, but, having regard to certain misconceptions prevalent today, it may be thought even more meritorious. It is connected with two things of which we hear a great deal in our modern world, namely, tolerance and patriotism. Too many contemporary writers have a completely wrong notion of what these two great virtues really are; Father Luddy, on the contrary, understands and exercises them precisely. Tolerance, for example, is often thought to mean complacency in the face of any and every doctrine. But while this is, of course, a kind of tolerance, as a doctor might speak of an addict's tolerance of a drug, it is not the virtue of tolerance. The virtue of tolerance is not directed toward ideas but toward men. A sin, an error, can never be forgiven, but only the sinner. This is the meaning of the Atonement.

Again there is the question of patriotism. How often do we note the self-styled patriot expressing his "patriotism" in terms of hatred for other peoples? But this is not patriotism but merely that exaggerated nationalism born of the Protestant "Reformation," from which the modern world is suffering as from a plague. How many so-called patriots do we hear about us weakening the cause of the country of their devotion in their very defense of it because they take the form of virulent attacks upon others? Our author is a

patriot in the true sense and because of that he is truly tolerant. He has himself some words to say on this subject. In describing the late Abbot, Maurus O'Phelan of Mount Melleray, he says: "But his Patriotism possessed the two essential qualities which many reputed patriots seem to lack. Firstly, its principal ingredient was—not hatred but—love, for patriotism is a form of piety and piety means love. . . ."

For the Catholic, especially the priest, there is yet another consideration. He may and should love his native land, but his true native land is the Kingdom of God for the coming of which we pray for the whole earth. Abbot Maurus it was whom our author quotes as saying that he had no politics but the politics of St. Benedict—and we all know what they were: "To honor all men . . . that in all things God may be glorified."

It is a double portion of this spirit that we need to correct the evils that encompass us and we may well thank Father Luddy for emphasizing it and pray that more Catholic authors should do likewise.

VOODOOS AND OBEAHS. By Joseph J. Williams, S.J. The Dial Press, New York. \$3.00.

The subjects of Voodoo and Obi have for long exercised a peculiar fascination on the minds of most imaginative people in common with the religious rites and magical practices of primitive peoples everywhere. The fact that they are in active operation so close to our own doors, in the West Indian Islands, and especially in Haiti and Jamaica, has given to these particular practices an unusually keen edge which has been yet further sharpened by the appearance of several works on the subject. In particular the work of Mr. W. B. Seabrook, *The Magic Island*, has been the cause of considerable discussion, in which the conditions prevailing in the mysterious hinterland of Haiti have been received both by that island's "friends" and "detractors."

The "friends" of the Negro Republic have always been regarded as those who defended it by denying that Voodooism existed either at all or in anything but an innocuous form, while those who dwelt upon its horrors, obscene or bloodthirsty, were dubbed its "detractors."

In Mr. Seabrook, however, we have a new sort of special pleader. According to him, Voodooism is rampant in the island, but, *mirabile dictu*, he likes, even admires its observances, though to do him justice he does not dwell upon its alleged resort to human sacrifice. He was, it appears, an eye-witness of the highly colored revels accompanying the Voodoo festival and "has drunk the Sacrificial blood," not human blood we note with relief, and by thus becoming a champion of Voodooism unites in his single person the rôles of "friend" and "detractor."

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Now Mr. Seabrook is a traveller of wide experience and repute—he has explored the yet more hidden recesses of Africa itself and if we may credit him, participated in festivals more questionable than anything he witnessed in Haiti, but his attitude toward these primitive observances is so peculiar for a white man that he leaves the critic somewhat up in the air in dealing with his writings. We confess to a feeling that, in spite of much excellent writing and the expression of many admirable opinions, he occasionally descends to "pulling our legs." But he is, nevertheless, very widely accepted as an authority on his subject and it is consequently very gratifying to have an acknowledged savant, such as Father Joseph J. Williams, S.J., enter the field with his sober, considered, yet fascinating volume *Voodooes and Obeahs* to set us right on the matter.

Father Williams begins his work by quoting Mr. Seabrook and detecting certain errors in his accounts which lead one to feel a certain degree of doubt as to his reliability. Not that his good faith is called in question. On the contrary this is explicitly recognized, but, as our author says, the Negroes of Haiti as elsewhere

when in a primitive condition are very apt to supply any information that they believe will be acceptable and, perhaps, Mr. Seabrook was somewhat too credulous in accepting their stories as true.

In the main, however, Father Williams' general conclusions do not run counter to much of Mr. Seabrook's account, only that they are far better co-ordinated and substantiated. For example, Father Williams has devoted a very considerable portion of his book to tracing the practices now found in the West Indies to their origins in Africa and makes scientific distinctions between what may be considered religious in character and what are purely magic. Another point of great interest is the clear distinction which he draws between the Voodoo of the Haitian and the magical performances of the Obeah men (and women), the practitioners of Obi in Jamaica and elsewhere.

On the moot question of the actual existence of occult powers in these primitive systems the author does not attempt to pass final judgment, though it is quite evident that he discounts the presence of anything of the sort. Very curious things may happen, things impossible, perhaps, in the case of men of a higher culture, among primitive people, especially when their passions are stimulated by orgiastic abandonment, without excluding an explanation by perfectly natural causes. Men may even die as the result of an Obeah curse without the intervention of material agencies, and their death referred to the effect of utter despondency and paralyzing fear. Even in our own civilization we have records of death resulting from extreme hypochondria.

In any case Father Williams' work is a very timely one and its interesting treatment of a popular and much discussed subject insures it a wide public.

THE CHURCH IN THE SOUTH AMERICAN REPUBLICS. By Edwin Ryan, D.D. The Bruce Publishing Company, Milwaukee. \$1.50.

Once more we have to thank the editors of the *Science and Culture Series* for the publication of a volume, forming a contri-

bution of great importance to our knowledge of the development of the Church in modern times. Dr. Ryan's work, *The Church in the South American Republics*, combines a comprehensiveness of content with a terseness of statement that places it within the ability of even the busiest man to read.

It is unfortunately true that the average citizen of the United States has thought of that vast region to the South of us almost entirely in terms of commercial opportunity. The problems we have thought of in connection with South America have been those of gaining the great and growing markets there in competition with European rivals. Even the Monroe Doctrine, which was promulgated with quite other motives, regrettably has been used of recent years as a sort of lever to turn trade balances in our direction, while with the true character of these neighbors and the great typical culture they have developed, we have troubled ourselves but little.

Even from the purely business point of view this has been a grave error, but when we stop to consider that in spite of the modern heresy, trade relations are not the most important existing between nations and peoples, we begin to realize how greatly we have missed our opportunities in this direction.

The mistake that lies at the root of this short-sightedness and which we share with many other countries, especially those of Protestant culture, is of thinking of the balance of world influences in terms of the immediate present. It is difficult for us to realize in view of the great preponderance of our power in the Western Hemisphere, that here, right at hand, there is developing a vast group of powers with a more or less unified culture, in many respects differing from our own, that may in the comparatively near future be capable of challenging our hegemony of the New World.

I we would look a little more closely at, let us say, the teeming population of Brazil, whose vast domain with its limitless resources has been barely touched, or at the energetic expansion of Argentina and Chili, if we would look at these things, not merely as possible trade openings for

ourselves, but in their bearing on what is occurring on the spot, we might feel that our attitude of patronage toward these nations was somewhat out of place.

But what has all this to do with Dr. Ryan's account of the Church in South America? Just this: It is largely because the prevailing culture on that continent is Catholic, while our own is still mainly Protestant, that we have felt that somehow these neighbors to the South were our inferiors. This misconception on our part is shown up in its true colors by Dr. Ryan's book. For it is not in material prosperity alone that the South Americans have made and are making, a notable advance. In education, in literature, in art and architecture, in all the departments that go to the making up of a strongly individualistic culture and civilization, they are striding forward. They are still, perhaps, in the formative stage as regards their finances and politics, but they are fully conscious of their individuality and its possibilities and the stagnation of life that we have thought of as existing there is a myth. A vast and triumphal future is assured these peoples and our cue is to act no longer as a somewhat censorious uncle, but as a sincere friend.

Above all, we must not make the fatal mistake of regretting this, or feeling in the least resentful or jealous that the coming years may place them in a position of rivalry with ourselves. There is nothing more healthful than rivalry between neighbors, be they men or nations, so long as friendship is maintained, and it is our business to see that it is maintained. Anything else is unthinkable. With such friendly rivals, who may say what mutual advantages may accrue to us? We are firmly convinced, justifiably so, that they have much to learn from us, let us be equally certain that we may learn from them. We are still Protestant—or are we still Protestant? Perhaps it would be safer to say that our own culture is a state of transition with many divergent ideals warring for mastery; but in any case they are still Catholic, and that in itself is enough to assure us that they have much to teach us.

There is one fact, however, that is out of harmony with this generally rosy picture. While the tradition of the South American peoples is Catholic, while their civilization is Catholic, the Church, according to Dr. Ryan, has been universally successful in winning its proper place in their corporate life. The most serious condition that it has to face is lack of a sufficient number of priests to deal with the widely distributed rural populations. In addition to this the cancer of modern cynicism and unbelief is here and there eating its way into the body politic, but this is a danger that they share with all peoples over the entire world, and to offset it there is the new renaissance of Catholic thought and the Catholic spirit which should find there a soil very well fitted for its growth.

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The Methods: No set form of prayers is prescribed. The kind of prayers said and the number of them is left to the inclination and zeal of every individual member. In saying these prayers, however, one should have the general intention, at least, of offering them for the spread of Christ's Kingdom in China.

Membership: The membership is not restricted to any class. Men, women and children not only may join Gemma's League but are urged to do so. We are glad to announce that in our membership we have many priests, both secular and regular, as well as many members of various Religious Orders. "The Spiritual Treasury," printed every month on this page, shows the interest taken by our members in this campaign of united prayer and sacrifice.

Obligations: It should never be forgotten that Gemma's League is a strictly *spiritual society*. While, of course, a great deal of money is needed for the support of our Passionist missions in China, and while many members of the League are



GEMMA GALGANI

generous in their regular money contributions to the missions, nevertheless members of the League are never asked for financial aid. There are not even any dues required of members, though a small offering to pay the expense of printing the monthly leaflet is expected.

The Reward; One who helps the spread of Christ's Kingdom on earth is hardly looking for any reward. We feel that the members of Gemma's League are satisfied with the knowledge that Almighty God knows their love for Him and knows also how to reward them for the practical display of their love! However, our members cannot be unaware that their very zeal must bring God's special blessings on themselves, their families and friends. Besides, they will surely merit the reward of an apostle for their spiritual and corporal works of mercy.

The Patron: Gemma Galgani, the White Passion Flower of Lucca, Italy, is the patron of the League. Born in 1878, she died in 1903. Her life was characterized by a singular devotion to the Sacred Passion of Our Blessed Lord. Denied the privilege of entering the Religious Life, she sanctified herself in the world, in the midst of ordinary household duties, and by her prayers and sufferings did much for the salvation of souls. Her "cause" has been introduced and we hope soon to call her Blessed Gemma.

Headquarters: All requests for leaflets, and all correspondence relating to Gemma's League should be addressed to the Reverend Director, Gemma's League, care of THE SIGN, Union City, New Jersey.

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Masses said.....	25
Masses heard.....	38,428
Holy Communions.....	32,996
Visits to B. Sacrament.....	53,174
Spiritual Communions.....	99,811
Benediction Services.....	22,367
Sacrifices, Sufferings.....	50,136
Stations of the Cross.....	15,914
Visits to the Crucifix.....	20,160
Beads of the Five Wounds.....	16,671
Offerings of PP. Blood.....	116,749
Visits to Our Lady.....	31,173
Rosaries.....	38,675
Beads of the Seven Dolors.....	5,724
Ejaculatory Prayers.....	1,411,458
Hours of Study, Reading.....	52,849
Hours of Labor.....	51,649
Acts of Kindness, Charity.....	42,600
Acts of Zeal.....	61,177
Prayers, Devotions.....	397,499
Hours of Silence.....	47,985
Various Works.....	52,604
Holy Hours.....	700

✠ ✠ ✠ ✠ ✠ "Restrain Not Grace From The Dead." (Eci. 7, 39.) ✠ ✠ ✠ ✠ ✠

KINDLY remember in your prayers and good works the following recently deceased relatives and friends of our subscribers:

VERY REV. PATRICK E. MAHER,
P.P. LL.D.
RT. REV. M. C. FITZGERALD
REV. FATHER CROTTY
REV. JOHN M. HEDDERMAN
SR. M. AMANDA, O.P.
ANNA HUNT
MARY LEARY
MARY SPLAINE
JAMES MALLON
MICHAEL H. NOLAN
DANIEL P. REILLY
FRANK HALTMAN
ANNIE E. BURKE
JULIA LEONARD
JOHN W. KENNEY
MRS. JOHN LOGAN
MRS. H. F. MARNELL
WILLIAM A. DERMODY
NORA MULLANE
MARY MCALLISTER
MARIE VON WYSOCK
JOHN D. MCNERNEY
MR. E. L. GIEL
JEREMIAH SHALLY
THOMAS E. SHERLOCK
MR. E. J. DOLAN

MARY RVAN KLEMMER
BRIDGET DOUGHERTY
JOHN McDONALD
MR. FREEH
MARTIN CUFF
JAMES FLAHERTY
CONSTANZA AIMONE
LORETTA MULLEN
BRIDGET CULLAHAN
ANTONIA SCHMIDT
HELEN M. O'KEEFE
MARY DOOLEY
BERNARD J. McLAUGHLIN
MARY SMITH
EDWARD GARIBALDI
ELIZABETH KINDLER
JENNIE MCCARTHY
ELIZABETH BUCKLEY
JOSEPH WHITE
PETRONILA SAMONA HUBER
JOSEPH McLAUGHLIN
MARY F. COAKLEY
JOHN LEAHY
ALVA VOGTLY
JOHN C. LANGAN
F. J. CUNNINGHAM
MARIA J. LAWLER
MARY A. MAHER
MARGARET O'BRIEN
MICHAEL JOS. MANGAN
MARGARET KAUFHOLD
THOMAS F. HUGHES
SARAH GALLAGHER
MRS. WM. GATLEY
WILLIAM GATLEY
MARY FRANSEN
MRS. PAUL BURKE
PAUL BURKE

MARY ROMBAUGH
FRANK HUGHES
ANNA F. CASEY
MARGARET A. NORRIS
CATHERINE MCGOWAN
AGNES CLAUS
NORA MORAN
EDWARD KENNEY
ELLEN A. DILLON
KATHRYN H. FLAHAVAN
MRS. JOHN MCINERNEY
JAMES H. DOHERTY
MRS. MORRISON
GERTRUDE BRAUN
CATHERINE CREAM
MARGARET KEARNS
DANIEL DOLAN
JOSEPH KUNKEL
PETER T. BYRNES
MRS. J. BOYLE
JOHN WINTERMEYER
DANIEL KING
FRED EARDLEY
PHILIP MCGEE
JOHN A. WEINRIGHT
JOHN CANNON
MARIE COSTELLO
MRS. C. E. BROWN
CATHERINE BECK
FRANK J. CLARK
BRIDGET M. ROWEN
JULIA DEVY
CATHERINE D. DESSE
JULIA BRYSON
DR. JAMES J. KEYES
KATHRYN MELICK
JOSEPH R. SILVA
MARGARET TIMON

JOHN G. LYNCH
MARGARET CARROLL
MARION A. RING
WILLIAM MYERS
MRS. B. FUREY
JOSEPH GAMMON
PATRICK F. O'CONNELL
CLARENCE PERRY
HELENA FITZGERALD
MARGARET J. FITZPATRICK
MRS. THOMAS B. HOGAN
MRS. DALY
TREVOR ROSS
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KATHERINE FARRAGHER
NORA L. O'DONNELL
FRANCIS C. ROCHE
GEORGE E. NEVINS
JULIE ANDUZE
ELIZABETH PLANAGAN
WM. F. MALONEY, JR.
ARTHUR GRANT
MICHAEL McNAMARA
ANTHONY DANNER
ANTON E. GOCKE

MAY their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed through the mercy of God rest in peace.
Amen.

Who Will Die Tonight?—

THOUSANDS! Who they shall be, no one knows. I, myself, may be among them. From my heart I pray God that when the summons comes, no matter when or where, I may be ready to give an account of my stewardship. Before I die I must settle my affairs. The things that concern my soul are of chief importance and must come first. I have today in which to get ready. Tomorrow may be too late.

Besides my spiritual affairs I must look after my worldly affairs. Have I made my will? What do I wish to become of my property? Even though I have very little to leave, I should give some of it to God's service.

LEGAL FORM FOR DRAWING UP YOUR WILL

*I hereby give and bequeath to **PASSIONIST MISSIONS, INCORPORATED**, a Society existing under the laws of the State of New Jersey, the sum of (\$.....) for the purpose of the Society as specified in the Act of Incorporation. And I hereby direct my executor to pay said sum to the Treasurer of **PASSIONIST MISSIONS, INCORPORATED**, taking his receipt therefor within..... months after my demise.*

In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand this..... day of 19.....

Signed.....

Witness.....

Witness.....

Witness.....

Painless Giving ♦ ♦ ♦



GOOD THING to have in the house is a Mite Box or a Dime Bank. They are convenient receptacles for your loose change. What you put into them you will probably not miss. This is a sort of painless giving. If you do miss it, so much the better for the cause for which you make the sacrifice. Self-sacrifice money has a double value; it has a certain buying power and it surely carries a blessing. Which do you want—the Box or the Bank? You may have both, if you wish.

Address: **PASSIONIST MISSIONS, INC., THE SIGN, UNION CITY, N. J.**

Just drop us a line asking for a Box or a Bank. It will be sent you by return mail!

Please write or print Name and Address very plain.

FOR CHRIST'S CAUSE:

— 3 SUGGESTIONS —

MISSION NEEDS



STUDENT BURSES



YOUR LAST WILL



1 Readers of THE SIGN, particularly of our mission department, cannot but be aware of the many and pressing needs of our missionary Fathers and Sisters in China. Their personal wants are few and simple. Were they seeking their own ease and comfort they would not abandon the luxuries of America for the hardships of China. They require a great deal of money for the building and maintenance of chapels, schools, orphanages, dispensaries, homes for the aged and crippled. They are dependent for this money upon the generosity of their American friends and benefactors. They do not look for large donations, but are counting on the consistent giving of small amounts. Please remember that they are grateful for pennies as well as dollars.

2 Not only do we need money for our missionaries already in the field; we also need funds for the education and support of young men studying for the holy priesthood. God is blessing our Order with an abundance of splendid vocations. Some of these aspirants pay full tuition, others pay part, but others are too poor to pay anything. No worthy aspirant, however, will be rejected simply because of his poverty. About \$300 per year is required for the support of a student. To provide means for poor students we are appealing for student burses. A burse is \$5,000, the interest on which will support and educate a poor student in perpetuity. Can a better cause than that of bringing worthy young men into the priesthood of Christ appeal to the sympathy and generosity of a convinced Catholic? If you cannot give an entire burse, your contribution, however small, will aid in the starting or completing of a burse.

3 It has been well said that it is a poor Will which does not name Our Lord Jesus Christ among its beneficiaries. No Catholic should ever forget that whatever he has he owes to God Almighty. To give His Cause some of it is doing Him no compliment whatever. He owns us and everything we have. May we suggest this special provision to be embodied in your last Will:

I hereby give and bequeath to Passionist Missions, Inc., a corporation organized and existing under the laws of the State of New Jersey, the sum of { \$ } Dollars, and I further direct that any and all taxes that may be levied upon this bequest be fully paid out of the residue of my estate.

The above clause incorporated in your last Will and Testament will enable the Passionist Missions properly and legally to receive whatever bequest you may care to make for their benefit, and your generosity will be kept in spiritual remembrance.

YOUR COOPERATION SOLICITED!

Address: PASSIONIST MISSIONS, INC., UNION CITY, N. J.

Where Put Your Money?

GET A
LIFE INCOME

6% to 9%

HELP CHRIST'S
CAUSE

What is an Annuity Bond?

An Annuity Bond is a contract between Passionist Missions, Inc., and the holder of the Bond, who is called an Annuitant.

♦ ♦ ♦

What does this Contract consist in?

The Annuitant makes an outright gift to Passionist Missions, Inc., and Passionist Missions, Inc., binds itself to pay a specified sum of money to the Annuitant as long as the Annuitant lives.

♦ ♦ ♦

What is the amount paid to the Annuitant?

The sum ranges from six to nine per cent interest on the amount of the gift given.

♦ ♦ ♦

What determines the rate of interest?

The age of the Annuitant.

♦ ♦ ♦

When do payments on a Bond begin?

Interest is reckoned from day the Annuitant's money is received. First payment is made six months later and thereafter payments are made semi-annually.

♦ ♦ ♦

When do payments cease?

On the death of the Annuitant.

♦ ♦ ♦

If Bond is lost, do payments cease?

By no means. Payments are made regularly and promptly as long as the Annuitant lives.

♦ ♦ ♦

What is the price of Annuity Bonds?

Five Hundred Dollars and upwards.

♦ ♦ ♦

Are Liberty Bonds accepted?

Liberty Bonds, at their market value, are received in payment for Annuity Bonds, but not real estate or mortgages.

You can't take it
with you!

Will you hoard or
spend it?

Give it away or
make a Will?

Why not buy Life
Annuities?

Can Annuity Bonds be sold by Annuitants?

No. An Annuity Bond has no market value.

♦ ♦ ♦

How can I get an Annuity Bond?

Send to Passionist Missions, Inc., Union City, N. J., the sum you wish to give; also send full name, with date and year of birth.

♦ ♦ ♦

What is Passionist Missions, Inc.?

It is a duly authorized Catholic Missionary Society incorporated under the laws of the State of New Jersey.

♦ ♦ ♦

What are its purposes?

Its purposes, for which it uses the gifts of Annuitants, are the education of young men for the priesthood, and the spread of the Faith through home and foreign missions.

♦ ♦ ♦

What advantages have Annuity Bonds?

1. PERMANENCE: An Annuity Bond never requires reinvestment.
2. ABUNDANT YIELD: The rate of interest is the highest consistent with absolute safety.
3. SECURITY: Annuity Bonds are secured by the moral as well as financial backing of the Passionist Order.
4. FREEDOM FROM WORRY: Annuitants are relieved from the care of property in their old age; are saved from the temptation to invest their savings unwisely; and have the ease of mind obtained by the banishment of anxiety.
5. ECONOMY: There are no commissions, lawyers' fees or waste in legal contests.
6. STEADY INCOME: The income from Annuity Bonds does not decline.
7. CONTRIBUTION TO THE CAUSE OF CHRIST: An Annuity Bond makes the Annuitant an active sharer in the missionary work of the Passionist Fathers in building up the Kingdom of Christ at home and abroad, and a perpetual benefactor of the Passionist Order, participating in many rich spiritual blessings.

For Further Information Write to

PASSIONIST MISSIONS, INC., *Care of The Sign*, UNION CITY, NEW JERSEY

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